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PROGRESS OF LITERATURE

BY

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1905

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PREFACE.

The title of this book indicates its limits and its scope. It is a purely popular presentation of the best that has been written during the past century. In preparing it, I have aimed especially at clearness, and such adequacy as might consist with a short review of a very great subject.

The width of the field no one will deny. In fact, it seems almost presumptuous to attempt, within a single volume, a fair survey of the literatures of the world during a period of their development. Partly the work has been lightened by excluding what might justly find place in a more extended view. But various difficulties remain, arising chiefly out of the extent of the task. They may be compressed into the one word concentration. The immense amount of material has rendered selection and arrangement of grave concern. And quite as arduous is it to do justice to the work chosen for discussion. The course taken has been a somewhat superficial treatment of men and books, without much criticism. Then there was the parlous question as to where the survey should begin. Obviously, the first thought was 1801 ; but this date does not at all cover

the beginning of the literary epoch. It was altogether necessary to get at the real origin in each country of the literature that may justly be considered to represent this century; and for the purpose an excursion had to be made back into the preceding hundred years. Another point was the treatment of living writers. It seemed best in this case to detail only a few who have undoubtedly won their spurs. This is really all that could be done, because the long roll of illustrious names in the past precludes any general consideration of the present, which, also, is still obscured by the dust of critical controversy—a dust which rises above the literary movement of the past thirty years.

As regards arrangement, the chief stress, naturally, has been laid on English literature. Herein the grouping which appeared most graphic and comprehensive was: Poetry—The Novel—History—Philosophy and Criticism—English in America. The treatment of Philosophy, necessary enough, amounts to little more than a note. A chapter on Periodicals was thought in place. The last division was made in order to present a concrete idea of what has been done on this side of the world. The national literatures have been kept separate; it is thankless and uncertain to institute national comparisons. Germany and France have received three chapters each. This is, of course, small measure, but it is hoped that so brief a compass has not led to the omission of any essential facts. Italy and

Spain seemed to demand, proportionately, but one chapter between them. The strange rise and evident promise of Russia set apart for her a larger section. Other literatures have been excluded.

With so many names under consideration, it was difficult to prevent in places a touch of the catalogue element. In a single book something of the kind was unavoidable. On the other hand, if Goethe and Schiller are treated at exceptional length, it must be remembered that they occupy a very exceptional position—one that obtains in no other literature. The value of quotations is considerable in any compilation of this nature; those in the Second Part, while necessarily falling short of the originals, afford a good criterion.

The following firms have courteously extended the privilege of using copyrighted matter: Messrs. D. Appleton & Co.; Messrs. Harper and Brothers; and the International Society, publishers of the "Library of the World's Best Literature."

I have endeavored to make this survey readable and adequate—a worthy member of the Nineteenth Century Series. For failings—not for low aim—I must ask indulgence.

A. B. DE MILLE.

KING'S COLLEGE, WINDSOR, N. S.,

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PRELUDE.

THE TRIUMPH OF ROMANTICISM.

ROBERT BROWNING.
Photogravure from a lithograph.

LITERATURE IN THE CENTURY.

PRELUDE.

CHAPTER I.

THE TRIUMPH OF ROMANTICISM.

THE POINT OF VIEW.—THE RENAISSANCE AND CLASSICISM.—THE TRIUMPH OF ROMANTICISM.

In beginning so wide a survey as that of general literature during the nineteenth century, it is necessary to have some background or setting. For we cannot take the hundred years just closing and treat them as constituting an exact literary period from 1801 to 1900. Literature does not follow the orderly course of centuries; its development is the most irresponsible of movements. The laws which govern it are entirely uninvestigated. Its growth is not at all like that of life. As some one has wisely said, life develops along lines that can be traced, and according to laws which may be calculated. There has been a progress, gradual but steady, in human affairs during the whole epoch of which history speaks. But with literature this does

not hold good. Some of the world's greatest books have appeared when the conditions of life were poor to a quite disproportionate degree. And if at one time we see a great outburst of literature corresponding to a powerful expansion of national life—as in the English Age of Elizabeth, at another we find no less that a very low ebb of national existence is compatible with the loftiest literary achievement—as when the utter lack of public spirit in Germany was contemporary with the grand writings of Goethe and Schiller. So that as a rule the group of qualities which distinguishes an epoch in letters develops independently of life and without regard to arbitrary divisions of time. And when we speak of Nineteenth Century Literature we use a name which is not altogether correct, some of its greatest and most typical representatives having lived before the century opened. This is a paradoxical state of affairs, but unavoidable.

For the necessary setting we must go back a good many years. We cannot begin at once with the literature of England or of Europe during the nineteenth century, because the characteristics depend so much upon the struggle of two forces, "Classicism" and "Romanticism," and the victory of the latter, that we must have some idea what these forces were and how they came into existence. The struggle agitated the whole of Europe—which was natural; the interchange of ideas that has brought about a similarity in law, government and

tradition among nations so contiguous, has caused also a general resemblance in literary movements. It is from the most remarkable of these movements that we must take our start.

During the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries a gigantic upheaval took place in the Old World. Men have since called it the Renaissance; it was indeed a New Birth, for from it date the principles of modern life. The subject is a vast one, and even now not perfectly understood. Speaking very superficially, the Renaissance was the transition from one historical stage to another. We shall have to disregard its immense significance in religion, in statecraft, in travel, and fix our attention on the great Revival of Learning. This was a prominent feature of the time, and should not be too closely identified with the Renaissance itself, because some of the most important factors in that complex movement had nothing to do with it.

The New Learning began towards the close of the fifteenth century. In 1453 Constantinople was taken by the Turks. It had been the capital of the Eastern Roman Empire, and a city of high importance. It was the stronghold of Greek learning, which was dead through the rest of Europe. In it were gathered all the men who had the most thorough knowledge of Greek, and thousands of invaluable ancient manuscripts. When it fell the scholars fled westward, finding first in Italy a permanent place of abode. Italy was more ready than

any other nation to receive the influx of new mental life, and from that time grew up the Revival of Learning. It was based primarily upon the study of Greek. During the Middle Ages the intellectual condition of all but a very few was dry and lifeless. The Greek literature was essentially opposed to anything of that nature, and the study of Homer, Sophocles, Euripides, Æschylus, Demosthenes, produced a profound effect upon the European mind. Students poured into Italy; then, returning to their own lands, carried with them the riches of Greek culture. All nations felt the powerful mental stimulus thus afforded. The New Learning—which meant practically the "resuscitation of simply intellectual activity," and the Renaissance—which meant practically the entrance of Europe upon a new stage of vital energy, enlarged the whole field of European life.

Now, the force called Classicism arose out of the heart of the New Learning. The name is not quite satisfactory; neither is that which we have termed its rival: both have a wider than literary significance. Romanticism, for instance, was "a literary, artistic and philosophic movement of a highly composite character." So that, in attempting to explain what they meant, it must be remembered that only those phases can be described which have a literary bearing, and that the whole sketch is necessarily superficial. The first effect of the New Learning was broadening in the highest sense, and

for about a century it remained of this type. Then began to appear a keener regard for Latin at the expense of Greek. Especially was this true of France. Latin was a more dignified language, it was said. "Whereas the Greeks were acquainted only with Greeks and barbarians, the Latins attained to a knowledge of mankind in general. Latin was the language of a sovereign people, the speech of civilization." The Latin language is the sign of the European. From this increasing regard was evolved slowly the "classic" idea. Writers aiming at perfection of style approximated more and more to the Latin manner. And, having gained what they considered a perfect style, they tried to make as perfect what they said. They strove after solidity and dignity in matter as well as manner.

This was all very well. It conferred upon literature in Europe some valuable characteristics. But, in course of time, it was carried to extremes, and developed into the Classicism that for so long determined the literary aspect of Europe. Nowhere did it obtain so strong a foothold as in France. This fact was due, perhaps, to the French love of exactness and logical order, of clearness and precision in expression coupled with sobriety of thought, and before very long France passed the borders of true classicism, which, briefly put, means the conforming of literature to a standard based upon the literatures of Rome and Greece. France inclined strongly to the Latin model, and gradually classicism became

very narrow in its significance and exercised a tyranny over form and subject. The outcome of this adherence to a narrow point of view was eventually a false classicism of the most persistent nature, so that towards the end of the eighteenth century "literature had got into a sort of treadmill in which all the effort expended was expended merely in the repeated production of certain prescribed motions." All this applies specially to France, but largely owing to her influence, the spirit spread far and wide. Fortunately for England, it never obtained so strong a hold there. The giant force of Shakespeare was too powerful to admit of any permanent departure from his ideals. Therefore the "classical" age in England was of no very long duration. In Germany the imitation of France was carried far, but the ultimate triumph of her literature was upon absolutely different lines. Italy and Spain also felt, to their ultimate hurt, the influence of the same narrowing spirit.

Against this pseudo-classicism which "arose in the fifteenth century, ripened in the sixteenth, and rotted in the eighteenth," the first rebel was a Frenchman, Jean Jacques Rousseau. His life (1712–1778) was in strong antagonism to most of the powers that were, and his writings produced such an effect that he has been called the Father of Romanticism. He revolted against the established usages of the day—in politics as well as literature. Rousseau brings us to the second term under discussion—Romanticism.

Upon the very threshold of the nineteenth century there occurred a movement of importance almost similar to the Renaissance. At this time, says Taine, the French historian, began in Europe the great modern revolution. The thinking public and the human mind changed, and underneath these two collisions a new literature sprang up.

As in the Renaissance, there was a vast international movement. The trend of the whole thing was towards liberation—liberation in politics and social life, in thought and feeling. Of this epoch the French Revolution of 1789 was the most tangible outcrop, but by no means the only result. The whole tenor of European life was changed. Enough here to mention the fact; some of its particular phases will be touched on hereafter. A new type of literature came into existence. And the great movement which brought about the change is called broadly Romanticism. The most important characteristic of the century has been the triumph of this spirit. Upon that triumph hinges the literary history of the age.

As has been said above, romanticism is of a very complex nature. But we get sufficiently near the truth when we understand that it was essentially a movement of change. The old régime had become outworn. It was time for something new. When one process has done its work, another must take its place. So powerful a force as classicism required one equally strong to succeed it; thus the romantic

movement spread over the whole of Europe. Above all things romanticism was a literary movement; considering it in this light, we may term it "an extraordinary development of imaginative sensibility." We may even define it—while remembering our limitations—in distinction to classicism, as that mode of literary treatment which presents its object not simply and directly, but through a glamour of imagery and emotion. Classicism places the object, as it were, in a white light, eschewing any warmth or color of treatment; romanticism depends upon the feelings excited by the object. It was a return to the fuller appreciation of those thousand features of nature and human life which had lain neglected for so long. Classicism would have none of the rough, or the unconventional. In its severe landscape all was flat country and smooth-shaven lawns. Everything was decorous; the brooks were tamed into propriety, the trees were a mass of trimmed verdure, with here and there, perhaps, the gleam of some small Greek temple peering through them. All the youths were shepherds and all the maidens shepherdesses in dainty skirt and bodice, or, more frequently, "nymphs." The world, once so vast and broad, was narrowed by the classicists into a contracted sphere where satire and social manners were the highest subjects for a writer's art. "To correct society in its vices, and hold the mirror up to its foibles, was the great and only end of literature." This was the monotonous

environment from which France and England and the others by and by sought to escape. When classicism began to decay, the world gradually acquired a new power of appeal, and came to wear the beauty and the freshness of a dream. The response to this appeal, as well as the appeal itself, is found in romanticism. The glory of natural scenery, the dignity of man even in his lowliest estate, the majesty of cloud-capt towers and gorgeous palaces, the mystery of the unseen world—these all at once opened up a wonderland for the author's interpretation and the reader's delight.

Of course this great revival—so varied and so powerful—was not simultaneous throughout Europe. The revolt against classicism broke forth at different times in the different nations. France, though the first to enter protest, was the last to attain complete emancipation. Not until 1830 did she finally shake off the trammels which had bound her. Germany showed earliest the practical results of romanticism. They were gained by the very important and very interesting movement called the "Sturm und Drang"—or Storm and Stress—which occurred about 1770. The strong hands of Goethe and his co-workers won the victory and wrought the golden age of German literature. England's first champions were Cowper and Burns, both of whom appeared about 1785, and Wordsworth, who published with Coleridge in 1798 a famous book called *Lyrical Ballads*, "the clarion call of the new poetry."

Italy and Spain, strongly under French influence, preserved the classic tradition until after its fall in France. Russia stood somewhat apart from the sphere of European thought, and consequently her literary development was not very closely akin to that of other nations. We may mark off the militant period of the romantic movement by the years 1749 and 1830; the former signalized by the emergence of Rousseau, the latter by the triumph of romanticism in France.

Two other influences of this broad phase of international thought call for mention. The first was a revival of the past which is seen in the origin, growth, and immense popularity of the historical novel under Scott, Hugo, and Dumas, and the study of past literature such as appears in Germany during the beginning of the century. The second was the mysticism, the "Renascence of Wonder," which was so prominent a feature of the early romantic movement; it was due to the newly awakened spirit of awe which led men to look at the world invisible with a graver regard and a more imaginative speculation. The very essence of this is found in Coleridge's *Ancient Mariner*.

The brief foregoing sketch will serve to indicate what is meant by the terms classicism and romanticism, and how they arose. It cannot pretend to anything more than the most general outline of the two historical movements. Having an idea of their trend, we shall be able to proceed more clearly with

our survey of Literature in the Nineteenth Century. To sum up, therefore. Classicism reigned over the form and matter of European literature during a long period. When it had fallen into decay and wrought its own ruin by wrong aims and false culture, a healthier spirit arose among the writers of the various nations; a spirit of revolt, but based upon far deeper principles than mere rebellion. By the power of their work the breath of life was breathed afresh into the nostrils of literature. How this was done and by whom and with what results, it will be the aim of the following chapters to show.

PART ONE.

ENGLISH LITERATURE.

PART ONE.

ENGLISH LITERATURE.

CHAPTER II.

THE NEW INFLUENCE.

EXACT LIMITS.—CLASSICISM IN ENGLAND.—THE REBELS.—COWPER AND HIS "TASK."—CRABBE.—BLAKE OF LOFTY GIFTS.—BURNS.—"WINE, WOMAN, AND SONG."

SELDOM is it possible to assign an exact date to the beginning of a literary epoch. Nor is there generally any exact duration for mental conditions. But quite certain limits may be set in the case of English literature of the nineteenth century. The year of its commencement was 1780; and with equal justice its close falls at the death of Tennyson in 1892. Between these two dates lie all its peculiar and essential features.

It is unusual to find so close a correspondence in literature to the course of a century. Yet a marked change is inaugurated in 1780. For many years the classic spirit had ruled. In England the classic spirit meant first of all a complete reaction against

the unlimited imaginative vigor of the writers of the Age of Elizabeth (1559–1660). Alexander Pope and his followers regarded Shakespeare as a writer of strength and force, but without purity or simplicity of diction, and lacking in art. And it meant also a very strict regard for form at the expense of matter. The "Augustan Age," as its admirers proudly called it, after the loftiest days of Roman literature, was to them the perfection of English achievement. But in reality it was primarily artificial and not at all equal to the disparaged Elizabethan Age. Adapted from the French, who were then supreme in letters, it was not a happy graft upon the English tree. The poetry laid stress on form rather than thought. The form was perfect of its kind—sparkling and epigrammatic; yet the higher element of imagination was sadly lacking. The prose of the time was its best output; the poetry was of an inferior type. And about 1780 the classic spirit had practically run its course. Its most persistent upholders had passed away. During the ensuing decade four poets arose who struck an entirely new note, preluding the full harmony of the earlier—and greater—nineteenth century literature. Their names were William Cowper, George Crabbe, William Blake, and Robert Burns. For a space before there had been a heavy time of waiting, an interval when nothing of importance was written. The old had passed and the new had not yet come to birth.

The first to give definite signs of what manner of thing this was to be was William Cowper, born in Hertfordshire, 1731; the significant work was a long poem called *The Task*, published in 1785. Cowper's whole life was shadowed by the terrible cloud of madness. After leaving school he entered a lawyer's office. His work here seems to have been of rather pointless character, and there is no doubt that he wasted some of his best years. But he was happy enough—happier than he would allow when long afterwards he re-created his youth in a poem called *Tirocinium*. During this time, however, his character gave indications of its nature. Cowper was a man of gentle and lovable disposition, but absolutely incapable of making any strenuous effort—even for his own advancement. He lacked energy and was content with a position of dependence. Unfortunately for him, means were always provided in his youth, and it was never necessary for him to make the strong endeavor that would have braced his mind for the battle of life. In those days the system of patronage held full sway, and, as Cowper had influential relatives, he foresaw nothing less than a life of ease such as he loved, spent in some comfortable sinecure.

So he "trained himself to incapacity as other men do to work." And when the tide came which should have floated him on to fortune, he was simply unable to take it. His uncle, Major Cowper, had the gift of three appointments—a not unusual plurality

at the time. The best of these he offered to his nephew, who at once joyfully accepted it. But the publicity of the office terrified the latter's timid nature, and after a time he implored that one of the lesser posts be given him. It was required that he should pass a public examination to prove his efficiency. The effect upon Cowper was dreadful. "A thunderbolt would have been as welcome to me as this intelligence," he says. For six months he studied, but with little understanding. Brooding over the then uncommon ordeal before him, he gradually worked himself into a state of morbid fear. So deeply did the idea seize upon his enervated mind that, on the very morning of the dreaded examination, he attempted to commit suicide, being saved only through the breaking of the rope by which he had hanged himself. In despair he sent for his relative and entreated that the impending position be taken away. The request was promptly granted; but not so could the long anguish of foreboding be eradicated. He became mad. His insanity took the form of religious mania, and "was the persistent shadow of his life." For two years he was under medical care, and then went to the small town of Huntingdon, near Cambridge. Here he fell in with the family of Rev. Morley Unwin, the clergyman of the place. To them he was indebted for what of happiness and tranquillity he saw during the remainder of his life. They were four in number—father, mother, son, and daughter.

The mother was Cowper's life-long friend and helper —the "Mary" of his tender song. When Mr. Unwin died (1767), and the son and daughter had formed new ties, Cowper and Mrs. Unwin moved to Olney, in Buckinghamshire. The relation between them was that of brother and sister; the complete dependence of the poet made her friendship a necessary part of his existence.

The life at Olney was not for Cowper's good. He became strongly attached to a clergyman—Newton—who was in fullest sympathy with the religious movement of the time: the great evangelical revival under Wesley. The continual preaching, the minute self-analysis, the perpetual meditation, however good they might be to a robust personality, had an opposite effect upon the shy and melancholy man who by nature was only too much of a recluse. Several years of this ascetic life, of gloomy saintliness, of unending self-sacrifice, brought about a second attack of his malady (1773). For many months he was in the dark shadow—indeed, his amendment cannot be called complete until after Newton had left Olney. Then began the brightest period of Cowper's life. After a few years of slowly increasing mental strength he gained the friendship of one who touched some hidden chord in his soul and awoke his unsuspected art. Hitherto Cowper had written only the most orthodox eighteenth century verse; now, under the stimulating influence of Lady Austen, he suddenly broke forth into poetry

of an entirely different type, fresh, true to nature, and absolutely unconventional. No one had any idea of the forces that were pent up in the breast of the gentle invalid; how it was that after lying dormant so long they should emerge at this time must remain one of the puzzles of literature. But emerge they did. Lady Austen told him the story of John Gilpin's famous ride, and next day he wrote the immortal ballad. The matchless *Loss of the Royal George* was also due to her suggestion. She proposed that he should try blank verse, and the famous *Task* was composed.

But before the book appeared the pleasant circle had been broken. For some cause, not clearly ascertained, Lady Austen left Olney never to return. This made a serious blank in the poet's life. And to increase his trouble, his friend Newton attacked him in a spirit of brutal narrowness. A translation of Homer kept his mind occupied for some time; but when it was finished he went down to the depths. Mrs. Unwin, the companion of his life, was stricken with paralysis (1792), and Cowper in the deepest despondency was obliged to attend her. Yet about this time he produced two of his finest poems—the *Lines Addressed to my Mother's Picture* and *My Mary*. The close of his life was miserable. Mrs. Unwin sunk into imbecility and death; the poet survived her little more than three years. In 1799 his fancy was caught by the story of a sailor who was lost at sea in a storm. Struck by a resemblance

to his own condition, he wrote *The Castaway*, drawing the melancholy analogy :

> No voice divine the storm allayed,
> No light propitious shone,
> When, snatched from all effectual aid,
> We perished, each alone :
> But I, beneath a rougher sea,
> And whelmed in deeper gulfs than he.

Cowper died in 1800, uncheered by any gleam of hope.

His greatest work was *The Task*. This broke the spell of classicism and opened up vistas of the era that was to follow. *The Task* was utterly dissimilar to the poems which had preceded it. It had been the fashion to write poems on abstract subjects—*Truth*, *The Progress of Error*, *Retirement*, and the like. The subject must be regularly and logically developed, and above all the poem must be composed in rhyming couplets of a certain type. Cowper threw these restrictions to the winds. His *Task* is lawless, irregular; it is "entirely independent of natural transition"—and is written in blank verse. He begins with some lines that "sing the Sofa," because his lady had laid this task upon him, but almost immediately he steps out of doors and into the full beauty of the poem. At once we see the difference between this manner and the stilted fashion then in vogue. The scenery is real; "a ruffling wind" blows in our faces, and all the gracious open-air noises come to our ears.

> Mighty winds
> That sweep the skirt of some far spreading wood
> Of ancient growth, make music not unl ke
> The dash of ocean on his winding shore,
> Unnumbered branches waving in the blast,
> And all their leaves fast fluttering all at once.

For over a century there had been nothing of the kind in English literature. It is like passing out of a trim garden, full of exotic plants and surrounded by clipped hedges, into the windy range of a far-reaching landscape. All his pictures are drawn with the clearest touch. A familiar passage will serve as an example:

> Forth goes the woodman, leaving unconcerned
> The cheerful haunts of man, to wield the axe
> And drive the wedge, in yonder forest drear,
> From morn to eve his solitary task.
> Shaggy and lean and shrewd, with pointed ears,
> With tail cropped short, half lurcher and half cur,
> His dog attends him. Close behind his heel
> Now creeps he slow, and now with many a frisk,
> Wide scamp'ring, snatches up the drifted snow
> With iv'ry teeth, or ploughs it with his snout;
> Then shakes his powdered coat, and barks for joy.
> Heedless of all his pranks, the sturdy churl
> Moves right towards the mark; nor stops for aught,
> But now and then, with pressure of his thumb,
> To adjust the fragrant charge of a short tube,
> That fumes beneath his nose; the trailing cloud
> Streams far behind him, scenting all the air.

Nothing could be more of a departure from the conventional methods of the day. Cowper's boldness is amazing. But the innovation was necessary and it became popular. He showed the unconsidered

beauty of common things, so that men gasped as they read and then read again. The naturalness of such passages as the above, their delightful familiarity, their skilful art, made *The Task* a worthy precursor of the greater works that were to follow.

Crabbe and Blake came next in order of time. George Crabbe (1754–1832) was the son of a "salt master"—a sort of revenue officer—on the Suffolk coast. His youth was not a kindly one in its rough surroundings. He set up as a doctor in his native village at something over twenty and with a plentiful lack of medical training. But his real tastes were poetic, and he soon made his way to London. There, after various hardships, he was taken up by the mighty Edmund Burke, whose sympathies were wider than political. The great man was justified in his generous aid. In 1783 Crabbe published *The Village*, a poem describing his native place. It is valuable, because of its severe truth. The author's early years had given him an insight into country life:

> By such examples taught I paint the Cot,
> As Truth will paint it and as Bards will not,

thus casting a deadly shaft at the absurd Chloes, Phylises and Corydons who had been in vogue so long. He speaks of things as they are. Ye Poor, he says,

> Can poets soothe you, when you pine for bread,
> By winding myrtles round your ruined shed?

Crabbe's next work was issued in 1785. Then he

kept silence for twenty-two years. In 1807 he added to his poetry *The Parish Register*, and in 1810 *The Borough*. The *Tales of the Hall* followed nine years later, being extremely successful. During the period of his seclusion the literary world had suffered revolution. Crabbe belonged more to the past era than did Cowper or Burns or Blake, but his harsh arraignment of the fashionable pastoral poetry and the rugged strength of his verse give him a place among the important writers of the time. Byron characterized him as "Nature's sternest painter, yet the best."

The poetical career of William Blake (1757–1827) was long, strange, and intermittent. He was a painter of strange pictures as well as a writer of strange poems. During his life he received little enough of honor or wealth; but his unique worth has been recognized since. In Blake's character the practical faculties were under control of the imaginative; in other words, he was a "mystic," and some have even questioned his sanity. He was born in "the desert of London town," and there attempted to realize some impossible ideals. One of these was the making of his own books by a process in which each page was designed—letter-press and border. These little volumes are now of the utmost value to the collector. "Every page was a picture with its rhyme set in the middle." Some friends tried to get him to produce his books in the ordinary manner; but after some months of what

he considered restraint, he yielded to the admonitions of certain "angels" who visited him at night, and "again emerged into the light of day. Nothing can withstand," he continues, "the fury of my course among the stars of God and in the abysses of the accuser." For Blake aimed at being a prophet as well as a poet—in fact, more so. His prophetical inspiration was received in much the same manner as that of the spiritualists at present, and his claims were very similar. He wrote a "sublime allegory" called *Jerusalem: The Emanation of the Giant Albion.* Of this, he said, he was merely the secretary; "the authors are in eternity. I consider it the grandest poem this world contains." Unfortunately the world's opinion was radically different, and its opinion was entirely correct. The mystic writings which form so large a part of Blake's output were valueless.

But when we regard him as a poet the case is very different. In 1789 and 1794 he published by the process mentioned two volumes called respectively *Songs of Innocence* and *Songs of Experience.* By virtue of these, some estimates place him as "the greatest and most delectable poet of the eighteenth century proper in England," and no possible judgment can refuse him a high position. His songs are singularly beautiful, combining music with simplicity in a degree quite exceptional. Little poems like the famous *Tiger* will always live. Even better is the *Mad Song.*

The wild winds weep,
  And the night is a-cold;
Come hither, sleep,
  And my griefs enfold! . . .
But lo! the morning peeps
Over the eastern steeps,
And the rustling birds of dawn
  The earth do scorn.

Lo! to the vault
  Of pavèd heaven,
With sorrows fraught,
  My notes are driven:
They strike the ear of Night
  Make weep the eyes of Day;
They make mad the roaring winds,
  And with tempests play.

Like a fiend in a cloud,
  With howling woe
After night will I crowd
  And with night will go;
I turn my back to the east
From whence comforts have increased;
For light doth seize my brain
  With frantic pain.

Very typical is the little song called *Infant Joy:*

"I have no name;
I am but two days old."
What shall I call thee?
"I happy am,
Joy is my name."
Sweet joy befall thee!
Pretty joy!
Sweet joy, but two days old.
Sweet joy I call thee:
Thou dost smile,
I sing the while;
Sweet joy befall thee!

Blake did not possess the "sanity of true genius," but he did possess a rare and true poetic gift.

Connected with Cowper in the work of liberating English poetry, but separated widely from him in life and still more in character, was Robert Burns. His story is well known. Born in 1759, in a clay-built thatched cottage out on the rolling hills of Ayrshire, his life from the first was one of fierce struggle. But not without its alleviations. In the midst of all the hard work and the grinding poverty, the father still found time to do some little for the education of his children. And many an evening must have passed for the occupants of the tiny cottage, such as the poet afterwards described in *The Cottar's Saturday Night.*

The elder Burns was a man of the sternest uprightness and independence; the whole family held "charity as poison and debt as sin." And his strong spirit was inherited by Robert, finding utterance in stalwart verses like those which declare that

> The rank is but the guinea stamp;
> The man's the gowd for a' that.

So the early days in spite of their drawbacks had many compensating features.

In 1774 the idea of becoming a poet seems to have struck the young man for the first time. He was working hard on the farm, which he held with his brother Gilbert after their father's death, and was keeping free of debt on seven pounds a year.

His earliest verses were read to this brother, who praised them with true insight, and said they were "worthy of being printed." This faithful critic remembered in after life many a spot where Robert had given vent to his poetic impulse as they worked together in the field or at the plough. The strangest thing of all is that while Burns was engaged in the most wearing manual labor, struggling to preserve his independence, he should have produced such exquisite poetry as that which laments the hard lot of the field mouse—

Wee, sleekit, tim'rous, cow'rin beastie—

whose tiny nest his plough had ruined, or the sheep and the poor birds out o' doors in the winter weather. No hardship could sour the poet's tender heart. The brothers now organized a club in the neighboring village, to relax themselves after their toil, to promote sociability, and to improve their minds. By and by Burns's early poems became known through the country-side and he came into contact with a higher social grade. "The patronage of his betters" proved a bad thing. A genuine good fellow, he soon entered heartily into the spirit which was the *raison d'être* of the local clique that had taken him up. He indulged in the most personal satire for the gratification of this narrow coterie. In place of the fresh and wholesome strains of the moorland he made miserable local squibs of which the import has now evaporated and only the

rancor remains. But he did other work of better worth. *Holy Willie's Prayer* is a very powerful bit of satire in which the typical hypocrite "stands before us in a blaze of infernal light." In striking contrast is *The Cottar's Saturday Night.* And in a quite different vein of humorous tender-heartedness is *The Address to the De'il.* Such opposition shows the range of Burns.

But darker days were coming—the blackness before the dawn. The farm was a failure, and the poet, whose life had been wild of late, received no sympathy from the unco' guid of the neighborhood. He determined to emigrate to Jamaica and begin afresh. But first he must have money for the passage out. There was only one way to get it. At the suggestion of some friend, he took his poetry from the drawer of an old table in his bedroom and sent it off to be published. The edition appeared in 1786 at the little village of Kilmarnock—an edition of 600 copies, 350 of which were subscribed for. Burns received twenty pounds for his share of the profits and sent his chest to Greenock, where he was to embark.

The embarkation never came. Dr. Blacklock, of Edinburgh, a literary man of influence, wrote him suggesting a second edition of his poems, which were already very popular. Burns at once sought Auld Reekie. Here he was fêted and flattered by the society of the day—and a very intellectual society it was. He met all the celebrities, men and

women, and charmed them by his eloquence and wit. The second edition, by the way, came out in 1787, and ran to nearly three thousand copies. Burns's one fear was that he should be intoxicated by the fame thus suddenly thrust upon him. He preserved his self-poise, however, in a remarkable manner—perhaps owing to the fact that he foresaw a time when the "popular tide which has borne me to a height of which I am perhaps unworthy, shall recede with silent celerity, and leave me a barren waste of sand, to descend at my leisure to my former station."

In 1787 Burns left Edinburgh. He retired into rural life as he had anticipated, married, and settled in a village of Dumfriesshire. He also obtained a post in the Excise which gave him plenty of exercise and not a little excitement. Very fortunately, he resisted the advice of well-meaning critics who suggested that he give up his themes of lowly life told in braid Scots and turn to more "elevated" subjects; that he compose a tragedy or a didactic poem. True to the real leading of his genius he continued to write the exquisite verse which has carried his name over the whole world. Little remains to be said of his life. He was intensely interested in the French Revolution, doing and saying some things that ill-consorted with his position as a Government officer of His Britannic Majesty, George III. He lived carelessly, and at last the hard conditions of existence, enhanced by the vagaries into

which his fiery temperament led him, broke down his rugged frame. He died in 1796. Scotland has had many great sons, but perhaps no one who has been so universally beloved.

The reason for this love lies not in anything beautiful or admirable in the man's life; it is due to the wonderful humanity of his poems. And if we look further we shall see that another reason is in what the poet did for Scotland. He revealed his mother country to the world. Before Burns, Scotland had occupied a very lowly place in the estimation of England and the rest of Europe. When she was thought of at all it was as a land of barren highlands and harsh climate, "of sour fanatics, of penurious misers, of mean bowing and scraping. . . . A country which its sons forsook as soon as possible." We know how that opinion has altered. And Burns was the one who brought about the change. He opened to the world's gaze the true peace and strength and beauty of the hardy Scotch life. He embodied in his singing the essential qualities of his country, and in doing so struck a note that found an echo in every heart. His verse has the touch of nature that makes the whole world kin. The following, for example, is typically Scotch, yet to whom does it not bring the tenderest memories?

Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And never brought to min'?
Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And days o' auld lang syne?

We twa hae rin about the braes,
And pu'd the gowans fine;
But we've wandered mony a weary foot
Sin auld lang syne.

We twa hae paidl't i' the burn,
From morning sun till dine;
But seas between us braid hae roared
Sin auld lang syne. . . .

Burns's work in general falls into three divisions: his poetry written in Scotch, his poetry written in English, and his prose. His prose was chiefly in the form of letters, and its worth is variously estimated; there is no doubt, however, of its autobiographical value. The poems in English were so written because of the ill-advised criticism of his Edinburgh friends, and also from the poet's very natural desire to excel in the conventional literary medium. They have little merit, often being imitative. The Scotch poems form infinitely the best section of his writing. And here let it be remarked that the distaste for the Scotch dialect—though partially upheld by certain critics—is without reasonable foundation. For Scotch possesses a valuable literature of its own, running back several centuries. Moreover, in the mere matter of sound, its poetry is musical to a marked degree. Burns exhibited its qualities more than any other Scotch writer, with a single obvious exception. Most of his best poems deal with love and—conviviality. Yet as beautiful as anything he wrote are the lines *To a Field Mouse* and *To a Mountain Daisy*, especially the former. Moreover,

he recast many old ballads, plagiarizing with an effect somewhat similar to Shakespeare's use of Lodge's novel in *As you Like It.* A fine example of Burns's love poems is found in the *Farewell to Mary.*

Ae fond kiss, and then we sever!
Ae farewell, alas, forever!
Deep in heart-wrung tears I'll pledge thee,
Warring sighs and groans I'll wage thee.
. . . . . .
Had we never lov'd sae kindly,
Had we never lov'd sae blindly,
Never met—or never parted,
We had ne'er been broken-hearted.

And of the Bacchanalian type, no better instance can be cited than the rollicking

O, Willie brewed a peck o' maut,
And Rob and Allan cam to see;
Three blyther hearts, that lee-lang night,
Ye wad na find in Christendee.

We are na fou, we're no that fou,
But just a drappie in our ee;
The cock may craw, the day may daw,
And ay we'll taste the barley bree.

Burns was not in any sense a philosophical poet, but his expression of the "more primitive thought and feeling of the natural man" was inimitable. So, in another kind than those mentioned, we have the fun and vivid life of such poems as *The Jolly Beggars* or *Tam o' Shanter* (which he wrote sitting on a sod dyke above the water). The *verve* and action of these verses was something unheard of by

the conventional eighteenth century. A line or two may be given from *Tam:*

Ae market night,
Tam had got planted unco right;
Fast by an ingle, bleezing finely,
Wi' reaming swats, that drank divinely;
And at his elbow Souter Johnny,
His ancient, trusty, drouthy crony;
Tam lo'ed him like a vera brither;
They had been fou for weeks thegither.
The night drave on wi' sangs and clatter;
And ay the ale was growing better;
The landlady and Tam grew gracious,
Wi' favors, secret, sweet, and precious.
The Souter tauld his queerest stories,
The landlord's laugh was ready chorus:
The storm without might rair and rustle,
Tam did na mind the storm a whustle.
. . . . . .
Kings may be blest, but Tam was glorious,
O'er a' the ills o' life victorious.

By and by Tam goes forth on his homeward way with his good mare Maggie.

The wind blew as 'twad blawn its last;
The rattling show'rs rose on the blast;
The speedy gleams the darkness swallow'd;
Loud, deep and lang the thunder bellow'd:
That night, a child might understand,
The De'il had business on his hand.

Sure enough, after a little, Tam and Maggie come upon a gruesome rendezvous.

Tam saw an unco sight!
Warlocks and witches in a dance;
Nae cotillion brent new frae France,

But hornpipes, jigs, strathspeys and reels,
Put life and mettle i' their heels.
A winnock-bunker i' the east,
There sat auld Nick, in shape o' beast;
A towzie tyke, black, grim and large,
To gie them music was his charge:
He screwed the pipes, and gart them skirl,
Till roof and rafters a' did dirl.—
Coffins stood round like open presses,
That shawed the dead in their last dresses;
And by some devilish cantraip slight
Each in its cauld hand held a light.—

And what befell thereafter must be read in the poem itself.

Wine, Woman, and Song—in a sense they may be said to sum up Burns's life. His was the ill-balanced temperament which so often marks the poet. How much of its ultimate effect would have been avoided had he never gone to Edinburgh, never tasted the hospitality that "kicks a man down with strong drink," it is idle to conjecture. Life is a gift to each man to use as he will; if Burns made not the best use of his, he at least left a legacy which has done as much good as many a saintly example: the legacy of matchless song.

Burns was as great a contrast to Cowper as could well be imagined. They never met, though it is interesting to note that they knew each other's work; Cowper thought Burns's poetry "an extraordinary production," while Burns called the *Task* "a glorious poem." But they had a similar influence. "The one in his blue bonnet, the other in

his invalid night-cap, they stand at the great gates which had been neatly barred and bolted by the last generation, and, pushing them slowly upon their unwilling hinges, made English poetry free as it had been before." They did away with that tedious thing called "The Muse" which had been the bane of the past hundred years and which meant bondage in the chains of false classicism. Henceforth the poet could see things as they were, could have his eye on the object itself, and not on some conventional representation of it, according to the demands of the "best models." The bondage was broken at last; gods and goddesses, nymphs, shepherds and shepherdesses, all the artificial train, were cast out of doors; if we do see them again, it is only indistinctly. Crabbe and Blake helped in the good work, the one by his stern realism, the other by his exquisite and original lyrics—but the former two made the chief influence for change. And thus it is that at the close of the eighteenth century we place the beginning of nineteenth century literature in England.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

CHAPTER III.

POETRY: THE LAKE POETS.

THE LIGHT OF NINETEENTH CENTURY VERSE.—THE LAKE POETS.—WORDSWORTH: HIS LIFE AND HIS ART.—COLERIDGE, POET AND MYSTIC.—SOUTHEY.—SCOTT AS A MINSTREL.—LANDOR.

IT may be well to mention here that the grouping which is followed in these chapters must not be pushed too far. While the various divisions are perfectly just, and afford a clear view of the course of events, there is always a certain amount of overlapping. Wordsworth, Coleridge, and Southey were contemporaries of Keats and Byron and many others whose work will come later, and they all reacted upon each other to a greater or less degree. But each chapter will be found to touch a condition or a literary department which stands by itself to a certain extent and the individuality of which gives it a claim to special treatment.

We now enter on the most brilliant period of English literature in the nineteenth century. The best of the work considered in this chapter and the next has touched a point of excellence which has seldom been equalled, and surpassed only once or

twice, in the whole range of English letters. Of the prose writers we shall have occasion to speak later. The poets found the palace of their art swept and garnished, so to speak, by the work of Burns and Cowper, and well did they profit by what had been done.

During the five years 1770–75 were born five great English writers. The first three fall absolutely in the front rank—of the other two there is doubt. In 1770, Wordsworth; Scott in 1771; Coleridge in 1772; Southey in 1774; and Walter Savage Landor in 1775. Landor stands by himself; the influence of Scott was not felt for some time. The others may be taken now.

William Wordsworth, Samuel Taylor Coleridge, and Robert Southey have long been grouped together under the name of Lake Poets. Referring to the beautiful district where Wordsworth spent his days, the expression implies a connection in life, and work which as a matter of fact did not exist. Southey's friendship for the others was not very warm, saving a youthful affection for Coleridge—and certainly was not permanent. Moreover, the mental constitution of the three was utterly dissimilar, and even in the purely physical points of domestic life and external surroundings there was no resemblance. But, on the other hand, they began their careers at the same time; their literary influence was very strong and had the same general tendency; while they enjoyed the distinction of being singled out

and condemned by one of the leading critics of the day. So that they may very well stand here under the time-honored designation.

Of the three Wordsworth was the greatest. Whatever may be said about his poetic weaknesses, there can be little doubt of the supreme excellence of his best work. And he was the conscious champion of the new poetry, devoting his whole life to what he considered a sacred vocation. That life was singularly uneventful. He was born in the north of England and educated at Cambridge University, taking his degree and winning some academic distinction—acquirements which have by no means been usual in the education of literary men. He was in France during the summer of 1790 and came into close contact with the Revolution, his opinions on which afterwards changed—regarding the manner of its consummation, rather than the consummation itself. About 1791 he settled down with his sister—a life-long and congenial companion—in Dorsetshire, a few miles distant from where Southey and Coleridge were dreaming dreams very beautiful and very youthful of a glorious future. The sister, Dorothy Wordsworth, was in sympathy with her brother in every respect, and the life of the two was idyllic. "Her journals are Wordsworth in prose, just as his poems are Dorothy in verse. The one soul kindled at the other." To this household Coleridge was introduced in 1797 and a lasting friendship began. *The Lyrical Ballads*,

the joint work of the two poets, and a most valuable production, appeared the following year. About the same time they travelled in Germany. Upon his return Wordsworth lived at Grasmere in the Lake District, and after 1813 at his well-known place, Rydal Mount. He was a man who was "constitutionally incapable" of earning a living by his pen; and fortunately was never under the necessity of doing so, as first the kindness of a friend, and then a well-paid appointment, placed him beyond fear of want. The rest of his life was spent in excursions to Scotland and the Continent, in almost ceaseless writing, and "in stately care of his own worth."

To understand that worth it is necessary to understand his theory of poetry. In some ways this was the best that could be evolved for the time of its application. It hinged upon the idea that the simplest and most poetic language was compatible with the loftiest poetic thought. This was coupled with a plea for the lowliest subjects as food for poetic treatment. This theory Wordsworth taught in his verse during his whole life. But it gave rise to grave faults. One main weakness in the poet's serious, manly, and self-centred character was a lack of the sense of humor, which sometimes betrayed him into unfortunate utterances. And it was just this lack that prevented him seeing the weak points of his theory. He forgot also—or refused to acknowledge—that the language of everyday life is a

different thing from that of poetry; the two cannot be identical. Each is operated by distinct rules—else why not write novels, for example, in the racy language of the dinner-table? A few trains of association are all that is necessary in the straggling style of ordinary conversation; but in composition a closer connection of thought is necessary, other conditions are imposed, and the whole style alters perforce. Wordsworth laid chief stress upon the one point, simplicity of diction, and much of his work is open to the charge of childishness. Yet his theory in its best aspects was what the time needed. It was very good for the stilted artificial language of classicism to be confronted with its opposite extreme. Wordsworth threw down the gauntlet on behalf of the new brotherhood. It was at once taken up by the first and most famous of those Edinburgh critics who for so long dispensed judgment on contemporary work. Francis Jeffrey (see Chapter XVI.) reviewed the *Lyrical Ballads* in the *Edinburgh Review* and began his article, "This will never do!" Which was exactly what most of England thought. But "this" did do! Wordsworth returned again and again to the attack until the victory was won.

The *Lyrical Ballads* afforded excuse for the critical onslaught upon it and also reasons for the ultimate triumph of Wordsworth. It was one of the most remarkable volumes that ever appeared. It contained some of the best poetry of its respective

makers: *Lines Written above Tintern Abbey*, by Wordsworth, and *The Rime of the Ancient Mariner*, by Coleridge. The bulk of the work, however, was the former poet's. Wordsworth's power and excellence lie in the beauty of his expression, in his wonderful description of natural scenery, and in the pantheism by which nature is sometimes interpreted, and which at its best moment "blazes in unmasked fire of rapture." Not all—nor even the greater part—of his poetry is of high merit; it frequently drags and not seldom grovels. But at the best it is the equal of anything in English verse, save the unmatched glories of Shakespeare and Milton. Wordsworth wrote a great deal, chiefly in poetry. His chief works were the *Lyrical Ballads*, 1798, and a second edition (which was much enlarged and contained a valuable preface), 1800; Poems, four volumes, 1807; *The Excursion*, a blank verse philosophical poem, 1814; *The White Doe of Rylstone*, narrative, 1815; *Sonnets*, 1819–20; *The Prelude or Growth of my own Mind*, finished in 1805, but published posthumously. His long poems, such as *The Excursion*, while they contain many fine passages, are monotonous and hard to read through. In the opinion of most his greatest piece of work is the *Ode on Intimations of Immortality from Recollections of Early Childhood*. If we want to see Wordsworth at the height of his genius, we have only to read this passage—though it is scarcely fair to detach it;

Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting;
The soul that rises with us, our life's star,
Hath had elsewhere its setting
And cometh from afar;
Not in entire forgetfulness
And not in utter nakedness
But trailing clouds of glory do we come
From God, who is our home:
Heaven lies about us in our infancy!
Shades of the prison-house begin to close
Upon the growing boy,
But he beholds the light and whence it flows,
He sees it in his joy;
The youth, who daily farther from the east
Must travel, still is Nature's priest,
And by the vision splendid
Is on his way attended;
At length the man perceives it die away,
And fade into the light of common day.

The sonnets form an important section of Wordsworth's poetry. Many of them are very fine, because the necessary restriction in form and thought saved him from the diffuseness to which he was prone. The splendid lines on Milton have scarce been surpassed by Milton's self. They are entitled *London, 1802.*

Milton! thou shouldst be living at this hour;
England hath need of thee; she is a fen
Of stagnant waters; altar, sword, and pen,
Fireside, the heroic wealth of hall and bower
Have sacrificed their ancient English dower
Of inward happiness. We are selfish men;
O! raise us up, return to us again;
And give us manners, virtue, freedom, power.
Thy soul was like a star, and dwelt apart;

Thou hadst a voice whose sound was like the sea ;
Pure as the naked heavens—majestic, free,
So didst thou travel on life's common way
In cheerful godliness ; and yet thy heart
The lowliest duties on herself did lay.

His theory of simplicity finds its best expression in such verses as these, which reach the climax of pure pathos :—

She dwelt among the untrodden ways,
Beside the springs of Dove,
A maid whom there were none to praise,
And very few to love.

A violet by a mossy stone
Half hidden from the eye ;
Fair as a star when only one
Is shining in the sky.

She lived unknown, and few could know
When Lucy ceased to be ;
But she is in her grave, and oh,
The difference to me !

The influence of Wordsworth on the poetry of his age was great and helpful. When once he had gained place as a recognized poet he soon rose high in public esteem, and for many years before his death was the acknowledged leader of English poesy. He saw many changes in the literary field. He was influenced by Burns ; he was the personal friend of Coleridge and Scott ; he watched the brief and glorious careers of Byron, Shelley, and Keats ; he caught the opening notes of the new poetry that Tennyson brought forward. In his long life was

included the whole period that saw the most splendid triumph of nineteenth century literature in England.

While Wordsworth's days were being numbered in stately seclusion and in the peaceful attainment of his desires, Coleridge was wandering aimlessly from place to place, the stamp of genius on his forehead, but the curse of weakness at his heart, and Southey was working bitterly for the comfort that only came with his declining years. The two were warm friends in their youth. Coleridge was born in Devonshire, Southey in Bristol. Coleridge went to Cambridge; Southey to Oxford. They both left without degrees. In 1794 they met at Oxford and formed a friendship. As a result they developed similar tastes in philosophy and in love; becoming engaged to two sisters at Bristol, and evolving a kind of communism called "Pantisocracy" (Coleridge's term), which was to be a panacea for social ills. Coleridge had already shown signs of that wandering and irresolute character which was the bane of his life. In the middle of his college course he enlisted in a cavalry regiment, where he is said to have charmed his brothers-in-arms by his golden eloquence and to have written their love-letters for them—an acknowledgment of his genius. When he and Southey simultaneously ended their college courses, they lived for a while at Bristol, talking over the limitless possibilities of Pantisocracy. They even determined to emigrate to Amer-

ica and found a new society upon the banks of the Susquehanna. The scheme, however, came to nothing. Southey went to Portugal, and Coleridge met Wordsworth.

Coleridge's life was a most unhappy one. His splendid gifts were well-nigh wasted through sheer lack of power to use them. He wandered about without any settled place of abode and without any determined effort of work. He tried preaching and lecturing. But through his unfortunate want of concentration his sermons would often include matters of singular irrelevance. He was a confirmed opium-eater and suffered severely from the effects of his indulgence. In 1810 he finally left the Lakes, which he had made his headquarters, and his family, who now became pensioners of Southey. In 1813 he produced in London a drama—*Remorse*—successful chiefly through the powerful help of Lord Byron. About the same period he lectured in London and Bristol with results that were hampered by his fashion of rambling about the subject. His last years were brightened by ease and rest in the house of a friend at Highgate, near London, where hosts of men came to hear him talk. Here he died in 1834, after "a life heavy laden, half vanquished . . . . swimming painfully in seas of manifold physical and other bewilderment."

As a poet Coleridge will survive by virtue of four poems. Three were written early in life and under the strong influence of Wordsworth's friendship.

The Rime of the Ancient Mariner was published in *Lyrical Ballads*—*Christabel* and *Love* appeared in the second edition of the same volume in 1800. *Kubla Khan* came later. *Christabel* was also published separately in 1816. *The Ancient Mariner* and *Christabel* are typical works—mystic, spiritual, and full of a wild music. They were not at all understood at first; even Southey and Wordsworth did not grasp their value. When the book of *Lyrical Ballads* was planned by Coleridge and Wordsworth in certain long walks through the wood and over the downs above the sea, the idea was to reproduce therein something of the beautiful effect of light and shadow sweeping alternately over a wide landscape. Wordsworth took the sunshine; to Coleridge fell the interpretation of the shadow. So he set his hand to the writing of a parable which should show how the mysteries of life enter upon the prosecution of daily work, just as some towering shape of cloud will cast a huge dimness over a familiar prospect and change the face of the land. The *Ancient Mariner* is a fine example of his method. The joyous wedding-party is entering the hall, the rosy-red Bride following the merry minstrelsy—when suddenly the mystery of the unseen grips the Wedding Guest. For mankind moves about "in worlds not realized." On every side we are surrounded by mysteries that we cannot understand. Ever and anon into our lives comes something of the Unknown; and then how can we say which is

the more real—this world, or that which lies around us beyond the veil? Coleridge draws his parable with marvellous richness of imagination. A stanza or two may be given, but they are ill separated from the context:

> The fair breeze blew, the white foam flew,
> The furrow followed free;
> We were the first that ever burst
> Into that silent sea.
>
> Down dropt the breeze, the sails dropt down,
> 'Twas sad as sad could be;
> And we did speak only to break
> The silence of the sea!
>
> All in a hot and copper sky
> The bloody sun at noon
> Right up above the mast did stand,
> No bigger than the moon.
>
> Day after day, day after day,
> We stuck, nor breath nor motion,
> As idle as a painted ship
> Upon a painted ocean.
>
> . . . . . .
>
> . . . . Still the sails made on
> A pleasant noise till noon,
> A noise like of a hidden brook
> In the leafy month of June,
> That to the sleeping woods all night
> Singeth a quiet tune.

This gives an instance of the descriptive beauty of the poem, not of its mysticism. The mysticism characterizes also *Christabel* and *Kubla Khan*. Neither poem was ever finished; both stand out like half-erected palaces. *Christabel* has been called

a "distinct identification of the spirit of evil, an unseen harm and bane, working secretly in the dark places of the earth against white innocence, purity, and truth, and carrying on the continual conflict between good and evil." It established a new metre and it gave rise to Scott's *Lay of the Last Minstrel*. *Kubla Khan* is simply a dream. The poet fell asleep one afternoon and composed the poem as he slept. Awaking, he began to write it down,—was called away suddenly, and lost the rest of it forever. As it stands the fragment is a wonderful revelation of Coleridge's mind and an instance of his best poetry—mystical, and containing most beautiful cadences.

The shadows of the dome of pleasure
Floated midway on the waves,
When was heard the mingled measure
From the mountains and the caves.
It was a miracle of rare device,
A sunny pleasure-dome with caves of ice!
A damsel with a dulcimer
In a vision once I saw:
It was an Abyssinian maid,
And on her dulcimer she played,
Singing of Mount Abora.
Could I revive within me
Her symphony and song,
To such deep delight 't would win me,
That with music loud and long,
I would build that dome in air,
That sunny dome, those caves of ice!
And all who heard should see them there,
And all should cry Beware! Beware!
His flashing eyes, his floating hair!

Weave a circle round him thrice,
And close your eyes with holy dread,
For he on honey-dew hath fed,
And drunk the milk of paradise.

Besides his poetry—in which he was the master of many followers—Coleridge wrote some very discriminating criticisms, which he embodied in a volume called *Biographia Literaria* (1817). While so pitifully unable himself to realize the gorgeous plans that were continually begotten in his brain—"Endless projects, one rising out of another like flowers from a stem"—Coleridge had a most stimulating influence. He stirred Wordsworth up to some of his best poems; and in after years many writers owed a quickened activity to the luminous and suggestive sentences that came from his lips. No ruler of his own spirit, he was still the master of others—"a sort of discrowned king with the seal of genius set openly upon his brow."

Southey was a man of different type from Wordsworth or Coleridge. Far below them in literary excellence, he surpassed them both as a generous and noble character. Coleridge wasted the best years of his life and neglected every duty and opportunity. Wordsworth shut himself up in a narrow seclusion and lived self-absorbed; but Southey bore others' burdens all his life, and his hand was as ready to help as his heart to sympathize. In 1795, as we have seen, he went to Portugal, where he remained six months. On his return he took to

writing and gradually—partly through natural taste and partly through the force of circumstances—came to regard it as his legitimate calling. He made his home in the Lake District and afterwards at Keswick—on both occasions to be near Coleridge. When the restless spirit of the latter drew him forth and away into the world, Southey received his wife under his own roof, where already he was caring for the family of a dead friend. He had a struggle against poverty all his life, mitigated by a government pension in 1807 and the Laureateship in 1813. It had been offered to Scott, who good-naturedly resigned in Southey's favor. The appointment was not to the latter's literary advantage, if only for the reason that, on the death of King George III., he felt himself officially bound to write something suitable, and produced the ludicrous *Vision of Judgment* (1821). The poor old monarch rises to judgment. There is found no one to condemn him either in Heaven or Hell, and he is led by a "reverential spirit—courtier, evidently hat in hand, . . . to the reserved seats appointed for kings in that polite and considerate heaven." Byron wrote a powerful skit on this poem. In fact, Byron was opposed to Southey in every way, and did not mind saying so. In 1816 Southey lost his son—a blow from which he never quite recovered. Later, his daughter died. The poet received a comfortable addition to his pension in 1835, but his wife became insane the same year, dying in 1837. Southey's

ceaseless work affected his own brain towards the close of his life, and for some time before his death he was practically out of his mind. He died in 1843. It is sad to think that his gentle, loving, and always helpful life should have been dogged by sorrow. Few men have deserved better of Fate.

Southey wrote more than will probably ever be collected together. But very little falls within the category of first-class work. He was most conscientious; he possessed a knowledge of books such as few men have had, and he always made absolutely sure of detail. Yet he lacked the something that should have put into his works the breath of immortality. His energy and originality led him to trust entirely to his own taste—which was not always good. Thus he did not perceive the set of the vast current that bore Wordsworth and Coleridge on. "He had got into a wild eddy of his own." His endless activity also moved him to take up a new work immediately upon finishing the old. This led to diffuseness and perhaps to lack of care—though Southey had an infinite capacity for taking pains. His poetical gifts, however, are various and not seldom high. His poems—though long-drawn—are full of good descriptive passages. And his prose style is clear and adequate. His chief poems were the epics *Thalaba* (1801), *The Curse of Kehama* (1810), and *Roderick, the Last of the Goths* (1814). *Thalaba* opened, in English poetry, the field of Eastern thought and imagery which was

later revived in Germany by Goethe's *West-eastern Divan*, 1819, and in England by Moore's *Lalla Rookh*, 1817. *Roderick* is mediæval in subject and sentiment; with the *Curse of Kehama*, it places before us a heroic deliverer, or still more heroic penitent, "who struggles valiantly against the powers of evil and eventually triumphs. They are straightforward moral romances in which heroic virtue always gains the day." Their best portions are very good; but they evince a matter-of-fact touch that prevents the loftiest flights. Of Southey's voluminous prose may be mentioned: *The History of Brazil*, 1810–1819, and *The History of the Peninsular War*, 1822–1832. They combine a lucid style with a thorough knowledge of arrangement of historical material. Nor must *The Life of Nelson* be omitted. It appeared in 1813, and is its author's masterpiece—the best short biography in English.

It was odd that Wordsworth, Coleridge, and Southey should have been bound together as members of a common school. They possessed very little in common—their work was upon different principles. Wordsworth preached his creed with obstinate perseverance and by means of some matchless verse; Coleridge opened the gate of German mysticism to England and sang his songs of strange and wayward beauty; Southey worked stoutly according to his own theory, clever, matter-of-fact, somehow never attaining the highest. But, dissimilar as they were, they carried on to its conclusion the pro-

test that had been entered by Cowper and Burns. They struck the clinching blows for romantic poetry.

There was another poet, however, who really did more than any one else to make the romantic style popular—to bring its beauties home to the average reader. This was WALTER SCOTT. He is, of course, better known as a novelist than as a poet; but a poet he was, and one of a high order. Scott was born in Edinburgh. His childhood was hampered by sickness, which, though he outgrew it, left him a legacy of lameness. But any physical disability was compensated for by the unlimited opportunity for open-air life and for reading. Such conditions gave him the wonderful insight into peasant character and the knowledge of tradition which afterward bore golden fruit. He was educated at the High School and the University of Edinburgh; was trained as a lawyer, and called to the bar in 1792. His work, however, was not so enthralling but that he found time for many excursions into the country on sport or business. His first essay in literature was a translation (1799) of Goethe's *Götz von Berlichingen*, a "blood and thunder" play which had created an immense sensation in Germany. The translation was meritorious, but it appeared when English sympathy was not inclined toward German work, and met with small regard. About 1794 Scott was interested in the Volunteer movement, and three years later was made Sheriff of Selkirkshire.

In 1802–3 he issued *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*, a collection of old ballads which had great intrinsic worth, and was also valuable as showing the natural bent of his mind. The next thought was a larger work—for the *Minstrelsy* was a great success—"a long poem . . . a kind of romance of Border chivalry in a light horseman sort of stanza." Some of his own ballads had already appeared in the *Minstrelsy*, and he had been encouraged at the friendly greeting which they received. Consequently, in 1805, he published *The Lay of the Last Minstrel.*

The poem was an immediate and striking success—unprecedented, indeed, in literary annals. Its popularity, as his biographer tells us, at once decided that literature should form the main business of Scott's life. And it was then that the Wizard of the North obtained a primacy in letters that was his to the day of his death. Following the *Lay* in quick succession came *Marmion*, 1808; *The Lady of the Lake*, 1810, which caused a rise in post-horse dues, owing to the rush of visitors to the localities described; *Rokeby*, 1813; *The Lord of the Isles*, 1814. Then, finding that he was losing his "grip" on the public because of Byron's appearance, Scott turned his genius into another channel, and achieved in the novel a yet more brilliant success. But that part of his work will come later, as will also the remainder of his life and career and his noble end—a division unfortunate, but necessary.

Scott's poetry was more successful and—to speak

practically—brought him more money than that of all his contemporaries. There has been much discussion over this fact, since no one can doubt that Wordsworth and Coleridge at their best are far superior to Scott. The chief reason seems to be that the latter had an enthralling story to tell and told it in a simple and striking manner. The others favored this simplicity of diction, and preached it as the one thing needful in poetry, but they did not practise what they preached; that is to say, they often tried to express very deep meanings through a simple medium, which naturally left the public agape—as in *The Ancient Mariner*. But in Scott's verse the diction and the thought flow on together "like a blithe Highland stream over its rocks and stones." It is full, moreover, of life and incident such as every one understands and thrills over. "There are no metaphysics in the whole fresh, musical, daylight strain." He aimed at clearness and he aimed at interest. As he had the gift of poetry, the consequence was that his poems were read by all and gave their readers an insight into, and a desire for, the healthiest type of romanticism.

Of course Scott's position as a novelist is supreme; but there is some question about his poetic status. Nevertheless, his fine, strong, and musical verse must give him place—and not a low place—among the best poets of England. Of their kind few things are better than *Bonnie Dundee* and *Young Lochinvar*. Scott is a poet of action and description. *The*

Lady of the Lake was probably his greatest poem. A short extract may be made to show his not infrequent pathos; while at the same time illustrating his manner:

He is gone on the mountain,
  He is lost to the forest,
Like a summer dried fountain,
  When our need was the sorest.
The fount reappearing
  From the raindrops shall borrow,
But to us comes no cheering,
  To Duncan no morrow!

The hand of the reaper
  Takes the ears that are hoary,
But the voice of the weeper
  Wails manhood in glory,
The autumn winds rushing
  Waft the leaves that are serest,
But our flower was in flushing
  When blighting was nearest.

Fleet foot on the correi,
  Sage counsel in cumber,
Red hand in the foray,
  How sound is thy slumber!
Like the dew on the mountain,
  Like the foam on the river,
Like the bubble on the fountain
  Thou art gone, and forever!

It is doubtful what would have been Scott's future in literature if he had not been forced out of the poetic field by a younger and more popular rival. But conjectures are idle; the rival did appear, and the Scotchman, rummaging in the drawer of an old desk, found a forgotten MS. which he

called *Waverley* and published anonymously in 1814. This, however, and what followed thereafter, belongs to a different part of our work.

A poet of distinct personality, of great productivity, saw all those who have been mentioned rise and pass away. This was WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR, who lived until 1864. He has been characterized as a classic writing in a romantic age, and this perhaps gives a fair idea of his powers and limitations. It is not probable that he will ever have great popularity, owing to the cold and somewhat statuesque quality of his verse. He derived from classic models—the literature of Greece and Rome. He went to Rugby and Oxford; was rusticated, and retired into the wildest part of South Wales, with "one servant and a chest of books." But he soon wearied of his surroundings—raising imaginary evils on every side—and went to Italy. Here he lived for most of his life, with an interval of residence at Bath. A strange, wild, ungoverned life it was. Landor carried all his feelings on the surface. To him the impulse of the moment was all important. One of his vagaries was selling his paternal estate to purchase a property in Wales—which afterwards he deserted; on another occasion, when the Spanish struggle for liberty was engaging English attention, he equipped a body of volunteers at his own expense and marched into Spain at their head. His life lacked dignity; it was stormy and fierce, but it was too noisy and eccentric.

He wrote a great deal in poetry and prose; his chief poems were *Gebir*, published in 1802, and *Count Julian*, 1812. In style they are very beautiful, but the thought is frequently obscure. *Gebir* tells us of a mysterious, mythical personage who wins the Queen of Egypt, but is slain by poison in the midst of his marriage feast. One passage is quoted whenever the poem is referred to:

> I have sinuous shells of pearly hue
> Within, and they that lustre have imbibed
> In the sun's palace-porch, where when unyoked
> His chariot-wheel stands midway in the wave:
> Shake one and it awakens, then apply
> Its polished lips to your attentive ear,
> And it remembers its august abodes
> And murmurs as the ocean murmurs there.

Count Julian is on the same subject as Southey's *Roderick*, but treats it from a different point of view.

Landor claimed that poetry was his recreation, prose his study and business. In form his prose is nearly perfect—absolutely pure, like an amber covering for his thought. Most famous are the *Imaginary Conversations* between various characters, historical and otherwise. Though sometimes marked by false conception and shadowed by personal prejudice, they are of uniformly high excellence—especially those dealing with classical subjects and with Italy. They appeared between 1824 and 1846. Landor wrote some short poems of ex-

quisite beauty. The two quatrains given below can hardly be equalled.

> I strove with none, for none was worth my strife;
> Nature I loved, and next to Nature, Art.
> I warmed both hands before the fire of life,
> It sinks, and I am ready to depart.
>
> Death stands above me, whispering low
> I know not what into my ear
> Of his strange language: all I know
> Is, there is not a word of fear.

The last, written just before the close of his life, inclines one to say: "Nothing in it became him like the leaving it."

Of course the lives and work of the poets we have been considering ran on into the lives and work of the next group that appears on the stage. But it seems best to make them a unit, so to speak, and gather them within the limit of a single chapter. The next generation of poets forms a distinct group; deriving from their predecessors as regards general spirit, yet individual, and joined by peculiar similitude in character and in the untimeliness of death that cut them down.

CHAPTER IV.

POETRY: BYRON, SHELLEY, AND KEATS.

CAMPBELL, MOORE, AND ROGERS: LESSER LIGHTS.—BYRON: HIS WANDERINGS AND HIS FAME.—A FAIR DEATH.—SHELLEY, THE TYPICAL LYRIST.—RULED BY IMAGINATION.—KEATS, ACHIEVING IN SPITE OF FATE.—THE "SECOND ROMANTIC SCHOOL."

THESE three names come together as naturally as do those of the Lake Poets, and with more reason. There is of course the fortuitous resemblance of life cut down in its prime, and there is the more real similitude in thought and poetry. Byron and Shelley too were connected by personal friendship and the sympathy of revolt against society in general. For there was abroad over all England during the period a feeling of unrest. It was due to that great movement of change, of development in life and literature, which we have seen is best called romanticism. Byron and Shelley were especially influenced by the excitement of new ideas—ideas most strikingly put forward during the French Revolution. They were iconoclasts and innovators; they were—particularly Byron—Ishmaels, at war with society. The lives of all the three form strange records of wayward impulse, under a very slight

government of common sense. Keats must be excepted to a certain extent—he was far more a victim of circumstances than were the others.

First it may be well to mention two writers who were very famous in their day, and whose best work filled in—so to speak—a certain pause between the emergence of the Lake Poets and the three who have just been mentioned. They were THOMAS CAMPBELL (1777–1844) and THOMAS MOORE (1779–1852). Campbell was a Scotchman and Moore an Irishman. Campbell owed something to a long residence in one of the wild islands of the Scottish coast, and Moore to a visit to Germany in 1800, where he saw one or two of the fierce battles between Napoleon and the Austrians. As a result of this first-hand knowledge he wrote some fine battle ballads. *The Mariners of England* (published 1801), *Hohenlinden* (1803), and *The Battle of the Baltic* (1809) are among the best war-songs in our language. They form his bid for immortality. None of his other work attains so high a level.

Moore is to-day a melancholy example of the fickleness of fame. In his life he was immensely popular for his songs of love and wine. But few indeed are those who constitute his *clientèle* at the present time. He set himself to aid Ireland by the pen as others were trying to aid her with the sword, and Shelley calls him "the sweetest lyrist of her saddest wrong." In 1807, after two books of poetry which won him money and reputation, he began to

write a series of *Irish Melodies*. Their charm has pretty well evaporated under the cool breezes of the succeeding years. However, they at that time "placed Moore in that trio with Scott and Campbell who reigned, but did not govern, in English poetry before Byron." Moore wrote an excellent biography of the latter, but, at the earnest request of the Byron family, destroyed, with very questionable loyalty, some invaluable memoirs which had been committed to his keeping by the great poet. One of Moore's poems should be inserted here, if only in memory of his former fame.

At the mid hour of night, when stars are weeping, I fly
To the lone vale we loved, when life shone warm in thine eye;
And I think oft, if spirits can steal from the regions of air
To revisit past scenes of delight, thou wilt come to me there
And tell me our love is remembered, even in the sky!
Then I sing the wild song it once was rapture to hear
When our voices commingling, breathed like one on the ear;
And as Echo far off through the vale my sad orison rolls,
I think, O my Love! 'tis thy voice, from the Kingdom of Souls,
Faintly answering still the notes that once were so dear.

Samuel Rogers (1763–1855) should find place here. His life covered a long and remarkable period. He was, however, far more an ornament than a working member of the literary society. His best work, *Italy*, 1822, is a kind of pedestrian *Childe Harold*—a faint echo of Byron's poem, without any of its color or energy. His *metier* was to be a

mutual friend of all the not always harmonious English romanticists.

George Gordon Byron was an only child and came of a turbulent race. If heredity tells, he started handicapped in the race of life, for his father was a libertine and his mother a shrew. Born in London, 1788, he attended Harrow School and Trinity College, Cambridge, which he left without taking a degree. His college life was marked by a good deal of lawlessness which afterwards won him an unenviable fame. In 1807 he published a volume of "glossy" conventional poetry, *Hours of Idleness*. The little volume called forth a very bitter critique, about a year later, in the pages of the famous *Edinburgh Review*. This seemed to rouse Byron's latent strength, and in 1809 he printed a cutting satire in reply, called *English Bards and Scotch Reviewers*. It first attacked the author of the Edinburgh criticism and then ran amuck generally among the writers of the day. Full of passion and energy, so that thenceforth Byron could not be ignored, it shows no critical taste. It is blindly prejudiced and entirely at fault as regards the relative merits of the various poets. Wordsworth is "the meanest object of the lowly group," his verse nothing but "childish prattle." Coleridge becomes the "laureate of the long-ear'd kind"; Southey a "ballad-monger." Scott receives the most bitter invective—apparently because of his success; he is the "hireling bard" who racks his brains "for lucre not for

fame," and equally strange is it to see Campbell and "Melodious Rogers" placed highest on the roll of praise, as distinguished from the "race who rhyme from folly or for food." This vigorous satire is in the manner of Pope, for whom Byron always had a strong regard.

From 1809 to 1811 he travelled on the Continent, chiefly about the Mediterranean, and his poetic genius shaped itself and developed. Returning to England he took his seat in the House of Lords, and for some six months was as unhappy as a young man proud, praise-loving, friendless, and cast adrift in a great city would naturally be. He had brought back two manuscripts with him. One contained some frigid and insipid *Hints from Horace* poetical satire: the other was the first two cantos of *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage*. It was another case of "discovery." A friend of Byron's—Mr. Dallas—insisted upon the publication of the latter, though the *Hints* were much more to Byron's taste. In February, 1812, the two cantos appeared. "I awoke one morning and found myself famous," says the poet. His success was instant and overwhelming, seven editions of the poem were bought up in five weeks. All London opened its doors to him, society suddenly discovered the romantic charm of this young lord—he was only twenty four—with his personal beauty, his cleverness and his delightfully naughty and mysterious reputation. The wonderful effect which the poem produced was due not so much

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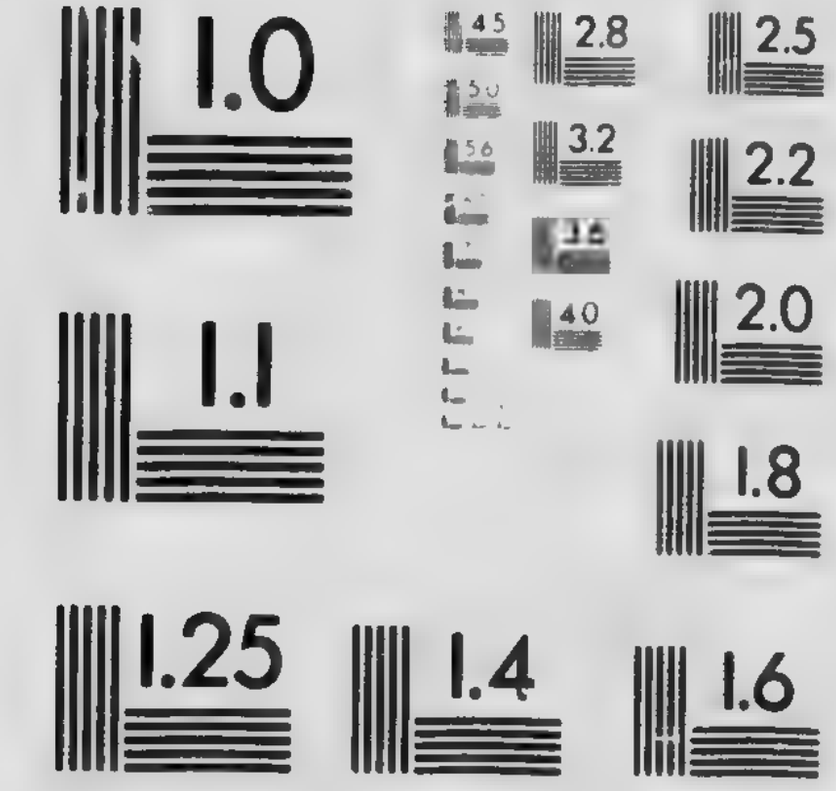

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to its intrinsic beauty—which after all is not very moving—as to its embodiment of youthful tragedy. Byron had been preceded in this particular field both by German and French writers—by Goethe in Germany (*Sorrows of Young Werther*) and Chateaubriand in France (*Réné*). No one yet, however, had expressed what almost every one has experienced—the bitter disillusionment of youth, when its proud spirit finds the unreality of pleasure, and its own insignificance in the universal scheme of things. This is about what the opening cantos of *Childe Harold* expressed, and if the setting was theatrical, none the less the feeling was sincere.

The fame to which he awoke was enjoyed by Byron for about four years. His life was absolutely lawless, and he gratified every whim of a luxuriant fancy. But his intellect was never idle. During the short term of his London career he produced six other poems, written for the most part in the flowing "Spenserian" stanza like their famous predecessor and resembling it in thought as well. The more important were: *The Giaour*, May, 1813; *The Corsair*, December, 1813; *Lara*, August, 1814. Of these as of his other work a word later on.

In 1815 he married, but, as was not improbable, the marriage proved in no sense a happy one, and a year later he left his wife and England. The circumstances of the separation are shrouded in a good deal of mystery which does not particularly concern us here. Suffice it to say that public opinion sided

with the wife, and Byron departed with the disapprobation of his countrymen resting, rightly or wrongly, upon him. As a critic has pointed out, his meteoric career in England, was limited to four years, beginning in obscurity and ending in general reprobation.

Setting out from England "upon the second tragical round of his pilgrimage," Byron came upon Shelley at an inn near Geneva. The two instantly became friends. Shelley could sympathize with his brother poet in that rebellion against fate which characterized the mental attitude of both—though Shelley's life had been far more blameless than Byron's. Four summer months on the borders of Lake Leman they lived in fellowship, amid "metaphysics, mountains, lakes, love inextinguishable,—thoughts unutterable." To this period belongs some of Byron's best work—the third canto of *Childe Harold* and *The Prisoner of Chillon*, both pervaded by a manly and dignified spirit that does credit to the poet's better nature. The next place of his abode was Venice, where, as always, he drained the cup of pleasure to the dregs. A journey to Rome in 1817 called into existence the fourth canto of *Childe Harold*—splendid poetry. In 1819 he left Venice for Ravenca, having fallen in with the woman who influenced him perhaps more than any one else could do. Here his intellectual activity was great. He wrote six dramas—three of them in the mystical vein which he had already essayed in *Manfred*

(1816). The famous and powerful *Vision of Judgment* was published in a London newspaper at this time.

Byron's next move was to Pisa, in 1821. Here he was installed when Shelley was drowned in the Bay of Spizzia the following August, and he formed one of the little band of friends who burnt the body on the shore. About this time he seems to have felt a certain waning in his literary powers, and a restlessness, a desire for new fields to conquer, came upon him. At this crisis the committee of Greek sympathizers in London made proposals that he should join them. He eagerly accepted and volunteered to go to the front. Greece was in the throes of her first struggle for freedom from Turkish oppression, and to Byron the idea of assisting in the fight for liberty was irresistible. Already he had made some generous efforts on behalf of Italy. In July, 1823, he sailed down the Adriatic for the scene of his last exploits. The insurgents were only half organized, and during several months Byron showed much force of character and power of ruling men. But his days were numbered. He lived to see little effect from his unselfish work. He caught a fever and died after a distressing illness in April, 1824, at Missolonghi, near Lepanto. His body was brought to England for burial.

Byron has been adversely criticised, but there is one thing that admits no doubt—his popularity. England went mad over the poems that he wrote,

while on the Continent his influence was unprecedented. To this day he is regarded by some foreign critics as the greatest of English poets. His field was the expression of the "*Welt-Schmerz*" which every young man of the period experienced. The reason for his popularity lies in the valiant revolt-note in most of his work, in the strangeness of its setting—mostly eastern—and in the personal interest which infuses the greater part of it: the heroes being generally a "sort of fancy portrait, a sketch in cap and yataghan of Byron himself as he would like to be thought." The best of Byron's work, in our after judgment, was done in the later period of his life. *Cain* is a very powerful drama which raised a furore among the orthodox in England, but which possesses a great deal of beauty. It is absorbed in the mystery of man's fate—man who is compelled to die for the sin of his first parents. *Don Juan* is a long and unfinished narrative satire published at irregular intervals between 1819 and 1824.

To give an idea of Byron at his best, we may quote the sonnet *Bonnivard:*

> Eternal spirit of the chainless mind!
> Brightest in dungeons, Liberty, thou art—
> For there thy habitation is the heart—
> The heart which love of Thee alone can bind;
>
> And when thy sons to fetters are consigned,
> To fetters, and the damp vault's dayless gloom,
> Their country conquers with their martyrdom
> And Freedom's fame finds wings on every wind.

> Chillon! thy prison is a holy place
> And thy sad floor an altar, for 'twas trod,
> Until his very steps have left a trace
> Worn as if thy cold pavement were a sod,
> By Bonnivard! May none those marks efface!
> For they appeal from tyranny to God.

The second of the trio under consideration was not unlike a clever child thrown on the world, in his lack of experience and his somewhat naïve solution of difficulties. Percy Bysshe Shelley was born in Sussex County in 1792. From his earliest childhood he manifested that impatience of restraint, that rebellion against laws established, which was one of the marks of his life. As a boy at Eton he brought down on himself the dislike of his teachers and the persecution of his fellows. At Oxford his conduct was still more unorthodox. He published a pamphlet on *The Necessity of Atheism*, and sent copies of it to the heads of the various colleges, with the perfectly serious intention of winning them over to his own point of view. Thereupon the head of his own college (University) promptly—and not unreasonably—expelled him. He then, after a few months, took the singularly unwise step of marrying. He justified the action as the fulfilment of a chivalrous promise. His wife was a girl of sixteen—Shelley himself was only three years older. It is not at all strange that the outcome of the match was unfortunate for all concerned. They wandered about in a vaguely idyllic sort of way, settling for a breathing-space in the Lake Country, where they

met Southey. Afterwards they crossed to Ireland to aid in its emancipation. In 1812 Shelley published a poem called *Queen Mab*, which gave expression to his rage against "the tyranny of unspiritual forces" such as existed in human life—money, the marriage-tie and the like. In the spirit of this protest, two years later he separated from his girl-wife and fled to the Continent with the daughter of a novelist and anarchistic philosopher, William Godwin. With the storms of controversy which have raged about this part of Shelley's life we have fortunately nothing to do. In 1816 he visited Switzerland again, and it was on this occasion that he met Byron. Poor Harriet, his first wife, took her own life in the same year.

At no time is the peculiar nature of Shelley's temperament brought so forcibly home to us as during the years about this time. He seems to have made no effort to prevent Harriet's terrible solution of her difficulties, yet in the following winter we find him living at Great Marlowe in the practice of wide and unthinking kindness, from paying the numerous debts of his father-in-law and providing food and raiment for needy cottagers, down to carefully restoring freshly caught fishes to their native element. But the England of that day was not kindly disposed toward any one who bore the name of Atheist, and Shelley rather gloried in the term. For this and other reasons he left his native country in 1818, never to return. The re-

mainder of his life was spent in Italy, the favorite cities of his sojourn being Lucca, Florence and Pisa. During these last four years he wrote the best poetry of his life. In 1821 the sad death of Keats at Rome stirred him to supreme achievement in the glorious *Adonais*. And little more than a year later the singer of Keats's fate had gone to join him in the undiscovered country.

The story of his death is familiar. In the spring of 1822 the Shelleys moved to the village of Lerici, on the Bay of Spezzia, where they lived in a lonely house on the shore, called Casa Magni. The poet and his friend Lieutenant Williams had bought a small sail-boat for use in the summer months. One day in July they sailed along the coast to Leghorn where Byron was, in his big yacht, the "Bolivar," and where another friend (Leigh Hunt) had just arrived from London. After a short stay Shelley and Williams with their crew of an Italian lad set out on the return journey, despite the threatening weather and the entreaties of Byron that they should remain with him. For a time the boat could be seen, but at last its white sails were blotted out in a sudden thunder-squall, and when the sky lifted again they had vanished from the face of the sea. Ten days later the sea gave up its dead. The body of Shelley was burnt on a funeral pyre close to the water, while Byron, Hunt, and Trelawney poured oil and wine on the flames. It has been pointed out that in many of his poems the creatures of his fancy

disappear from our ken in a boat. Shelley has been called the most poetical of poets, and the phrase is fairly just. Never was there a writer so completely controlled by imagination. His whole life was under its dominion, and we must remember this in estimating his character. He had all a boy's wilfulness and lack of realizing the importance of established conventions. Wholly ignorant, he would if possible have turned the wheel of society the other way, reckless of the horrible confusion he must occasion. He rebelled at school where "nothing that my tyrants knew or thought I cared to learn;" at College and in after life the misery of the individual moved him, and he would have adapted the world to the needs of the few sufferers whom he saw, disregarding the requirements of the vast majority whom he could not see. Much of his poetry is interpenetrated with this idea. He began writing when a mere child. Disregarding some purely childish production, his first work was *Queen Mab*, mentioned above.

Alastor, or the Spirit of Solitude followed in 1815. It describes a youth who tries to find happiness in self-centred seclusion, but fails, and is punished because he loves not his fellow-men. Its importance lies in the beauty of its poetry, and this is true of all Shelley's work. In parts he is obscure, and in parts extravagant, and in parts his philosophy goes astray; but all this we forgive, and read for the pure delight of reading. As has been said, he was

at his best during his life in Italy. There he composed most of his short poems, many of which, such as *The Skylark*, *Ode to the West Wind*, *Stanzas Written in Dejection*, *Lines to an Indian Air*, can only be termed perfect. The song *A Lament* shows this wonderful quality :

O World ! O Life ! O Time !
On whose last steps I climb,
Trembling at that where I had stood before ;
When will return the glory of your prime ?
No more—O never more !

Out of the day and night
A joy has taken flight :
Fresh spring, and summer, and winter hoar
Move my faint heart with grief, but with delight
No more—O never more !

Of his longer works *Prometheus Unbound*, 1820, a drama dealing with the grand old Greek myth, but with a different solution. The story had a strong fascination for all the romanticists, Prometheus being to them essentially the reformer strong and defiant. *The Cenci*, 1820, is another drama, Italian in setting, but Greek in treatment, with an austere and terrible theme. *Episychidion*, 1821, is "the culminating expression in modern literature of the spiritual passion for ideal womanhood." *Hellas*, 1821, a splendid lyric drama, was inspired by the Greek rebellion.

But of all Shelley's poems, in his own opinion and in that of many critics, the best was the *Adonais*. It is

written in the beautiful Spenserian stanza (in which more than one poet has attained his loftiest song since the gentle Elizabethan made it, three centuries ago) and is a "Pastoral Elegy." Shelley was deeply moved by the circumstances of Keats's death, which he, in common with others, thought due to a cruel review of the 1820 *Poems* in the *Quarterly Review*. Said Shelley in his preface: "I have dipped my pen in consuming fire for his destroyers." Keats was not killed by a review, as we shall presently see, but the combination of circumstances gave rise to one of the most noble poems in the English language. No more splendid poetry was written by Shelley than such stanzas as:—

Peace, peace! he is not dead, he doth not sleep!
He hath awakened from the dream of life.
'Tis we who, lost in stormy visions, keep
With phantoms an unprofitable strife,
And in mad trance strike with our spirit's knife
Invulnerable nothings. *We* decay
Like corpses in a charnel; fear and grief
Convulse us and consume us day by day,
And cold hopes swarm like worms within our living clay.

He has outsoared the shadow of our night.
Envy and calumny, and hate and pain
And that unrest which men miscall delight,
Can touch him not and torture not again.
From the contagion of the world's slow stain
He is secure; and now can never mourn
A heart grown cold, a head grown gray, in vain—
Nor, when the spirit's self has ceased to burn,
With sparkless ashes load an unlamented urn.

. . . . . .

He is made one with Nature. There is heard
His voice in all her music, from the moan
Of thunder to the song of night's sweet bird.
He is a presence to be felt and known
In darkness and in light, from herb and stone;
Spreading itself where'er that Power may move
Which has withdrawn his being to its own,
Which wields the world with never-wearied love,
Sustains it from beneath, and kindles it above.

It is difficult to choose from the uniform beauty of the latter half of *Adonais*. One more example may be given; it contains, perhaps, the most perfect simile that we have:—

The One remains, the many change and pass;
Heaven's light forever shines, earth's shadows fly;
Life, like a dome of many colored glass,
Stains the white radiance of eternity,
Until Death tramples it to fragments.—Die,
If thou wouldst be with that which thou dost seek!
Follow where all is fled!—Rome's azure sky,
Flowers, ruins, statues, music—words are weak
The glory they transfuse with fitting truth to speak.

The life of JOHN KEATS was short and sad. Born three years after Shelley, and seven after Byron, he yet slipped out of the world before even their brief careers were ended, like a pale herald of their coming. The story which has made him a frail spirit, weak enough to be crushed by adverse criticism, is not founded on the facts. Keats was a sensible young Englishman, and made a brave fight against poverty and the disease which eventually killed him. At fifteen, after a little preliminary schooling, he was apprenticed to an apothecary

to learn the art of medicine. His advancement in this profession was not very great, but he made the acquaintance of several members of what the critics contemptuously dubbed the "Cockney School." His literary training began by the reading of Spenser's *Fairy Queene*; then he went to Chaucer, Shakespeare, Milton, and all the greater English poets. One day a friend lent him Chapman's translation of Homer. This was a new revelation, and he celebrated the event in a beautiful sonnet. It determined the trend of his taste, for though he knew neither Greek nor Latin, his mind turned instinctively to the calm beauty of classical poetry and myth, the spirit of which, even at second hand, he grasped with marvellous adequacy. From that time medicine was doomed and poetry became the object of his life. By 1818 he had given up all idea of becoming a physician and had published two volumes—one a collection of poems which made but little impression, the other a longer and more ambitious poem called *Endymion*. *Endymion* showed defects, but also much beauty and great promise.

It is the old Greek story of the love of Diana for the shepherd-youth, and develops very fully the wanderings of the love-lorn Endymion in his passion for the Immortal. These two volumes called forth the cruel notices referred to in *Blackwood's Magazine* (August, 1818), and the *Quarterly* (October, 1818). The effect they had on Keats has been much exaggerated—a

fact which was due to his own sickness and death and to Shelley's impassioned defence. Keats himself has left us the best answer: "My own criticism has given me pain without comparison beyond what *Blackwood* or the *Quarterly* could possibly inflict; and, also, when I feel I am right, no external praise can give me such a glow as my own solitary re-perception and rectification of what is fine," which is sufficient to prove the impossibility of so sturdy a soul being "snuffed out by an article."

Nor did the fierce articles cause him even to deviate from his chosen path. He continued writing poetry that every year showed increased power. But only three more years were vouchsafed him. In 1818 he had begun the great epic *Hyperion*, which was to remain a fragment. Some lines from this will show his fine command of blank verse. The opening passage describes Saturn, fallen from the Throne of Heaven:

> Deep in the shady stillness of a vale,
> Far sunken from the healthy breath of morn,
> Far from the fiery noon, and eve's one star,
> Sat gray-haired Saturn, quiet as a stone,
> Still as the silence round about his lair;
> Forest on forest hung about his head
> Like cloud on cloud. No stir of air was there,
> Not so much life as on a summer's day
> Robs not one light seed from the feather'd grass,
> But where the dead leaf fell there did it rest.
> A stream went voiceless by, still deaden'd more
> By reason of its fallen divinity
> Spreading a shade: the Naiad mid her reeds,
> Press'd her cold finger closer to her lips.

In 1819 he wrote some of his most typical poems. Among them *The Eve of St. Agnes*, *La Belle Dame sans Merci*, *The Ode on a Nightingale*, and *The Ode to a Grecian Urn*. In the same year he fell in love with the lady to whom he wrote many sad letters. And early in 1820 he discovered his doom to death of consumption. The next twelvemonth was what he termed "a posthumous life" shadowed by bitterness. In the autumn he started for Italy with a single heroic friend—the artist Severn—vainly hoping for health. His last volume, containing *Hyperion* and several of the poems above mentioned, had been published. His last poem was a touching sonnet written on the voyage:

Bright star! would I were steadfast as thou art—
Not in lone splendor hung aloft the night,
And watching, with eternal lids apart,
Like nature's patient sleepless Eremite,

The moving waters at their priestlike task
Of pure ablution round earth's human shores,
Or gazing on the new soft fallen mask
Of snow upon the mountains and the moors;—

No—yet still steadfast, still unchangeable,
Pillow'd upon my fair love's ripening breast
To feel forever its soft fall and swell,
Awake forever in a sweet unrest;

Still, still to hear her tender taken breath,
And so live ever,—or else swoon to death.

He lingered painfully until February, 1821, when he died at Rome.

Most of Keats's poems have been named; his production was small. Cut off in the very opening years of his life, the work he was able to do gave almost unbounded promise for the future. No poet at the age at which Keats died has done such great work. As to his tendencies, he has been called "half a Greek," but his classic spirit was colored by romance. His Greek was true Greek "but Greek mediæval, Greek of the late romance type, refreshed with a wonderful new blood of English romanticism." Thus it is that while he wrote the truly Greek *Hyperion*, he also sung the *Nightingale* so full of sensuous beauty:

My heart aches, and a drowsy numbness pains
My sense, as though of hemlock I had drunk
Or emptied some dull opiate to the drains
One minute past, and Lethewards had sunk!
'Tis not through envy of thy happy lot
But being too happy in thy happiness,—
That thou, light-wingèd Dryad of the trees,
In some melodious plot
Of beechen green and shadows numberless.
Singest of summer in full-throated ease.

O for a draught of vintage, that hath been
Cool'd a long age in the deep-delved earth,
Tasting of Flora and the country green,
Dance and Provençal song, and sun-burnt mirth!
O for a beaker full of the warm south,
Full of the true, the blushful Hippocreme,
With beaded bubbles winking at the brim
And purple stained mouth;
That I might drink, and leave the world unseen,
And with thee fade away into the forest dim:

Fade far away, dissolve, and quite forget
What thou among the leaves hast never known,
The weariness, the fever, and the fret
Here, where men sit and hear each other groan;
Where palsy shakes a few, sad, last gray hairs,
Where youth grows pale, and spectre-thin, and dies;
Where but to think is to be full of sorrow
And leaden-eyed despairs;
Where beauty cannot keep her lustrous eyes,
Or new Love pine at them beyond to-morrow.
. . . . .

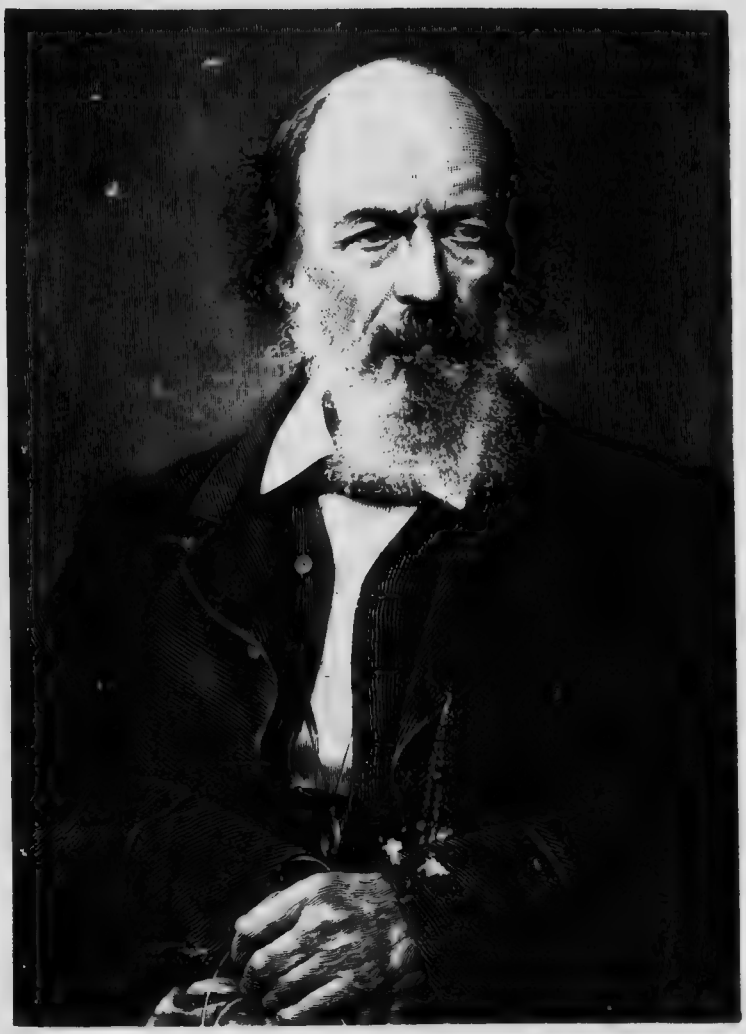
Darkling I listen; and for many a time
I have been half in love with easeful Death,
Call'd him soft names in many a mused rhyme,
To take into the air my quiet breath;
Now more than ever seems it rich to die,
To cease upon the midnight with no pain,
While thou art pouring forth thy soul abroad
In such an ecstasy!
Still would'st thou sing, and I have ears in vain—
To thy high requiem become a sod.

With this may be contrasted the *Ode on a Grecian Urn*. In the one Romance, in the other Art, is offered as the refuge from life in which beauty perishes and passion cloys.

He was a worshipper of beauty in all things, hence his early verse is overloaded with imagery. As he developed the proportion was preserved far better, but always he was faithful to his principle—Beauty is Truth, Truth Beauty. As a master Keats holds quite exceptional rank. Tennyson derived directly from him, and Tennyson was the literary leader of the latter half-century. Keats combined range of thought with beauty of phrase to such a degree

that we may call him the father of most of the modern poets. He united in himself the essential features of romanticism, and indicated the road which succeeding generations have followed. We may not unfairly term Byron, Shelley and Keats the poets of the second Romantic School. But it is better to regard them as bringing to a consummation the principles introduced by Wordsworth and Coleridge, and if it should be wished to gain an idea of their respective characteristics, the essential features would be found in the fine apostrophe to the Ocean in *Don Juan*, Shelley's *Ode to the West Wind*, and Keats's *St. Agnes' Eve.*

Without attempting to point out their relative merits, it may be said, broadly, that the seven great poets in this and the preceding chapter (together with the prose writers yet to be described) placed English literature upon a level which has never been surpassed, except by individual achievement, and equalled as an epoch only by the "spacious days of great Elizabeth." Jointly they covered a period extending from 1798 to 1825. They found some faint premonitions of dawn, and they brought about full noonday. Later times have essayed new fields and obtained further effects; but nothing since has reached unto their best.



ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON.

CHAPTER V.

POETRY: THE LESSER DAY-DAWN.

A New Spirit.—Tennyson, the Typical Nineteenth Century Poet.—His Domination and the Beauty of his Art.—Browning, Poet of Thought.—His Strength and Helpfulness.—Mrs. Browning.—Taylor.—Hood and Praed, Humorists.—Beddoes.—Fitzgerald and his "Rubaiyat."

About 1830 we come upon a new epoch in English poetry. The peculiar and characteristic features that Wordsworth and Shelley and the School of which they were the chief representatives, passed away—in so far as their distinctive manifestation was concerned—and for a short time there was a sort of fallow period. The great chorus that had been sounding for thirty years was hushed, and there was a silence before fresh voices took up the strain. As we have seen, the force of romanticism and the especial stimulus of the French Revolution gave direction and meaning to the literary movement up to 1825. But then the romantic battle was won, and the French Revolution was passed, leaving for all its promises of social millennium only the memory of ruin. Men who had built their hopes upon the high theories of Rousseau, found his aspirations come

to naught, and for a time there was none to take his place with a new gospel that should appeal and urge onward. The Revolution like a tempest had shattered the old structure of society, and as yet there was wanting the courage to attempt its reconstruction.

Hence there is a lack of great poetry, and, hence, also, the claim of a writer in 1834 that "no man can be a very great poet who is not also a great philosopher." That is, his poetry must have something more than mere superficial beauty, and easy versification; there must be underlying this the thought that makes the poem worth while. It was some little time before the generation succeeding Byron could find the necessary strength of motive to give bone and sinew to its verse. After 1830 the strength flowed once more into literature and was evidenced in poetry and prose which treated the deeper concerns of human life and destiny. Its first conscious expression was in Carlyle's wonderful *Sartor Resartus* (1833–4), which preached the new Gospel of Work. Tennyson and Browning began to write about the same time, and then commenced the famous Victorian Age—so well-named—which has taken its place among the great eras of English literature. Though the first typical expression of the new period is found in prose, it is better to glance at the poetry, before tracing the development of the former.

The second period of nineteenth-century poetry

in England is marked by wide and varied achievement. Every field of thought is placed under contribution. Its most important distinguishing feature has been one that is also unique. For fifty years it was dominated by the work of a single man who during forty of those fifty years was acknowledged as the unquestioned leader of English poetry. This man was ALFRED TENNYSON. In 1842 he first won universal recognition. In 1850 he was made Poet Laureate, on the death of Wordsworth. Never has a place been filled to more general satisfaction; he was laureate in reality as well as in title to the end of his life.

That life itself was not eventful, except in the way of mental experience. Tennyson presented the quite unique spectacle of one devoted to poetry alone, with a fine sense both of the nobility of his calling and of his own power to fulfil its requirements. His career is a record of undeviating adherence to an ideal, and there has seldom been a poet whose years drew more systematically to their rounded close. Alfred Tennyson was born in the county of Lincolnshire in 1809. He was the third son in a large family, and appears to have early manifested poetical tendencies, though not to any very remarkable degree. His first venture was a book called *Poems by Two Brothers*, which he issued with his brother Charles in 1827. He was between fifteen and seventeen when they were written—Charles a little older. Alfred's contributions may

be picked out, but are noticeable more through negative than positive qualities—as one critic has put it, their worth lies rather in "the absence of the puerility which one might naturally expect to be somewhere betrayed in a series of youthful efforts." Also there are indications of an exceptionally wide range of reading. The book contained 102 short poems. It was published chiefly with a view to pocket-money, and the brothers invested the twenty pounds that their wits gained them in a tour round the churches of their native county.

In the following year they went together to Trinity College, Cambridge. There Alfred became intimate with a remarkable group of young men, nearly all of whom afterwards won fame in English life, public or literary. Closest to him in friendship was Arthur Henry Hallam, son of the famous historian, and himself a young writer of much promise. He died a sad and early death, and Tennyson commemorated him in the splendid elegy, *In Memoriam*. Tennyson does not seem to have gained a purely collegiate renown, his only academic distinction being the Vice-Chancellor's medal for a poem on the subject of Timbuctoo. It was written in blank verse and showed no striking signs of the great work that was to follow. During the autumn of 1830, Tennyson and Hallam, with an enthusiasm that reminds us of the young Southey and Coleridge, visited Spain to try and forward the cause of Spanish independence. "A wild time we had

of it," says Hallam. The same year saw the publication of Tennyson's first independent volume—*Poems, chiefly Lyrical.* It was subjected to some severe criticism in the magazines—criticism which the poet resented bitterly, but by which he profited nevertheless. And in truth the book merited little more than the qualified admiration of Wordsworth. "We have . . . a respectable show of blossom in poetry—two brothers by the name of Tennyson; one in particular not a little promising."

Tennyson's college course was never completed; he left Cambridge upon his father's death in 1831. His second volume—*Poems*—came out in 1832. Then followed ten years of absolute silence, and absolute seclusion, and a very brave determination to succeed in the face of difficulties. He undertook no work to eke out his scanty resources, confining his energies to the developing and perfecting of his poetic gift. Incidentally, he formed a warm friendship with Carlyle. The sturdy Scotchman describes him thus: "Massive aquiline face, clothes cynically loose, free and easy; smokes infinite tobacco. I do not meet in these late decades such company over a pipe."

Then came the reward. In 1842 he published another volume of *Poems.* This was received with very wide appreciation, and from it dates Tennyson's supremacy. *The Princess,* his first long poem, appeared in 1847, and was subsequently much improved. *In Memoriam,* which some regard as his

finest work, followed in 1850. The same year occurred his marriage and his acceptance of the Laureateship. And from then to the day of his death his career was one of unbroken happiness. His popularity was general as well as critical--an unusual combination. Many patriotic poems appeared during the exciting times of the Crimean War, proving that, for all his seclusion, he had the country's welfare at heart. Never hurrying, and writing steadily, he added volume after volume to the temple of his poetry. In 1859 he visited Portugal and two years later the Pyrenees. A baronetcy was thrice offered him and thrice refused, but finally accepted in 1884, at the personal request of the Queen, and on the condition that it should be hereditary.

In later years he essayed the drama with—in some instances—very marked success. Through the whole of his long life a development was noticeable, so that he never declined from a very high level of excellence. Thus it is that in his last volumes he has his most vital message to deliver—the ripe wisdom of the sage expressed in verse perfected by the constant endeavor of over sixty years. Especially true is this of the volume called *Tiresias* (1885) where *The Ancient Sage* might well be the summary of Tennyson's own wise life. In 1892 he crowned that life with a fair death, passing away peacefully with the bright October moonlight flooding the room and the silver sea shining far off. He was buried in Westminster Abbey beside his friend

Robert Browning. Seldom has there been so fine a life as that revealed to us in the biography of his son. It would seem as if together with his great poetic temperament he had gained the "self-reverence, self-knowledge, self-control" which lead to sovereign power, for he numbered among his friends all the leaders of his time.

A beautiful life, and its close was for him as he had wished in his last poem:—

Sunset and evening star,
And one clear call for me!
And may there be no moaning of the bar,
When I put out to sea,

But such a tide as moving seems asleep,
Too full for sound or foam,
When that which drew from out the boundless deep
Turns again home.

Twilight and evening bell,
And after that the dark!
And may there be no sadness of farewell,
When I embark;

For tho' from out the bourne of Time and Place
The flood may bear me far,
I hope to see my Pilot face to face
When I have crossed the bar.

For present purposes his poetical career may be separated into two parts—before and after 1850, which was in a manner a culminating year for the poet. The first division falls within the limits of the present chapter; the second will come in the scope of the next.

The *Poems by Two Brothers* have already been noticed—they are interesting rather in the light of after achievement than through any great merit of their own. The *Poems* of 1830 showed a great development—chiefly in the direction of form. Tennyson gained perfection of style before he attained to a corresponding height of thought. Hence the 1830 volume possessed a music and cadence which won instant homage from the poetically inclined of that time. In fact the melody of the verse was a revelation. Even in Shelley there was very little quite equal to the best as regards pure beauty of sound—this always with the caveat of a somewhat slim intellectual achievement. A good example is afforded by *Claribel*:—

> At eve the beetle boometh
> Athwart the thicket lone:
> At noon the wild bee hummeth
> About the mossed headstone;
> At midnight the moon cometh,
> And looketh down alone.
> Her song the lintwhite swelleth,
> The clear-voiced mavis dwelleth,
> The callow throstle lispeth,
> The slumberous wave outwelleth,
> The babbling runnel crispeth,
> The hollow grot replieth,
> Where Clarbiel low lieth.

Swinburne, Tennyson himself, have accustomed our ears to such music. But picture the effect upon those who had never heard the like. The book contained fifty-three poems, and the poet's unerring

critical taste afterwards led him to suppress about half, though a few were incorporated in later volumes. This self-criticism enables him in each consecutive book of poetry to show some improvement either in the style or in the quality of thought. The *Poems* of 1832 form a case in point. They contained, among other things, *The Lady of Shalott*, *The Dream of Fair Women*, and *The Lotos-Eaters*, which for onomatopoetic beauty has perhaps never been surpassed. Also may be mentioned *The Palace of Art*, which tells of the soul that tried to satisfy itself within a glorious palace apart from all the world, and how at the last mere beauty could not suffice for true happiness.

The *Poems* of 1842 appeared in two volumes; the first consisting principally of work already published and now revised with infinite care, the second of poems absolutely new. Both mark an advance in power and scope which was sufficient to place him at once among the leading English poets. One has only to read some of the best poems of the second volume—*Morte D'Arthur*, *The Two Voices*, *Ulysses*—to appreciate the gain in ethical significance conferred by those ten silent years. In these volumes the thought reaches the excellence of its form, and beautiful diction becomes the cloak of a strong sane philosophy.

In *The Princess*, published 1847, Tennyson issued a poem which has given rise to much discussion and which has been the subject of much misunderstand-

ing. Greatly improved through subsequent editions, the poem in its final form possesses a singular beauty and charm. Briefly, it is a "Medley" which, under a half comic form, deals with one of the greatest problems of the age—the question of woman's true position. A party of friends are staying at one of the stately English country-houses. To while away a summer's afternoon it is proposed that each of the seven young men in the party shall tell one part of a continued story—which is evolved in the following form: A dreamy prince has been betrothed in his youth to a very beautiful Princess who, on coming of age, refuses to fulfil the agreement to marry him, having founded a huge college whose aim is the training of maidens in all the arts of life. The Prince, urged on by his love, seeks her father's court with two companions. The Southern King offers no help, but the three youths disguise themselves as damsels and enter the precincts of the college. Here after three days in the presence of the Princess, they betray themselves. Cast out of doors they find that the armies of the two monarchs are face to face in battle array. But to avoid a general conflict it is proposed that certain knights of each side shall meet in a tourney and decide the Prince's claim. The Prince's faction is beaten and thus he loses the Princess. But the wounded are carried to the college and to the proud Head falls the task of caring for her wounded lover. Gradually love takes shape in her heart, and at

last she finds what love means in the completion of her life. This medley is interspersed with songs that form a commentary on the movement of the whole. Though at first it was greeted with oaths and contumely from critics, yet a maturer judgment has led to a very general revision of that opinion. *The Princess* contains some wise philosophy expressed in verse that is above criticism. Its general trend of meaning is the essential interdependence of man and woman. Neither is complete alone. For each a separate training must lead up to a distinct life-work— yet a life-work which each alone can never realize in its true importance. Most readers will feel inclined towards the view that the *Princess* is a masterpiece if only because of such songs as this:—

The splendor falls on castle walls
And snowy summits old in story:
The long light shakes across the lakes,
And the wild cataract leaps in glory.
Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying,
Blow, bugle; answer, echoes, dying, dying, dying.

O hark, O hear! how thin and clear,
And thinner, clearer, farther going!
O sweet and far from cliff and scar
The horns of Elfland faintly blowing!
Blow, let us hear the purple glens replying:
Blow, bugle; answer, echoes, dying, dying, dying.

O love, they die in yon rich sky,
They faint on hill or field or river:
Our echoes roll from soul to soul,
And grow forever and forever.

Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying,
And answer, echoes, answer, dying, dying, dying.

The Princess is one of Tennyson's most typical works. "Half classic, half mediæval in feeling, wholly modern in sentiment, it represents the character of the author's mind." At this point we may, for the moment, leave Tennyson on the verge of further achievement.

We turn to another poet who began to write about the same time, but was far longer in gaining the popular ear. This was ROBERT BROWNING. Like his great fellow-craftsman, Browning's life was uneventful from the ordinary point of view, but colored by the most intense mental development. He was born in a London suburb in 1812. His early verses showed perhaps a more than usual amount of promise. His academic education was confined to private tuition and one year at London University (1830–1). His first poem—excluding the juvenile attempts—was *Pauline*, a long blank-verse monologue published anonymously in 1833. It is a fragment of a larger scheme, and shows noticeably the peculiar traits which afterwards developed so strongly—a dramatic turn of expression, a remarkable fluency of verse, and a certain rapidity of thought which later was called—but which really was not—obscurity. Shelley's influence may also be seen. Browning always admired him, but his direct influence soon disappeared. Shortly after the appearance of *Pauline* the young poet made a

continental tour. His second poem—the first published with his name—was *Paracelsus*, 1835. It is in conversational dramatic form and is the history of a soul struggling for knowledge and power, but baffled in the pursuit. The interest centres in the spiritual development of the hero, a theme which possessed great attraction for the poet. "The poem may be described as a union of love with knowledge and of feeling with thought." But it was not popular. Browning's public had to be educated up to his methods.

In 1857 he attempted writing for the stage at the request of a famous actor of the day. The drama *Strafford* was produced in London and bade fair to succeed, when the company suddenly went to pieces. For the next nine years Browning was chiefly engaged in dramatic work, the outcome of which was to prove that although his genius was essentially cast in that mould, his plays were not well fitted for stage representation.

Browning was married in 1846 to Elizabeth Barret, who had already written some beautiful poetry, and who under the influence of love was to rise still higher. The union was an ideal one, for Mrs. Browning became one of the greatest female poets of all time. During the years of their married life they lived principally in Italy, which gave peculiar color to the work of both. Mrs. Browning died in 1861. This closed a period in Browning's life. During the time (1846–61) he had published only

two volumes of poetry—*Christmas Eve and Easter Day*, 1850, and *Men and Women*, 1855—but they contained work which he never surpassed.

During the remainder of his life he wrote a good deal and with continually growing success. He became very popular, his versatility making him much sought after. In 1881 a peculiar tribute to his fame was given by the foundation of a "Browning Society." This was, in a manner, a compliment to his large production, but the poet was interested in the fact that so many persons unknown to him were "disinterestedly busied" about his books. Thus honored duly at the last, he went down to his grave. He died at Venice, in December of 1889.

Nothing can give a better idea of Browning's standpoint through his whole life than the words of his last poem. In truth he was

> One who never turned his back but marched breast forward,
> Never doubted clouds would break,
> Never dreamed, though right were worsted, wrong would triumph,
> Held we fall to rise, are baffled to fight better,
> Sleep to wake.
>
> No, at noonday in the bustle of man's worktime
> Greet the unseen with a cheer!
> Bid him forward, breast and back as either should be,
> "Strive and thrive!" cry "Speed,—fight on, fare ever
> There as here!"

"What had I to do," he says, "with the slothful, the mawkish, the unmanly?" Throughout the entire range of his poetry there is this strong, manly

philosophy; the reasoning of an intellect superlatively alert and powerful, which reached its conclusions by a very logical process. Whatever one thinks of his poetry, this can never be denied it—that it stimulates and cheers.

We may take first the poetry produced up to the time of his wife's death. This includes most of his best work. Typical—and by some considered his master publication—was *Men and Women*, a collection of poems in two volumes. Afterwards cut down and much of the contents distributed into other volumes, *Men and Women*, as it first appeared, was title enough to fame for any poet. And it was not disregarded; people read and enjoyed it, and in William Morris, then a young undergraduate at Oxford, Browning found his most competent and sympathetic critic. The poems were worth high fame. They are of three kinds, roughly: philosophical, art, and love poems, and they represent very well the whole range of Browning's power. Of the first type are *An Epistle* and *Cleon*, both dealing with the aspects of Christianity from the outsider's point of view, when it was but a despised faith that "could be held by no sane man." The full title of the former is *An Epistle containing the strange medical experience of Karsish the Arab Physician*, and it treats of the yearning of the human heart after God. Karsish meets in Bethany with one Lazarus who was restored from death by "a Nazarene physician of his tribe." Karsish is essentially

a practical man, a scientist, a most unpromising subject for conversion at the hands of an obscure Jew —yet at the end of his narration of the strange tale told by Lazarus he cannot refrain from a cry of longing. If indeed the story be true,

> The very God! Think Abib; dost thou think?
> So, the All-Great were the All-Loving too—
> So, through the thunder comes a human voice
> Saying, "O heart I made, a heart beats here!
> Face, my hands fashioned, see it in myself!
> Thou hast no power, nor mayst conceive of mine,
> But love I gave thee, with myself to love,
> And thou must love me who have died for thee!"
> The madman saith he said so: it is strange.

The power of the poem consists in the marvellous way in which the whole character of the man is revealed—unconsciously and perforce, as it were—in the letter to his friend and master; the scepticism, the pseudo-science, the unintentional confounding of trivial with vital matters, and that cry at the last straight from the heart that is longing for something sure and lasting on which to repose. It is in this character analysis and self-disclosure that Browning is so strong. *Cleon* is of the same class. It is also in the form of an epistle. Cleon is a Greek painter, poet, sculptor, who has spent his life in developing his intellect. Now he is an old man, and while every day his sense of joy grows more acute and his soul gains increased power and insight, death is approaching when all this splendid mental advancement must forever cease. In horror he cries, "Can

this be all?' He longs to imagine some future state of fuller growth than is possible on earth—but dares not. And then just at the close of his letter there is a reference to a "mere barbarian Jew," —one Paul, lately come to Greece, preaching a new doctrine.

> And (as I gathered from a bystander)
> His doctrines could be held by no sane man.

But in this very doctrine lies the solution of all Cleon's trouble, and the climax of the poem is the irony of those last two lines—the contrast between the hope contained in the preaching of Paul and the cold pride which blinds Cleon to the good of anything so humble.

The most prominent of the poems about art are *Andrea del Sarto* and *Fra Lippo Lippi*. Here there is the same wonderful power of revealing character by a man's own speech. The love poems are very passionate—seldom has there been a better interpreter of love. Some stanzas may be given from *The Last Ride Together*.

> I said—Then, dearest, since 'tis so,
> Since now at length my fate I know,
> Since nothing all my life avails,
> Since all my life seemed meant for, fails,
> Since this was written and needs must be—
> My whole heart rises up to bless
> Your name in praise and thankfulness!
> Take back the hope you gave—I claim
> Only a memory of the same,
> —And this beside, if you will not blame,
> Your leave for one more last ride with me.
>
> . . . . . .

I and my mistress, side by side
Shall be together, breathe and ride,
So, one day more am I deified.
Who knows but the world may end to-night?

. . . . . .

What if heaven be that, fair and strong
At life's best, with our eyes upturned
Whither life's flower is first discerned,
We, fixed so, should ever so abide?
What if we ever ride on, we two,
With life forever old yet new,
Changed not in kind but in degree,
The instant made eternity,—
And heaven just prove that I and she
Ride, ride together, forever ride?

Of Browning's alleged obscurity there will be occasion to speak later, as of the rest of his work.

There are a few names of less rank which may fittingly come in this place. Mrs. Browning (1806–61) has been called the chief of English female poets—which is true as regards the amount of her work, but not so unquestioned as regards its poetic quality. She began authorship earlier than her famous husband, and while she won popularity before him, the passing of years has reversed the order of their fame. Of course they influenced each other in things literary—Browning's being the stronger force, and for the most part, good. She wrote much, and not a little of what she wrote was marred by a "fatal facility" in making verse. But, on the other hand, her best work is extremely beautiful; some of her *Sonnets from the Portuguese*—in which

is embodied her love for her husband—are among the best examples of the sonnet-type in English. They were published in 1850 and constitute her most lasting claim to remembrance. Their chief value to literature lies in the fact that they express "the woman's passion from the woman's point of view." Her popularity was in the first instance due to the pathos of some of her poems—a pathos quite sincere and generally restrained. Of her technique it may be said that some of her rhymes are dreadful—as, for example, "Onora" and "o'er her"; or "mountain" and "daunting." But, as was said, her best work gives her permanent place among English poets. An example may be given:

If thou must love me, let it be for naught
Except for love's sake only. Do not say
"I love her for her smile . . . her look . . . her way
Of speaking gently, . . . for a trick of thought
That falls in well with mine, and certes brought
A sense of pleasant ease on such a day"—
For these things in themselves, Beloved, may
Be changed, or change for thee,—and love so wrought,
May be unwrought so. Neither love me for
Thine own dear pity's wiping my cheek dry,
Since one might well forget to weep who bore
Thy comfort long, and lose thy love thereby.
But love me for love's sake, that evermore
Thou mayest love on through love's eternity.

Henry Taylor (1800–86) was fortunate enough to live a life of plenty and ease. Some youthful experience of hardship—first in the navy and then in a

government position—enabled him to appreciate the comfort of the post in the Colonial Office which gave him affluence and leisure to prosecute his literary tastes. These were such as to win him considerable fame and popularity until he was eclipsed by the greater output of Tennyson and Browning. His masterpiece was *Philip van Arteveld* (1834), an historical drama of which the scene is laid in the Holland of the fifteenth century. Other works of his were *Edwin the Fair* (1842), and *St. Clement's Eve* (1862).

Thomas Hood (1799–1845) and Winthrop Mackworth Praed (1802–39) stand together as purely humorous poets—their fame rests practically on this basis. Hood's life was a very sad one, compassed about with ill-health and "lack of pence." After some training as an engraver he began a literary career about 1821 as sub-editor of the *London Magazine*. His whole life was spent in journalism, and the wonder is that so much of his poetry rings true; for it is not easy to preserve the springs fresh and pure in the midst of distracting calls for daily bread. Of course Hood's name at once calls up *The Song of the Shirt* and *The Bridge of Sighs*—both immensely popular and both (which does not generally follow) possessing a true and manly pathos. Hood was forced to write humorous poetry because it paid better—"forced to be a lively Hood for a livelihood"—but how beautiful his serious verse could be is seen in the following:—

We watched her breathing through the night,
Her breathing soft and low,
As in her breast the wave of life
Kept heaving to and fro.

So silently we seem'd to speak,
So slowly moved about,
As we had lent her half our powers
To eke her living out.

Our very hopes belied our fears,
Our fears our hopes belied—
We thought her dying when she slept,
And sleeping when she died.

For when the morn came dim and sad,
And chill with early showers,
Her quiet eyelids closed—she had
Another morn than ours.

Praed's life was happier—though shorter—than that of his fellow-humorist. He studied for the law, and entered Parliament in 1830, remaining there to the end of his life. His field was chiefly that of *vers de société*, and though he attempted more serious work he never attained Hood's power of exquisite song-writing. But his fun is more delicate than Hood's, which sometimes inclines to boisterousness.

Greater than any of these minor singers, if we regard the "ineffable" in poetry—the true poetic rapture—was Thomas Lovel Beddoes (1803–49). He has been called "a belated Elizabethan," because of the combination of music and fancy found in his best poems. He went when still young to Germany to study medicine, and spent most of his life there. His most powerful work, *Death's Jest Book*, appeared

in 1851. It is a sort of Elizabethan drama and was not finished. The genius of Beddoes was distinctly prone to melancholy, and many of his poems have a dirge-form. Though his work is very limited in bulk, it possesses a peculiar charm, chiefly noticeable in short snatches such as the *Dirge:*

If thou wilt ease thine heart
Of love and all its smart,
Then sleep, dear, sleep;
And not a sorrow
Hang any tear on your eyelashes;
Lie still and deep,
Sad soul, until the sea-wave washes
The rim o' the sun to-morrow,
In eastern sky.

But wilt thou cure thine heart
Of love and all its smart,
Then die, dear, die;
'Tis deeper, sweeter,
Than on a rose bank to lie dreaming
With folded eye;
And then alone, amid the beaming
Of love's stars thou'lt meet her
In eastern sky.

Of a unique distinction is EDWARD FITZGERALD (1809–83), Tennyson's warm friend—though crotchety critic. He is probably the best translator that we have had in English. He was intimate with all the distinguished litterateurs of his day. It was after 1850 that the work of his life was done. Following some translations from the Spanish, he took up Persian and was attracted by the life and work of

the poet-philosopher Omar Khayyâm (who died in the eleventh century). In 1859 appeared his translation of Omar's *Rubaiyât* or verses. So beautifully was this work done that the *Rubaiyât* is not only valuable as an exquisite rendering of the old Persian poem, but also takes rank with the best English poetry. Its richness of imagery and power of thought, its original and striking verse-form, make it a most valuable acquisition to English literature. It interperts perfectly the note of its original: Fitzgerald is free in his treatment, however; the *Rubaiyât* is not an exact translation.

Fitzgerald did a considerable amount of translation besides this poem, but nothing which was so good. His manner will be illustrated in such stanzas as are given below. The philosophy of the poem may be questioned—for it teaches "an Epicurean philosophy of seizing present pleasures because tomorrow we die"; yet it meets a certain desire that many must have felt, the desire not to repose on an optimism that cannot be proved. "It has a wholesome taste, though bitter; it represents good fellowship of men banding together not to resist, but to meet the inevitable." Fitzgerald's first edition of the poem (1859) was followed by three others, in 1868, 1872, and 1879.

A Book of verses underneath the Bough,
A Jug of Wine, a Loaf of Bread, and Thou
Beside me singing in the Wilderness—
Oh, Wilderness were Paradise enow!

. . . . . .

Yet Ah, that Spring should vanish with the Rose!
That Youth's sweet-scented manuscript should close!
The Nightingale that in the branches sang,
Ah whence, and whither flown again, who knows?

Would but the Desert of the Fountain yield
One glimpse—if dimly, yet indeed, reveal'd
To which the Fainting Traveller might spring,
As springs the trampled herbage of the field.

Would but some wingéd Angel ere too late
Arrest the yet unfolded Roll of Fate,
And make the stern Recorder otherwise
Enregister, or quite obliterate.

Ah Love! could thou and I with Him conspire
To grasp this sorry Scheme of Things entire,
Would we not shatter it to bits, and then
Remould it nearer to the Heart's Desire!

CHAPTER VI.

POETRY: MID-CENTURY.

THE PRIME OF TENNYSON AND BROWNING.—MOVEMENTS OF THE MID-CENTURY.—ARNOLD AS A POET.—HIS INTELLECTUAL APPEAL.—THE PRE-RAPHAELITES.—THE ROSSETTIS.—MORRIS.

THE twenty years from 1850 to 1870 form a period of undeniable importance. Tennyson had reached the zenith of his fame, and Browning had obtained a good measure of popularity. A strong new school had arisen in response to the outburst known in religious circles as the "Oxford Movement." This school was represented in literature and art by men who obtained a permanent place in their respective spheres. And besides the "Pre-Raphaelites"—as these were called—there appeared another poet of much originality and grace, though the most of his work was in prose—Matthew Arnold. But first to complete our description of Tennyson and Browning.

Tennyson's *Princess* came out in 1847; three years later followed another poem even more expressive of mature power—*In Memoriam*. For seventeen years this work had gradually been taking shape. Arthur Henry Hallam died in 1833,

and his loss was a severe grief to Tennyson. They had very much in common—were connected by the closest ties of friendship. And the superb poem was the result of Tennyson's long musing upon the mystery of death. *In Memoriam* is a collection of elegiac poems held together by distinct unity of design. The fundamental idea of the poem is "that love is intrinsically immortal." From thinking over death comes the thought of the soul and of God. What is the destiny of man? The earth is full of terrible contradictions:

> Are God and Nature then at strife.
> That Nature lends such evil dreams?
> So careful of the type she seems,
> So careless of the single life. . . .
>
> So careful of the type? but no.
> From scarpèd cliff and quarried stone
> She cries, "A thousand types are gone:
> I care for nothing, all shall go."

And is there nothing more for man?

> Man, her last work, who seemed so fair,
> Such splendid purpose in his eyes,
> Who roll'd the psalm to wintry skies
> And builded fanes of fruitless prayer,

Shall he,

> Who loved, who suffered countless ills,
> Who battled for the True, the Just,
> Be blown about the desert dust,
> Or sealed within the iron hills?

No more? then indeed, in the face of such doubt,

I falter where I firmly stood,
  And falling with my weight of cares
  Upon the great world's altar-stairs
That slope thro' darkness up to God.

I stretch lame hands of faith, and grope,
  And gather dust and chaff and call
  To what I feel is Lord of all,
And faintly trust the larger hope.

And hope is found in the philosophy which sees in the future the complement of earthly life:

And all is well, tho' faith and form
  Be sundered in the night of fear;
  Well roars the storm to those that hear
A deeper voice across the storm.

In Memoriam is Tennyson's answer to the tremendous problem that every thinking man must face: Why? Whence? Whither? Many of his contemporaries felt the same burden laid upon them: as Arnold, who fell upon a sad denial that the world was aught else than a dreary plain,

Swept with confused alarms of struggle and flight,
Where ignorant armies clash by night.

But Tennyson found safety in the "ancient and impregnable fortress of the soul that refuses to doubt its divine origin, its home in God." The course of thought is from the doubt and despair which Death alone can bring, through vague hopings to peace. The poem contains Tennyson's creed in the face of such uncertainties. His own words explain the scope of the poem: "It is rather the

cry of the whole human race than mine. In the poem altogether private grief swells out into thought of and hope for the whole world. It begins with a funeral and ends with a promise of a new life—a sort of Divine Comedy, cheerful at the close. It is a very impersonal poem, as well as personal."

During the rest of his life Tennyson wrote continuously. Principal among his works were *Maud*, 1855; *Idylls of the King* (first edition), 1859; *Enoch Arden*, 1864; *Queen Mary*, 1875, and *Harold*, 1876, dramas; *The Death of Oenone, Akbar's Dream and Other Poems*, 1892. Of these we may speak only of the *Idylls* and of *Maud*. The *Idylls* form a noble allegory. "The whole," says Tennyson, "is the dream of man, coming into practical life and ruined by one sin. Birth is a mystery and death is a mystery, and in the midst lies the table-land of life, and its struggle and performance." The following lines from *The Passing of Arthur*, are a good sample of Tennyson's blank verse. He considered them among his best works:

Then rose the King and moved his host by night
And ever pushed Sir Modred league by league,
Back to the sunset bound of Lyonesse,—
A land of old upheaven from the abyss
By fire, to sink into the abyss again;
Where fragments of forgotten people dwelt
And the long mountain ended in a coast
Of ever-shifting sand, and far away
The phantom circle of a moaning sea. . . .
Nor ever yet had Arthur fought a fight
Like this last, dim, weird battle of the West.

A death-white mist slept over sand and sea:
Whereof the chill, to him who breathed it, drew
Down with his blood, till all his heart was cold
With formless fear, and ev'n on Arthur fell
Confusion, since he saw not whom he fought,
For friend and foe were shadows in the mist,
And friend slew friend, not knowing whom he slew;
And some had visions out of golden youth,
And some beheld the faces of old ghosts
Look in upon the battle. . . .

So all day long the noise of battle rolled
Among the mountains by the wintry sea.

In some ways *Maud* is Tennyson's masterpiece--certainly so far as passion is concerned. It was his own favorite. He called it "one of the finest things I've written." It is a lyrical monodrama: that is, the whole action is developed by the soliloquy of a single character in differing forms of verse. It represents the various moods of an excitable temperament wrought upon by the strongest emotions. In fact,—to quote its author once more—"successive phases of passion in one person take the place of successive persons." It is the story of a lost love, and the hero moves through suffering and madness to a firmer self-control. Most beautiful among the beauties of this poem are the lyrics *Come into the Garden, Maud*, and *O, That 'twere Possible.*

Come into the garden, Maud,
For the black bat, night, has flown,
Come into the garden, Maud,
I am here at the gate alone;
And the woodbine spices are wafted abroad
And the musk of the roses blown.

For a breeze of the morning moves,
And the planet of Love is on high,
Beginning to faint in the light that she loves
On a bed of daffodil sky,
To faint in the light of the sun that she loves
To faint in his light, and to die.

. . . . . .

She is coming, my own, my sweet,
Were it ever so airy a tread,
My heart would hear her and beat,
Were it earth in an earthy bed;
My dust would hear her and heat,
Had I lain for a century dead;
Would start and tremble under her feet,
And blossom in purple and red.

The other, which was the germ of *Maud*, is equally beautiful:

O that 'twere possible
After long grief and pain
To find the arms of my true love
Round me once again!
When I was wont to meet her
In the silent woody places
By the house that gave me birth,
We stood tranced in long embraces
Mixed with kisses sweeter, sweeter
Than anything on earth.

. . . . . .

Half the night I waste in sighs,
Half in dreams I sorrow after
The delight of early skies;
In a wakeful doze I sorrow
For the hand, the lips, the eyes,
For the meeting of the morrow,
The delight of happy laughter,
The delight of low replies.

Tennyson was undoubtedly the leader of English

poetry during the last fifty years. And his leadership was held by indubitable right. His methods were sometimes questioned: his kingdom never. Beginning with such light themes as *Claribel* and *Lilian*, and through this means getting the mastery of expression, he gradually attained the mastery of thought. At its best his work presents a rare felicity in its combination of beautiful thought and beautiful expression. Especially is this the case in the long blank verse poems such as the noble *Idylls of the King*. Tennyson's blank verse is never monotonous, and he is without a superior in the matter of pure technique. His poetry is certainly the most representative of the complex age to which we belong.

Of Browning's later work a word in turn. *Dramatis Personæ* was the first collection to succeed *Men and Women*. It came out in 1864. In 1868 was published the *Ring and the Book*, a gigantic poem in twelve books containing about 22,000 lines. *Ferishtah's Fancies* followed in 1884. *Asolando* was published on the very day of Browning's death (December 11, 1889). It contained the fine *Epilogue* already mentioned—the poet's last brave word to the world.

Dramatis Personæ is full of Browning's strong optimism. Let it be remembered, also, that Browning was a man of very wide experience and had seen life in many aspects—which fact makes his optimism the more valuable. Of the poems therein

the best is *Rabbi ben Ezra*, which contains what is practically the poet's philosophy of life It requires a somewhat careful perusal—but it amply repays, and has a perennial freshness of interest. Man is formed for something more than mere sensual gratification:

> Poor vaunt of life indeed,
> Were man but formed to feed
> On joy, to solely seek and find and feast:
> Such feasting ended, then
> As sure an end to men;
> Irks care the crop-full bird? Frets
> doubt the maw-crammed beast?
>
> Then, welcome each rebuff
> That turns earth's smoothness rough,
> Each sting that bids nor sit, nor stand, but go!
> Be our joys three parts pain!
> Strive, and hold cheap the strain;
> Learn, nor account the pang; dare, never
> grudge the throe!

For the doubt, the throe, the pang are due to the spark of Godhead that differentiates from the brute, and makes each wish to learn and to dare. It is a manly philosophy, and it teaches one to make the best of the good gifts of life. Like Tennyson, Browning ranked the poet's vocation very high. Both felt that they had a message that must be delivered in their poems. Browning's message, when once grasped, is the most stimulating that ever poet uttered. There are many and many stirring passages—such as the fine *Prospice:*

Fear death?—to feel the fog in my throat,
The mist in my face,
Where the snows begin, and the blasts denote
I am nearing the place,
The power of the night, the press of the storm,
The post of the foe,
Where he stands, the Arch Fear in a visible form?
Yet the strong man must go;
For the journey is done, and the summit attained,
And the barriers fall,
Though a battle's to fight ere the guerdon be gained,
The reward of it all.
I was ever a fighter, so—one fight more,
The best and the last!
I would hate that death bandaged my eyes, and forbore,
And bade me creep past.
No! let me taste the whole of it, fare like my peers,
The heroes of old,
Bear the brunt, in a minute pay glad life's arrears
Of pain, darkness, and cold.
For sudden the worst turns the best to the brave,
The black minute's at end. . . .

In such healthfulness and strength lies much of his appeal.

Browning is not an obscure poet. The drawback to his work is that it is overburdened with thought. He developed his intellect largely at the expense of his poetical instinct. And he is frequently careless —even aggravating—in the matter of rhymes. This is owing to the impatient rapidity of his mind; he cannot wait to express himself with ease and clearness, he thinks at lightning speed. Much thus is lost to his poetry. But when one has become acquainted with his idiosyncrasies—which are marked —there are no poets who can raise to so bracing an

atmosphere. Browning's standpoint is that of one who has "ransacked the ages, spoiled the climes," and yet comes to the conclusion that, after all, God knows best what is good for the world and for the very bewildered and blundering men who live therein. Work manfully, endure to the end in spite of sorrow and hardship, do your best and all will be well with you at the last. It was some such message as this that Browning delivered during the years of his life.

The worst of it is, that most readers become soon discouraged with the wealth of his allusion and the harshness of his phrasing. But if that stage be once passed by, he will amply repay. The mind must be alert to enjoy him; that condition present, great will the enjoyment be.

About the year 1830 we find the beginnings of a singular movement that affected all departments of mental life, and which may be characterized (very roughly) as a search after truth. The final victory of romanticism left open to other forces the field of literature. Science has been so immense a power during the century that it has influenced thought extensively. In poetry Tennyson and Browning and Matthew Arnold teach that the intellect must be considered in any scheme of life. Now, the "Oxford Movement," which culminated about 1835, was a protest, from the religious side, against the negative tendencies of science as regards things spiritual. And related to this religious movement

was one in the sphere of art—called "Pre-Raphaelitism." Their connection lies in the fact that they were a reaction from the purely intellectual way of looking at things. They demanded other aspects of truth, besides the intellectual one upon which science laid such stress. They were "in essence protests on behalf of the imaginative and æsthetic in human nature against the exclusive nourishment of the intellectual element." In a word, after 1830 English literature becomes affected by a sort of revival of imagination.

Most important of the new writers was MATTHEW ARNOLD. This is especially true of his prose—though perhaps as regarding his poetry it is to be limited in its application. He began as a poet, however, and in verse first exemplified those principles and opinions which he afterwards developed so fully in prose. He was a son of the famous Dr. Thomas Arnold, head master of Rugby School. He was born in 1822, and educated at Rugby and Balliol College, Oxford. In 1851 he became inspector of schools—a position which he held until his death. His work on behalf of education embraced the duty of visiting France and Germany and reporting upon their systems. From 1857 to 1867 he was Professor of Poetry at Oxford. During the latter part of his life he made two visits to America, and delivered lectures. He died at Liverpool in 1888.

Matthew Arnold's first book was a collection called *The Strayed Reveller, and other Poems*, 1849.

Though his poetical reputation was never very wide during his life—being overshadowed by his critical work—it was always high among those who knew him best. This lack of general popularity seems to have chilled him, for the bulk of his poetry is small. After 1867 he wrote very little verse. His other books were *Poems*, 1853, which contained a notable preface; *Empedocles on Etna*, 1855; *Merope*, 1861, an attempt at the Greek drama in English; *New Poems*, 1869. His dominant note is a sense of the imperfection of modern life. All his days he was striving to direct the thought of readers into the channel of culture that gives calm and strength. He feels the unrest and complexity that characterize the mental attitude of to-day. None of his contemporaries express so clearly the peculiar melancholy to which this gives rise. Browning's optimism was due to the vast breadth of intellect that enabled him to see through the dust and struggle of the immediate present: Tennyson gained a hopeful prospect because he believed

> the whole round world is every way
> Bound by gold chains about the feet of God.

But Arnold is not optimistic. He can offer no solution of the confused problems of existence. Very well is his typical coloring seen in the poem called *Dover Beach*. Arnold was a great admirer of Wordsworth, but he never could attain the latter's self-poise. Wordsworth delighted to hearken "the still,

sad music of humanity, nor harsh nor grating;" for Arnold the point of view was different. *Dover Beach* expresses this, mourning the decay of faith. It also shows his very beautiful style:—

> The sea is calm to-night.
> The tide is full, the moon lies fair
> Upon the straits; on the French coast the light
> Gleams and is gone; the cliffs of England stand,
> Glimmering and vast, out in the tranquil bay. . . .
> Listen! you hear the grating roar
> Of pebbles which the waves draw back, and fling,
> At their return, up the high strand,
> Begin, and cease, and then again begin,
> With tremulous cadence slow, and bring
> The eternal note of sadness in. . . .
>
> The sea of faith
> Was once, too, at the full, and round earth's shores
> Lay like the folds of a bright girdle furl'd.
> But now I only hear
> Its melancholy, long, withdrawing roar,
> Retreating, to the breath
> Of the night-winds, down the vast edges drear
> And naked shingles of the world.
>
> Ah, love, let us be true
> To one another! for the world which seems
> To lie before us like a land of dreams,
> So various, so beautiful, so new,
> Hath really neither joy, nor love, nor light,
> Nor certitude, nor peace, nor help from pain;
> And we are here as on a darkling plain
> Swept with confus'd alarms of struggle and flight,
> Where ignorant armies clash by night.

Of Arnold's long poems *Thyrsis* is noteworthy. It is an elegy on his friend Arthur Hugh Clough, who died in 1861, and was closely associated with

him in the fight for freedom of opinion. *Thyrsis* is one of the four great "pastoral elegies" in English; the others are Milton's *Lycidas* (published 1638) Shelley's *Adonais* and Swinburne's *Ave atque Vale*. *Sohrab and Rustum*, one of the best poems of the century, deals with the well-known eastern legend of the fight between the great warrior Rustum and his son. Arnold wrote some dramas, but they were not successful pieces of dramatic art. They lack the essential requirement of action and they attempt to naturalize the Greek drama, which has proved impossible, though some noble examples are found—the chief excellence of these, however, lies on other grounds than that of a resemblance to Greek masterpieces. There can be no doubt of the importance of Arnold's poetry, nor of the beauty which it frequently evinces.

Of the Pre-Raphaelites the acknowledged leaders are Dante Gabriel Rossetti, William Morris, and A. C. Swinburne. The school of their making was originally one of painting, and was so called because it professed to revive that attention to nature and natural objects which had fallen into abeyance. Raphael (1483–1520) was the first important artist to bring into prominence the painting of figures rather than natural scenery. The Pre-Raphaelites claimed to revive the state of affairs before his time. Their object was to "paint nature as it is around them, with the help of modern science," and to do this with the "earnestness of the men of the thir-

teenth and fourteenth centuries." This spirit passed into poetry and hence it took shape as the revival of the spirit of the Middle Ages. The Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood (widely known as the P. R. B.) was formed in the spring of 1848. Before this the painter's highest ambition had been to copy the pictures of the Old Masters; the Pre-Raphaelites went to Nature herself. This idea penetrated literature—though not at all with the same reason or desirability—bringing into that department a new element which was of much value. That element has very rightly been called the "Renascence of Wonder." Passion predominates over intellect. A mark of their régime has been the perfection of expression to which they attained. Beginning with Shelley, the joy of rhythm for its own sake ran through the work of Tennyson to the P. R. B. and reached its height in Swinburne.

Dante Gabriel Rossetti was not the earliest to come before the public as an exponent of the Pre-Raphelite tendencies in literature. Both Morris and Swinburne wrote before him. But his painting had already gained fame for him, and his audience was assured by the poetry of the two just mentioned. Rossetti was born in 1828. His father, an Italian author of some eminence, was forced to flee his native country because of his revolutionary sympathies. There were three other children—all of whom drew attention in literature. The father became professor of Italian in King's College, London.

The son attended King's College school, but early broke off his studies in order to gratify his leanings toward art. In 1849 he began to exhibit in the London Art Galleries. Next year was founded *The Germ*, a magazine which was the organ of the P. R. B. In this appeared his first poems. But for about twenty years he was known as a painter only. In 1861 he married and was preparing an edition of his poems when his wife died a year later. This reduced him to such despair that he buried the manuscript in her coffin and vowed that they should never see print. But seven years afterwards, upon the earnest desire of his friends, they were exhumed. These poems were published in 1870. They were attacked with great unfairness, and the criticism told on their author's health. His second volume, *Ballads and Sonnets*, came out about eleven years later. The latter part of his life was not happy; ill-health came, and he began to use narcotics for sleeplessness. The sad effect that drugs so often bring was not long postponed; he died in 1882.

An American critic said of Dante Gabriel Rossetti, that "it is doubtful whether he had not better have painted his poems and written his pictures." Which means that to some minds his art shows an overweight of the intellectual, while his poems are something too full of sensuous beauty. It is certainly true that most of his poems present a surprisingly rich coloring, so to speak. As to their being over-sensuous, it must be borne in mind that

all poetry partakes more or less of this appeal to the imagination. A very good idea of Rossetti's methods (and indeed of the general Pre-Raphaelite system in poetry) may be formed from the first piece in the *Poems* of 1870—*The Blessed Damozel.* This was written when its author was only nineteen, being subsequently illumined with glimpses and memories of his fair dead wife.

The blessed damozel leaned out
From the gold bar of heaven;
Her eyes were deeper than the depths
Of waters stilled at even;
She had three lilies in her hand,
And the stars in her hair were seven.
. . . . . .
It was the rampart of God's house
That she was standing on;
By God built over the sheer depth
The which is space begun;
So high that looking downward thence
She scarce could see the sun.
. . . . . .
From the fixed place of Heaven she saw
Time like a pulse shake fierce
Through all the worlds. Her gaze still strove
Within the gulf to pierce
Its path; and now she spoke as when
The stars sang in their spheres.

The sun was gone now; the curled moon
Was like a little feather
Fluttering far down the gulf; and now
She spoke through the still weather.
Her voice was like the voice the stars
Had when they sung together.

In such stanzas may be seen the chief characteristic of the P. R. B. poetry. There is a strange

mediævalism that charms, and there is a really wonderful cadence. That cadence which now so haunts our ears, his first readers could not understand, though it is a triumph of the word-music brought by Tennyson into English poetry. Other poems in the first book evidence the same traits, and the ballad *Troy Town* was one of a kind much used by Rossetti—perhaps not always to his own advantage. These *Poems* proved at once Rossetti's claim to very high rank and the range of his genius. The volume of *Ballads and Sonnets* showed no declension from the standard of its predecessor, though it had less range in the matter of form. The poems therein are chiefly cast in the ballad mould. Most of Rossetti's ballads are successful. Those in the book in question are longer than is usual, but marked by singular beauty. Of the sonnets the sequence called *The House of Life* is excellent, though obscure occasionally. *Lovesight* is an example:

When do I see thee most, beloved one?
  When in the light the spirits of mine eyes
  Before thy face, their altar, solemnize
The worship of that love through thee made known?
Or when in the dusk hours (we two alone),
  Close-kissed and eloquent of still replies
  Thy twilight-hidden glimmering visage lies,
And my soul only sees thy soul its own?

O love, my love! if I no more should see
Thyself, nor on the earth the shadow of thee,
  Nor image of thine eyes in any spring,—
How then should sound upon Life's darkening slope
The ground-whirl of the perished leaves of Hope,
  The whirl of Death's imperishable wing.

Rossetti's work shows the virtues and the faults of the Pre-Raphaelites. Of the virtues we have spoken; the faults lie principally in the direction of over-elaboration. The mere beauty of color and form sometimes leads the singer astray from the central theme; or he yields to the temptation offered by beautiful words, and wraps his thoughts in a mist of lovely expression. This we can forgive in Rossetti, or Morris, or Swinburne; in their lesser disciples it is revolting.

Christina Georgina Rossetti (1830–1894) was connected with her brother by taste as well as life, and was not unworthy of the connection. She has been termed highest of English poetesses; but that place belongs of right to the other poetess recently noticed. Nevertheless Miss Rossetti can claim a rank very near to her who made the *Sonnets from the Portuguese*. She wrote a great deal of purely devotional poetry. Her first work was *Goblin Market and Other Poems*, (1862); her last, *Time Flies, a Reading Diary* (1882).

William Morris, another typical Pre-Raphaelite, won fame in the field of decorative art, besides writing much poetry. He was born near London in 1834, and died in 1896. He was early attracted towards painting and architecture. Though literature was his true vocation it was varied by an active career in the manufacture of wall-papers, stained glass, and other fabrics for house-decoration. Morris, with his friends Rossetti and the artist Burne-Jones

and Ford Madox Brown, held that not only was "executive handicraft within the province of an artist, but that all crafts demanded an artistic treatment." He made a special study of artistic design and founded a factory which produced all manner of things used in fine art decoration. He did a good deal to improve the tone of popular taste in these matters. In later life he established the well-known Kelmscott Press. Here he issued a series of artistic reprints of early English authors, which his own fine taste made beautiful examples of mechanical work. His aim in both these enterprises was to influence the public by the production of really artistic work. He took much interest in social problems, though, like Ruskin, his arguments and conclusions are frequently ideal rather than practical.

His poetical career began in the year that he left college—1856—when he published *The Defence of Guinevere and Other Poems.* The volume at once indicated his tastes and methods. He described himself elsewhere as "the idle singer of an empty day" and the expression serves to paraphrase the nature of his poetry. Distinctly mediæval in spirit, it is infused by a singular calm. Its charm lies largely in its beauty of description. *The Earthly Paradise* (1869–70) is something like the *Canterbury Tales* in its construction, and indeed, Morris was a disciple of Chaucer. From this master he gains some terms of expression, but he never attained

quite the movement of the true narrator. Perhaps the reason lies in his lack of passion and the fact that he himself was not very deeply interested in the story. *The Earthly Paradise* is a collection in verse of classical and other stories. They are told by certain Norse warriors who, weary of the world as they have found it, are sailing in quest of the earthly paradise.

Some typical stanzas may be taken from the poem called *Shameful Death:*

He did not die in the night,
  He did not die in the day,
But in the morning twilight
  His spirit passed away,
When neither sun nor moon was bright,
  And the trees were merely gray.

He was not slain with the sword,
  Knight's axe, or the knightly spear,
Yet spake he never a word
  After he came in here;
I cut away the cord
  From the neck of my brother dear.

He did not strike one blow,
  For the recreants came behind,
In a place where the hornbeams blow,
  A path right hard to find,
For the hornbeam boughs swing so
  That the twilight makes it blind.

They lighted a great torch then;
  When his arms were pinion'd fast,
Sir John the knight of the Fen,
  Sir Guy of Dolorous Blast,
With knights threescore and ten
  Hung brave Sir Hugh at last.

I am three score and ten,
And my hair is all turnèd gray,
But I met Sir John of the Fen
Long ago on a summer's day
And am glad to think of the moment when
I took his life away.

I am three score and ten,
And my strength is mostly past,
But long ago I and my men,
When the sky was overcast,
And the smoke roll'd over the reeds of the fen,
Slew Sir Guy of the Dolorous Blast. . . . .

Morris also made some very scholarly translations of the old Germanic legendaries. Examples are: *The Story of Sigurd the Volsung*, a Norse tale, and *The Fall of the Niblungs* (1876), from the *Nieblungen Lied* (1876). Most recent of his writings is *The Well at the World's End* (1896), a prose romance of the search for beauty.

With Rossetti and Morris should come Sir Lewis Morris (b. 1837), whose *Epic of Hades* (1876–7) is "a lurid drama in verse, of the unseen world, and the punishment and purgation of spirits" Also Lord de Tapley (1835–95,) author (in 1866 and '67) of two good attempts at the Anglicised Greek play, in the manner of *Atalanta in Calydon*. But the next really great poet in order is Swinburne.

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RUDYARD KIPLING. 2

CHAPTER VII.

POETRY: AFTERMATH.

SWINBURNE AND LATER DAYS.—HIS METRICAL GIFT.—ALFRED AUSTIN: POET LAUREATE.—WATSON.—EDWIN ARNOLD.—LANG.—DOBSON.—RUDYARD KIPLING, THE SINGER OF EMPIRE.

IT would not be far wrong to say that the leader of poetry since 1870 has been ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE. In accepting this we of course leave out of the question the masters, Tennyson and Browning. All the most valuable poetry of the latter was written before that year. And though they did not cease writing for many years after, their subsequent work never reached a higher level than the best which had preceded. *The Princess*, *In Memoriam*, *The Idylls*, *Men and Women*, *Dramatis Personæ*—all appeared before 1870. And if we grant a certain passing of the elder bards—so to speak—at least as far as new and striking poetry is concerned, it is Swinburne who comes in as an enduring influence and represents the noteworthy embodiment of new ideas. He is the poetical leader of the present generation.

Swinburne was a contemporary of Rossetti and

Morris, but his *Poems and Ballads* of 1866 "raised a storm and founded a school," and he is best separated from them for treatment. His birth took place in 1837. Passing through Eton, he entered Balliol College, Oxford, which he left without taking a degree; attaining, however, a thorough knowledge of Latin and Greek. After leaving Oxford he travelled in Italy with Walter Savage Landor. His recent life has been spent in retirement in London. Though coming of aristocratic stock, his sympathies have always been revolutionary. Several of his works show this tendency; *A Song of Italy* (1867), for instance, or the *Ode on the Proclamation of the French Republic* (1870). General opinion selected him as the proper successor to the Laureateship on the death of Tennyson, but his political opinions forbade his accepting what was after all a political appointment—though it had come to be identified with the best contemporary poetry of the nation. It is a matter of regret that this high tradition was not continued.

Swinburne has done work in the two departments of poetry and prose. Of course he ranks highest as a poet, but his critical writings are keen, sympathetic and couched in a pure and incisive style. Their value often lies "not so much in their judicial quality as in those felicitous critical epigrams which take the reader by their sudden insight and originality." Best of his work in prose, perhaps, is found in the *Prose Miscellanies* of 1886. The latest

volumes came in 1894—*Studies in Prose and Poetry* —and 1896, *A Study of Ben Jonson.* Swinburne is a careful student, and his wise knowledge enables him to say luminous things even if they are not always judicial.

His poetry, lyrical and dramatic, is contained in twenty-odd volumes. The dramatic tendency showed up first. When he was twenty-four a volume appeared containing two plays, and dedicated to Rossetti. The plays were *The Queen Mother* and *Rosamund.* The book did not attract much attention—perhaps because the public was taken up with other and more enthralling poetry. It gave signs—as we can see now—of his future tastes and future achievement; and it bo[illegible]traces of a very careful study of Shakespeare and his fellow dramatists. Four years later appeared another play which won its author recognition.

This was *Atalanta in Calydon.* In it Swinburne reaches his full stature both as regards vigor and lyrical beauty. It is based upon the model of the great Greek dramas and is the most successful of its type in English. Ever since dramatic work had been attempted by English authors, there existed the endeavor to bring English methods into conformity with the classical idea. In Elizabeth's day, when the drama was beginning, the effort was especially strong. There was a fierce struggle between the "University Wits" who held to the classical standard, and the "Actor-playwrights" who knew very

well that the people did not want anything of the kind. Indeed, the first tragedy written in English, *Gorboduc* (1562), was cast in a distinctly classical mould. But the severe repose, the statuesque quality typical of the Greek system was in no way suited to the taste of an English audience—particularly during the exciting times of great Elizabeth. Shakespeare created the English national drama, and once for all determined its essential characteristics. It is absolutely opposed in spirit and form to its predecessor of Athenian days, and the Greek drama anglicized never gained a place beside it. This is easy to understand. The taste and requirements of an English audience are very different from those of a Greek assembly. To mention but one thing: the prime object of the theatre in English is to amuse, while in Greece it bore an important religious aspect. Different nations cannot embrace the same literary methods, and it was impossible that England should receive as the national drama the classical mixture which it was proposed to thrust upon her. The Greek drama was meant for a certain period and a certain condition of things—those requirements it fulfilled admirably. But it is unreasonable to hold that dramas of the Greek type are fitted for representation before English audiences.

The point is that the attempt to revive Greek drama in English has not been successful. Shelley tried it in *Prometheus Unbound*—and broke nearly every classical rule. And others have tried it. But

the one instance which approximates the Greek ideal, while at the same time possessing great value as English literature is *Atalanta in Calydon*. The play is based upon the story of Meleager whose length of days depended upon the life of a brand snatched from the fire. When the brand burned, his life would pass with it. And the catastrophe comes when, to save Atalanta, the maiden-huntress, from insult, he slays the brothers of his mother, and his mother in fury casts the brand upon the fire. The play is pure Greek in thought and treatment. Over it all lies the weight of an inexorable Destiny, that no man may resist. The strength of the play is in the coming to pass of the Fates' decree. The last chorus expresses the uselessness of any struggle:

> Who shall contend with his lords,
> Or cross them or do them wrong?
> Who shall bind them as with cords?
> Who shall tame them as with song?
> Who shall smite them as with swords?
> For the hands of their kingdom are strong.

The Greeks demanded in their drama the maintenance of the three "Unities"—of Time, Place, and Action. This rule has been severely followed by Swinburne. The action deals with a single theme carried out in the one place during a short period. The pervading thought is the irresistible power of the high Gods.

Atalanta contains some of Swinburne's most beautiful lyric outbursts. Never did he write any-

thing more perfect—for music and phraseology—than the wonderful first Chorus, a glorious Spring-song.

When the hounds of spring are on winter's traces,
The mother of months in meadow and plain
Fills the shadows and windy places
With lisp of leaves and ripple of rain;
And the brown bright nightingale amorous
Is half assuaged for Itylus,
For the Thracian ships and the foreign faces
The tongueless vigil, and all the pain.
. . . . . .
For winter's rains and ruins are over,
And all the season of snow and sins;
The days dividing lover and lover
The light that loses, the night that wins;
And time remembered is grief forgotten,
And frosts are slain and flowers begotten,
And in green underwood and cover
Blossom by blossom the spring begins.

Atalanta was greeted with such praise that every one waited eagerly for his next poetic utterance. It came in the *Poems and Ballads* of 1866. They were various lyrical poems, new and old. And they were very different, for the most part, from the power evidenced in *Atalanta*. Not well selected, they were many of them immature, and a defiantly sensual note gave just occasion for offence. They contained much beauty but much weakness—as might be expected from the fact that many of the poems had been composed at college. "The fault of the book was excess" in expression and in thought. It created great excitement and a notable controversy sprang up about it. To his adversaries Swin-

burne replied in the spirit of Byron under similar circumstances, by some *Notes on Poems and Reviews*, in the same year. Naturally the poems "went." There was a singing quality everywhere manifested that also tended to make them widely read, and the unwholesomeness was compensated for by the unthought-of treatment of metre.

A second and third series of *Poems and Ballads* were published in 1878 and 1889, of which it may be said—as of several other volumes—that any one of them would make a reputation. The poems, for the most part, possess a lyric impulse which for pure beauty of sound and metre is unmatched by anything previous. Unmatched, too, are the sea-songs. The very spirit of surge and sea-wind seems to enter into Swinburne's poetry—he maddens with the sights and the sounds of the ocean.

O fair green-girdled mother of mine—
Sea, that art clothed with the sun and the rain,
Thy sweet, hard kisses are strong like wine,
Thy large embraces are keen like pain.
Save me, and hide me with all thy waves,
Find me one grave of thy thousand graves—
Those cold, pure, populous graves of thine,
Wrought without hand in a world without stain.
This woven raiment of nights and days,
Were it once unbound and cast off from me,
Naked and glad would I walk in thy ways,
Alive, and aware of thy waves and thee:
Free of the whole world, hidden at home,
Clothed with the green and crowned with the foam;
A pulse of the life of thy straits and bays,
A vein in the heart of the streams of the sea.

Of Swinburne's later dramas may be mentioned

a trilogy on the subject of Mary Queen of Scots—planned early, but uncompleted for many years. The three plays are *Chastelard* (1865), *Bothwell* (1874), and *Mary Stuart* (1881). *Erectheus* (1876), is a drama in the manner of *Atalanta*, but not so good. Certain longer poems must not be passed by. *Tristram of Lyonesse* (1882), in a narrative form describes the fiery and fatal love of Tristram and Iseult. And the splendid ode *Ave Atque Vale* (1878) can by no criticism be placed below *Atalanta in Calydon*. It is the latest in the grand series of pastoral elegies that began long ago in Sicily. Unlike its English predecessors, this poem offers no consolation to mitigate the sorrow of death; its motive is not of so high a type, but in lyrical genius it surpasses. It is "a perfect example of the metrical affluence that renders his verse a marvel." It is in memory of Charles Baudelaire, a French poet whose genius was akin to Swinburne's. The note of the living poet's lament is bitter-sweet, "a chant of sorrow and appreciation, not of hope."

Shall I strew on thee rose or rue or laurel,
  Brother, on this that was the veil of thee?
  Or quiet sea-flower moulded by the sea,
Or simplest growth of meadow sweet or sorrel,
  Such as the summer-sleepy Dryads weave,
  Waked up by snow-soft sudden rains at eve?
Or wilt thou rather as on earth before,
  Half faded fiery blossoms pale with heat
  And full of bitter summer, but more sweet
To thee than gleanings of a northern shore
  Trod by no tropic feat?
. . . . . .

Sleep; and if life was bitter to thee, pardon,
If sweet, give thanks; thou hast no more to live;
And to give thanks is good, and to forgive.
Out of the mystic and mournful garden
Where all day through thine hands in barren braid
Wove the sick flowers of secrecy and shade,
Green buds of sorrow and sin, and remnants gray,
Sweet-smelling, pale with poison, sanguine hearted,
Passions that sprang from sleep and thoughts that started
Shall death not bring us all as thee one day
Among the days departed?

For thee, O now a silent soul, my brother,
Take at my hands this garland, and farewell.
Thine is the leaf, and chill the wintry smell,
And chill the solemn earth, a fatal mother,
With sadder than the Niobean womb,
And in the hollow of her breasts a tomb.
Content thee, howsoe'er, whose days are done;
Where lies not any troublous thing before,
Nor sight nor sound to war against thee more,
For whom all winds are quiet as the sun,
All waters as the shore.

Mr. Swinburne's literary progenitor is Shelley. This is seen in the essentially lyric quality of the former's poetry, and the fine frenzy of much of his work. His chief fault is technical. Being enamored of fair phrases he is apt to let his meaning become obscured by the words. No English poet has had such a command of the English language for metrical purposes. The effects produced by his verse would have been deemed impossible unless they actually had been achieved. But the temptation to write for the sake of expression only is sometimes too strong for him. In this matter he, like Ros-

setti, illustrates the weakness of the P. R. B. methods—for their fatal tendency was to try and get from poetry the effects of music and painting. It cannot be denied that his marvellous facility leads him into sins against sense. This is pardonable in the master, but the same fault is found very largely in the ephemeral work of his imitators, and here it is not pardonable. The master shows also a touch of mannerism in his phraseology. However, any weakness is amply atoned for by the beauty of the bulk of his work and by the unsuspected music which he has found in the English tongue.

Other poets there are of still more recent date, but none worthy—as yet—of a place beside Mr. Swinburne. The difficulty of dealing with these names is manifest. There is no perspective, and one has a more or less personal bias which is not readily exchanged for the calmer spirit of criticism. A peculiarly general trait of modern poets—since Swinburne—has been the production of prose as well as poetry. Most of them have won popularity in both kinds.

It has been the misfortune of the present Laureate —Mr. Alfred Austin (b. 1835), to succeed an incumbent whose place no one could adequately have filled. Of course the remark about Alfred the Great and Alfred the Little was inevitable. His appointment in (1896) was followed by the publication of a dramatic poem called *England's Darling*, which naturally was widely read. Other of his "respectable and

somewhat labored books of verse" are—*The Human Tragedy* (1876), and *Narrative Poems* (1891).

Above him—and above any of the younger bards—must be placed WILLIAM WATSON, born in Yorkshire in 1858. A poem called *Wordsworth's Grave* (1892), first made him famous. His reputation has increased steadily, with a foundation of sound art. The *Lachrymæ Musarum* (1892) contained a beautiful obituary poem on Tennyson—"the life that seemed a perfect song," the

> Master who crowned our immelodious days
> With flower of perfect speech.

It was by far the finest of the poetical tributes paid to the dead singer. *The Purple East* was published in 1896. It is a series of sonnets dealing with the Armenian massacres and lightened with a more than ephemeral fire by the ardor of its conception.

THE KNELL OF CHIVALRY.

O vanished morn of crimson and of gold,
O youth and roselight and romance, wherein
I read of paynim and of paladin,
And Beauty snatched from ogre's dungeoned hold!
Ever the recreant would in dust be rolled,
Ever the scaly shape of monstrous Sin
At last lie vanquished, fold on writhing fold.
Was it all false, that world of princely deeds,
The splendid quest, the good fight ringing clear?
Yonder the Dragon ramps with fiery gorge,
Yonder the victim faints and gasps and bleeds;
But in his merry England our St. George
Sleeps a base sleep beside his idle spear.

Sir Edwin Arnold has gained "a respectful hearing" by his poems touching the Hindoo and Arabian theology. *The Light of Asia* (1879), *The Indian Song of Songs* (1881), and *Pearls of the Faith* (1883). He brought about the expedition of Henry M. Stanley to Africa in 1874.

Mr. Andrew Lang (b. 1844) is in the front rank of active and authoritative English writers. His criticism is pointed and useful, and his verse possesses a singular delicacy and charm. His most ambitious poem was *Helen of Troy* (1882). Unusually graceful are the *XXII Ballades in Blue China* (1881). They are very successful examples of that difficult form of verse, e. g:

TO THEOCRITUS, IN WINTER.

Ah! leave the smoke, the wealth, the roar
Of London, leave the bustling street,
For still, by the Sicilian shore,
The murmur of the Muse is sweet.
Still, still the suns of summer greet
The mountain grave of Helikē,
And shepherds still their songs repeat
Where breaks the blue Sicilian sea.

What though they worship Pan no more
That guarded once the shepherd's seat,
They chatter of their rustic lore,
They watch the wind among the wheat;
Cicalas chirp, the young lambs bleat,
Where whispers pine to cypress tree;
They count the waves that idly beat,
Where breaks the blue Sicilian sea.

Theocritus! thou canst restore
The pleasant years, and over-fleet;
With thee we live as men of yore,
We rest where running waters meet;
And then we turn unwilling feet
And seek the world—so must it be—
We may not linger in the heat
Where breaks the blue Sicilian sea!

ENVOY.

Master,—when rain, and snow, and sleet
And northern winds are wild, to thee
We come, we rest in thy retreat
Where breaks the blue Sicilian sea!

Somewhat akin to Mr. Lang is Mr. Austin Dobson (b. 1840). His first collection of poetry was *Vignettes in Rhyme and Vers de Société* (1873). Three series of *Eighteenth Century Vignettes*, have proved his possession of a nice critical taste. His handling of the French verse-forms—the rondeau, rondel, triolet, villanelle—is beyond praise.

Another poet who cannot be ignored is Mr. Rudyard Kipling. Born in Bombay in 1865, he was sent to school in England, and then returned to India and engaged in journalistic work. He then began to write short stories dealing with the Indian life that he knew so intimately. His touch was so sure and his style so telling that before he was twenty-five he had won fame throughout the whole English-speaking world. His first volume of poetry was *Departmental Ditties* (1886); of prose, *Plain Tales from the Hills* (1888). He is a master of the English short

story. His best work in that kind is simply inimitable. His poetry shows a most striking originality and a large section of it deals with the picturesque life of the British soldier in the East. The value of these *Barrack-Room Ballads* lies in the fact that they perpetuate, in virile verse, men and conditions that possess the elements of fine poetry. Perhaps most excellent is *Mandalay*, which expresses the *heimweh* of the rough and broken soldier for a beauty that he only half understands:

By the old Moulmein Pagoda lookin' eastward to the sea
There's a Burmah girl a-settin', and I know she thinks o' me;
For the wind is in the palm-trees, and the temple-bells they say:
'Come you back, you British soldier; come you back to Mandalay!'

Come you back to Mandalay,
Where the old Flotilla lay:
Can't you 'ear their paddles chunkin' from Rangoon to Mandalay?
On the road to Mandalay,
Where the flyin' fishes play,
An' the dawn comes up like thunder outer China 'crost the Bay!

. . . . . .

Ship me somewheres east of Suez, where the best is like the worst,
Where there aren't no Ten Commandments an' a man can raise a thirst;
For the Temple-bells are callin', and it's there that I would be—
By the old Moulmein Pagoda, looking lazy at the sea;

On the road to Mandalay,
Where the old Flotilla lay,

With our sick beneath the awnings when we went to
Mandalay!
Oh the road to Mandalay,
Where the flyin' fishes play,
An' the dawn comes up like thunder outer China 'crost
the Bay! (By permission.)

His last book of verse, *The Seven Seas* (1897), also contains poems of an absolutely original type. In this he sings the British Empire, the complexity and homogenity of which he understands as no one else. He has brought down patriotism from the closet to the street, for never has there been a more widely popular poet. Certainly no poet has ever sung his country's honor to so large an audience. Also should be mentioned his sea-poetry, which has ring and swing and force. More serious is the splendid *Recessional.* It appeared at the close of the Queen's Jubilee in 1897, and is in every sense a great poem:

God of our fathers, known of old—
Lord of our far-flung battle-line—
Beneath Whose awful Hand we hold
Dominion over palm and pine—
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

The tumult and the shouting dies—
The Captains and the kings depart;
Still stands Thine ancient Sacrifice,
An humble and a contrite heart.
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

Far-called our navies melt away—
On dune and headland sinks the fire—

Lo, all our pomp of yesterday
  Is one with Nineveh and Tyre!
Judge of the Nations, spare us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

If drunk with sight of power, we loose
  Wild tongues that have not Thee in awe—
Such boastings as the Gentiles use
  Or lesser breeds without the Law—
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

For heathen heart that puts her trust
  In reeking tube and iron shard—
All valiant dust that builds on dust,
  And guarding calls not thee to guard—
For frantic boast and foolish word,
Thy mercy on Thy people, Lord!
  Amen.

It is impossible to compare a man whose work is not yet done with those who have finished their careers. Time alone can award Mr. Kipling's ultimate position. He undoubtedly gives more promise than any living English writer. This matter, however, falls beyond our present field, as does the very interesting subject of his practical work for the British Empire. His literary methods are revolutionary. Probably the permanent worth of his poetry and prose will be their thoroughly artistic interpretation of certain conditions peculiar to the world of to-day. It may be pointed out that no poet has made so adequate an embodiment of the forces which obtained during his lifetime. Mr. Kipling interprets the later nineteenth century—or at least an impor-

tant section of it—in terms of high poetry. For this alone his name ought to survive.

In closing our brief survey of English poetry during the past hundred years it may be said that at present there seem few indications of a near revival in that great art to the standard of the mid-century. Tennyson's death seemed to close an epoch, and poets of the first rank are now far to seek. Perhaps we have among us some veiled prophet, but that will be for our children to tell.

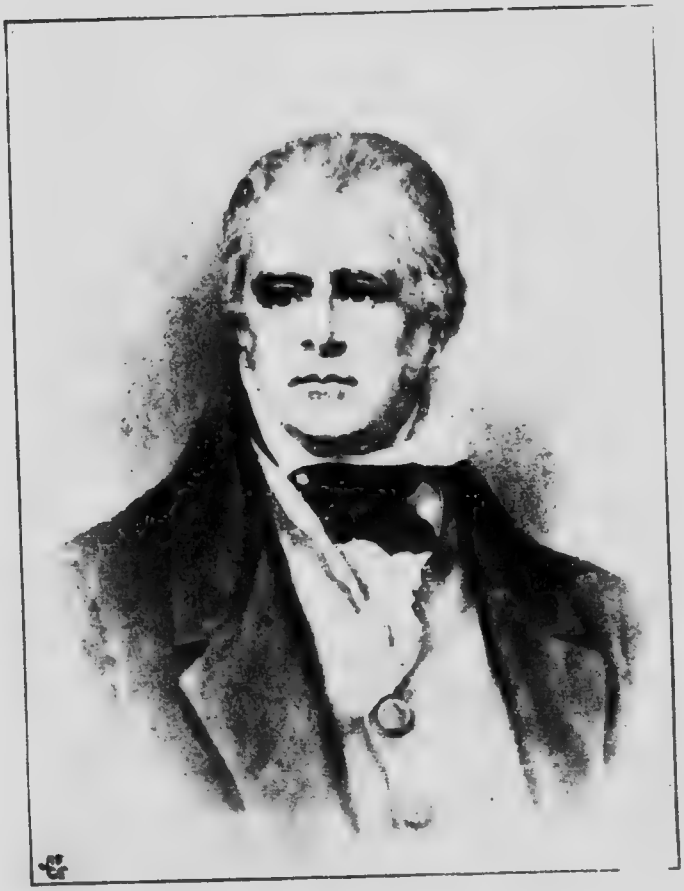
CHAPTER VIII.

THE NOVEL: SCOTT.

THE NOVEL.—"MONK" LEWIS.—MRS. RADCLIFFE AND THE TERROR NOVELISTS.—THE THREE "NOVELISTS."—THE GREAT UNKNOWN AND THE AUTHOR OF WAVERLEY.—THE KINGSHIP OF SCOTT.

THE novel first took shape in England during the eighteenth century. The earliest true example was *Pamela, or Virtue Rewarded*, published in 1740 by Samuel Richardson. The success of this proved how strong a demand existed for such a species of entertainment, and called forth a great many other works of a like nature. After Richardson, came Fielding, Smollett, Sterne, and Goldsmith, who firmly established the novel in the hearts of English readers. Goldsmith died in 1774, and from then on to the time of Scott there was a period when much was written, but little of any value. Prose fiction reaches its height in Scott, than whom none can be greater—though there is room for difference.

The best novels of the eighteenth century were all written before 1766. In 1764 Horace Walpole struck a new vein with *The Castle of Otranto*. This was a mediæval romance—the first in English. It



SIR WALTER SCOTT.

pointed the way to Scott. From about that time on to the publication of *Waverley* there was a transition period, when we find many books, but something less than excellence. The traits of the first masters were copied *ad nauseam*. *The Castle of Otranto* was followed by a host of imitators. "Wooden as it was it served as a decoy for the multitude of ghosts that squeaked and gibbered in the highways of literature for half a century and more." A School of Terror arose, trusting for effect entirely to the unseen. MRS. RADCLIFFE (1764–1823) *née* Anne Ward—was in her day a most famous exponent of the school. She wrote a great deal, then retired into private life. The *Mysteries of Udolpho* (1794), is typical of the story of the period. She created the "heavy villain" whom Byron afterwards appropriated for the mysterious hero of his longer poems. He (the heavy villain) figured so prominently in the literature of the early century that we may allow his maker to describe him: "There was something terrible in his air, something almost superhuman. His cowl, too, as it threw a shade over the livid paleness of his face, increased its severe character, and gave an effect to his large, melancholy eyes which approached to horror. . . . An habitual gloom and austerity prevailed over the deep lines of his countenance, and his eyes were so piercing that they seemed to penetrate, at a single glance, into the hearts of men and to read their most secret thoughts."

Chief among the followers of Mrs. Radcliffe, and indeed, "going her one better" were "Monk" Lewis (1775–1818) and Charles Robert Maturin (1782–1824). Matthew Gregory Lewis received the above soubriquet by reason of a singularly unrestrained romance, *Ambrosio, or The Monk*, written when he was twenty. Influenced by German models of the "Sturm und Drang" type, he infused their most extravagant features into his novels. He has no compunction and the horrors come thick and fast. Lewis possessed a certain degree of cleverness, but his taste was utterly depraved. Maturin excelled him on the whole in his sincerity and in the way he handles his horrors. "I have presumed," he explains, "to found the interest of a romance upon the passion of supernatural fear, and on that alone." His first novel was *The Fatal Revenge; or, the Family of Montorio* (1807), "a spectre-haunted, corpse-ridden story." His best appeared in 1820, *Melmoth the Wanderer*. Its hero is a lurid and paralyzing sort of person who has gained immortality on earth at a terrible price. Maturin depends upon suggestion for the less obvious thrill, rather than upon the flat-footed explanation of Lewis. His descriptive passages are sometimes powerful. It was reserved for Mrs. Shelley, however, then a slim and graceful girl (she was born 1798 and died 1851) to write the best of the Terror novels. Her contribution was called *Frankenstein*, and came out in 1817. It possesses a clearness of plot which was not general

among its fellows, while its style and a touch of philosophy, give it a quite exceptional dignity. The subject is the problem—fascinating to the contemporary mind—of creating life; the story tells how the scientist was ultimately destroyed by the creature of his own making. *Frankenstein* is daring, and it will always retain literary value.

Of a very different nature was the work of the three novelists who bring us to the threshold of Scott's great treasure-house. Women writers they were and (oddly enough) they represented the three kingdoms. Each interpreted the characteristics of her race in a bright and amusing manner. Maria Edgeworth was the first Irish novelist; Jane Austen revealed the quiet country-life of England; and Susan Ferrier preceded Scott in his own field. The three represent the coming of a more hopeful phase for the English novel. The lull in good work was passing away, and the novel was returning to a status which it had not occupied since the days of Fielding and Smollett. Not that the two latter names had anything in common with the group in question. Fielding and Smollett did not write for the domestic circle. The others did, and proved that this was possible without any lowering of the literary standard. For the first time, to the amazement of all beholders, it was seen that the novel was capable of delighting and amusing without the aid of questionable methods.

Greatest of the three was JANE AUSTEN (1775–

1817), though she was preceded by Miss Edgeworth. Born at Steventon—a Hampshire village—the scenery of her first novels is laid among those quiet surroundings, which makes their success all the more remarkable. For, as one of her critics has pointed out, she had nothing new to reveal. Miss Edgeworth had the unknown life of Ireland and Miss Ferrier the quaint and obscure region of Scotland. But Miss Austen took the common round of village life, and by her art wove it into a web of fiction that delighted all readers. Her life was very quiet and matter-of-fact. She seems to have taken up writing purely for the enjoyment it gave her, and without any idea of winning fame or money. The family, too, regarded her proclivities in the light of a harmless joke, and were the more amused when she actually made a success of the books. "She had no separate study to retire to, and most of her work must have been done in the general sitting-room, subject to all kinds of casual interruptions." She wrote six novels—three between 1796 and 1798 and three between 1811 and 1816. The gap between the two periods was filled by a residence at the busy centre of Bath, where she came in contact with the somewhat larger life that is reflected in the later novels. *Pride and Prejudice* was the first written—though the second published of her works. It was also in most opinions the best. "Read again and for the third time at least," says kindly Sir Walter Scott, "Miss Austen's very finely written novel of

Pride and Prejudice. That young lady had a talent for describing the involvements and feelings of characters of ordinary life, which is to me the most wonderful I have ever met with. The Big Bow-wow strain I can do myself like any now going; but the exquisite touch which renders ordinary commonplace things and characters interesting from the truth of the description and the sentiment is denied to me. What a pity such a gifted creature died so early!" A delicate and gracious view of the little humors and follies of country village life is seen in these novels. The public did not know of them until 1811, when *Sense and Sensibility* was published. The last three, *Emma*, *Northanger Abbey*, and *Persuasion*, appeared in 1816 and 1818. They show the fine literary tact, the keen and gentle satire which were the characteristics of their author's art.

Maria Edgeworth (1767–1849), Irish by parentage, was born in England and educated there up to her thirteenth year, soon after which she went to her home in Ireland. Here, under the influence of her father, her attention was at first taken up with things educational—more particularly the education of children. But at the same time she studied the life about her, which was in striking contrast to her London surroundings. She did not attempt fiction at first; her earlier books were of the *Parents' Assistant* type, produced (1800) under her father's eye. But in 1801 she published *Castle Rackrent*, one

of her most powerful novels. It is the story of "the ruin of a family, gradually worked out, as it descends from generation to generation, with a power which is at once amusing and tragical." It is told by Old Thady, the retainer, who is faithful through all the varying fortunes of the house. The point of view is that of an Irish peasant. And never has a more natural—or more impressive—picture been drawn of the Ireland of a century back. Upon the appeal of such drawing the book depends, because there is neither marriage nor giving in marriage, nor any of the usual expedients which had won popularity up to that time. In the other Irish stories there is a concession to the difficulties of romance-writing, for "the perennial love-story" creeps into her methods. In 1823 she spent a fortnight at Abbotsford—the hospitable home of Sir Walter Scott, who was then supreme in fiction. The incident is pleasing because of Sir Walter's generous appreciation of the work she had done. In after years he wrote, with his fine courtesy: "Without being so presumptuous as to hope to emulate the rich humor, pathetic tenderness, and the admirable tact of my accomplished friend, I felt that something might be attempted for my own country of the same kind with that which Miss Edgeworth so fortunately achieved for Ireland—something which might introduce the natives to those of the sister kingdom in a more favorable light than they had been placed hitherto." This was in the intro-

duction to the Waverley Novels, edition of 1829. Miss Edgeworth worked much in conjunction with her father, who was a philosopher—or claimed to be. He cut and carved her plots, and once even invented a tale for her (*Patronage*). Whether his pruning was always effective or wise is an open question. She wrote some ten novels besides *Moral Tales*, *Fashionable Tales*, etc., and her vogue was very great during her lifetime.

Susan Ferrier (1782–1854) is perhaps chiefly remembered by *The Marriage* (1818) and *The Inheritance* (1834). She was a brilliant writer, and her humor has the true ring. The former book tells of a cultured young bride who marries a Highland laird and is taken home to the "tall gray house among the moors." The picture of what ensues, the contrast between the fine lady and the fussy half-educated people all anxious to please her, is remorseless in its truth. The life was perfectly familiar to Miss Ferrier, and she depicted it without any compromise. Her pen touched the present. Sir Walter Scott went back to the more picturesque past. They are connected by the nature of their work; but a far more beautiful connection is that which came towards the close of the great man's life, when her gentle ministrations lightened some of his dark hours.

We have already followed the progress of Scott's life up to the time that *Waverley* was published. The success of his novels from that date to the end

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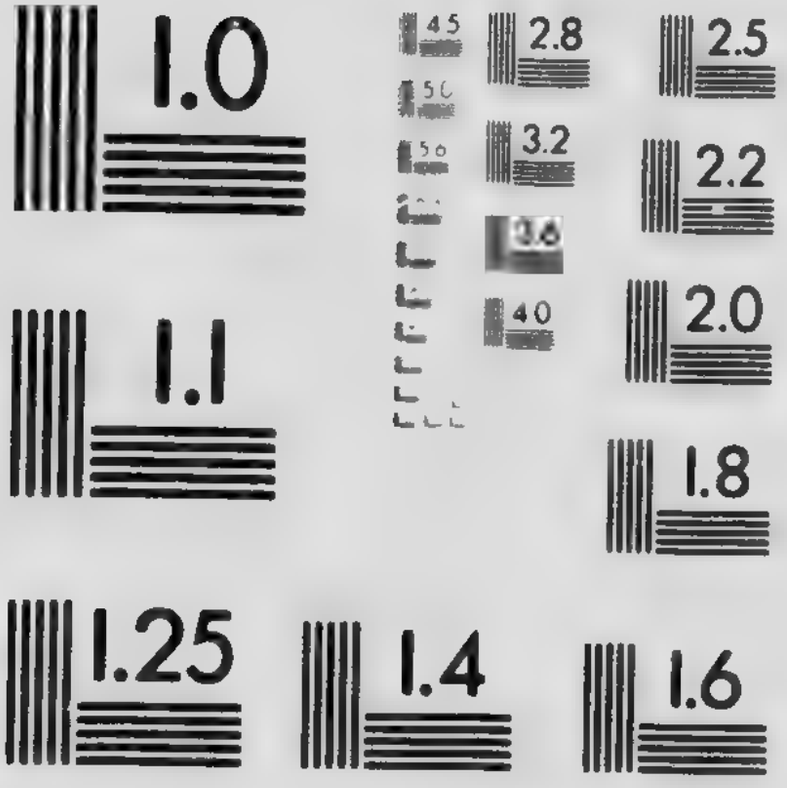

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of his life is among the wonders of literature. The history of *Waverley* is like a bit of romance. Early in his career, when his fame was altogether poetical, he turned aside from the beaten path and wrote the first chapters of a story. These he showed to a critical friend, who did not give a favorable opinion, and the work was laid aside. Several years afterwards, on towards 1814, when the public was turning aside to a younger poet of equal gift and more interesting personality, he bethought himself of other means of writing. Looking for fishing-tackle one day, he came upon the half-finished manuscript in a drawer. He took a fancy to complete it, which was so quickly done that the last two of the three volumes were written in two weeks. *Waverley; or, 'tis Sixty Years Since* was published in March, 1814. Its fate was an instantaneous success. Issued anonymously, it set every one guessing the identity of the Great Unknown. The mystery of "The Author of Waverley," was kept up in his subsequent novels, all published under that *nom de guerre*, until 1826, when the real authorship was publicly divulged at a large dinner held in Edinburgh on February the twenty-third, at which Scott himself presided. Never had a book appeared which was so completely delightful to the reading world. We at the century's end, with our knowledge of all that has happened since in the literary world and our bird's-eye view of the attendant circumstances, can form but a feeble idea of what this book was to the read-

ing world. The novels which had preceded it—Terror Tales, or Love Tales—were, with scarcely one exception, of a type calculated to throw into high relief the excellence of *Waverley*. And not one of them possessed the breadth and geniality—the life, in a word—that characterized the book in which the Master came to his own. "Romances" there had been, and "Novels" a-plenty; historical novels, too, there had been, of a singularly unhistorical kind. But it was for Scott to combine the true romance and the true historical novel into a splendid whole that marked the climax of the story-teller's art.

For eleven years his life was one of uninterrupted brilliancy. He produced at the rate of about two novels a year—and all of an excellence that was marvellous. In 1816 *The Black Dwarf* and *Old Mortality* appeared. The general thought was well epitomized in the enthusiastic utterance of old Lord Holland—a London Mæcenas—when asked his opinion of the latter: "Opinion! We did not one of us go to bed last night—nothing slept but my gout!" It is said that about this time Scott's writings brought him in about £15,000 annually. He bought land on the river Tweed and made there his beautiful estate Abbotsford. His towered house was crammed with everything that the heart could desire. He "planted scaurs," and added slowly to his lands, and rode about among his forests, a simple-hearted Scottish gentleman, amid all the fame that

was his. The house was open to every visitor, and Scott tried to realize in his own day the hospitable traditions of his ancestors. He has been blamed for extravagance and luxury. But was it an extravagance to spend freely the money that so freely came, or luxurious to use it for such ends? With his prosperity was bound up the happiness of a many "poor fellows" the country side round; when the crash came they suffered as well as he.

And the crash was sufficiently terrible when it did come. The whole story of the business connections which ultimately ruined the great author is a strange one and only half understood. Many years before, Scott had come across an old schoolfellow, James Ballantyne, who was printing and editing a small country newspaper. The kindly heart of Scott led to his prevailing upon Ballantyne to set up in Edinburgh, where, by 1805, a close connection was formed between them. When *Waverley* was issued he entered into secret partnership with the Ballantynes—James and his brother John—and Constable, his publisher. Now, the methods of these business men, especially the printing-firm of the Ballantynes—were happy-go-lucky to the last degree. It would seem almost as if the possession of the extraordinary genius whose work was so marvellous had turned all their heads. The printing-house "swung on in space as fortune pleased." The success of Scott apparently dazzled the eyes of all connected with him in the business. They seemed

to have calculated upon the wealth of his brain as simply inexhaustible, and his power unsurpassed of meeting any public demand. And O, the pity of it! The one man on whom the fabric depended, the one worker whose strong hand was never at rest—he it was upon whom the burden fell most heavily. It is strange that the business of Constable and the Ballantynes could have survived so long, with the appearance of success. There was no attempt to accord with common-sense methods. Perhaps never has there been such wild trading upon credit, "so many unwise and rash speculations in literature, and daring play with danger," protracted so long and with such external success. Perhaps the catastrophe was the more terrible at the last. The year of 1825 was bad financially all over England. The Ballantynes went down and Scott found himself involved, through his partnership, to the extent of £117,000.

But this dreadful shock proved the character of the man. Not for an instant did he hesitate. He set to work at once to pay off this large indebtedness by the labor of his brain. Thenceforth the irresponsible partners disappear from the scene and we observe the lonely figure fighting its way forward, sick at heart with the sting of fancied dishonor, but working on steadily, remorselessly, until the weary brain gave way and the weary body was laid to rest beside the quiet Tweed. Had he been a lesser man he could have allowed himself to be

declared bankrupt and lost not even his estate, which was secured to his heirs by the marriage of his son; "but for this," he says, "in a court of honor I would deserve to lose my spurs." And again: "Unless I die I shall beat up against this foul weather. A penny I will not borrow from any one." The gallant endeavor enabled him by four years of unremitting toil to pay off £70,000. That, however, is not the point. The point is the immense and unshrinking bravery of the man, who, after working for pleasure only, amid all the environment of wealth, came down to the bitterest realization of sorrow and hard toil. The strain may be traced in the novels of his closing years. Not at first, and never very harmfully. But the shadow of that gathering night is there—more especially in *Count Robert of Paris* and *Castle Dangerous*, both written the year before his death, when his strong intellect was weakening before the repeated shocks of doom. Walter Scott died on the 21st of September, 1832. He was sixty years old, and but for his trouble would have lived many years more. His death was due to paralysis of the brain, brought on by overwork. The first attack came in 1830, and a journey to the south of Europe—a sad journey, over him

> A trouble, not of clouds, or weeping rain,
> Nor of the setting sun's pathetic light—

in the spring of 1842, was powerless to revive his old-time energy.

The novels of Scott may be divided into three groups, according as they deal with Scotland, England, or the Continent. They were chiefly historical, but some were more of a social nature. An idea of his range will be gained from the following list, which it is well to give, because most people consider him the greatest novelist that ever lived. In the list are given the titles, dates of publication, the epochs touched by the strictly historical novels, and the approximate dates of action.

I. SCOTTISH.

Waverley,	1814	The Pretender's Attempt	1745
Guy Mannering,	1815		1750
The Antiquary,	1816		1798
The Black Dwarf,	1816		1708
Old Mortality,	1816	Covenanter Rebellion,	1679
Rob Roy,	1818		1715
The Heart of Midlothian,	1818		1751
The Bride of Lammermoor,	1819		1700
The Legend of Montrose,	1819	Civil War	1645
The Monastery,	1820	Mary Queen of Scots,	1559
The Abbot,	1820	Mary Queen of Scots,	1568
The Pirate,	1821		1700
St. Ronan's Well,	1823		1800
Redgauntlet,	1824		1770
The Surgeon's Daughter,	1827		1750
The Two Drovers,	1827		1765
The Highland Widow,	1827		1755
The Fair Maid of Perth,	1828	Reign of Robert III	1402
Castle Dangerous,	1831	The Black Douglas	1306

II. ENGLISH.

Ivanhoe,	1819	Richard Cœur-de-lion	1194
Kenilworth,	1821	Reign of Elizabeth	1575
The Fortunes of Nigel,	1822	Reign of James I	1620
Peveril of the Peak,	1823	Reign of Charles II	1660
The Betrothed,	1825	Welsh Wars	1187
The Talisman,	1825	Richard Cœur-de-Lion	1193
Woodstock,	1826	Civil War and Commonwealth	1652

III. CONTINENTAL.

Quentin Durward,.....	1823	Louis XI. and Charles the Bold	1470
Anne of Geierstein,.....	1829	Epoch of Battle of Nancy.....	1477
Count Robert of Paris,.....	1831	The Crusaders at Constantinople.....	1090

Many of these works were published in series; thus, *The Tales of My Landlord* consisted of seven novels, among them *Old Mortality* and *The Heart of Midlothian*. Besides the fiction, Scott did a great deal of miscellaneous prose work,—notably a *Life of Napoleon*, 1827, and a collection of episodes in Scotch history—*Tales of a Grandfather*.

The above table will show the incredible industry of the man, and his almost inexhaustible power of gathering and assembling the material for his fiction. Very well was he called The Wizard of the North. And of his works those dealing with the north—his own country—were the best. Whenever his subject is drawn from the land of brown heath and shaggy wood his pen never faltered. Hence the long line of Scotch characters who took life at his hands formed the truest revelation of Scotch humor, pathos, hardihood, and chivalry, that ever had been made. A dozen names will spring up at once in every one's mind at the mere mention of *Rob Roy*, or *Waverley*, or *The Antiquary*—names that are a delight forever. And the characters are seldom or never marred by any touch of conventionality—in point of fact that touch is felt only in some of the "heroes." On this matter, Scott himself explained his preferences. "I am a bad hand at picturing a hero

properly so-called and have an unfortunate propensity for the dubious characters of borderers, buccaneers, Highland robbers, and all others of a Robin Hood description. I do not know why this should be, as I am myself, like Hamlet, indifferent honest, but I suppose the blood of the old cattle-drivers of Teviotdale continues to stir in my veins." Perhaps this gives a key to the charm of Scott's novels—the fine open-air quality in them. They have a large and sunshiny aspect which was thoroughly in accord with the genial temperament of their author.

In revealing to the world the real excellence of Scottish men and manners, he did a service to his country of the same nature as Burns had done, but far more effective. Burns appeared only for a moment and then passed away to the place where all voices are silent. But Scott lived many years in the fulness of regal power, worshipped at home and abroad, and speaking the truth about his rugged land and its stalwart people. He dispelled once and for all the utterly false ideas that foreigners had about Scotland—when, indeed, they thought of it at all. His knowledge of everything appertaining thereto was large and varied. The "shirra" gathered all manner of strange lore from the dwellers by the moorland ways. And thus in the purely Scotch novels he imperishably recorded of his country "its past and its present, its highland and its lowland, its heroes and its martyrs, the very stuff of its people, the very genius of its soil!"

His pathos may be seen in this passage from *The Antiquary:*

"But the figure of the old grandmother was the most remarkable of the sorrowing group. . . . She sat among the funeral assembly like a connecting link between the sorrowing mourners and the corpse which they bewailed. . . . According to the custom of Scotland on such occasions, wine and spirits and bread were offered round to the guests. Elspeth, as these refreshments were presented, surprised and startled the whole company by motioning to the person who bore them to stop; then, taking a glass in her hand, she rose up, and, as the smile of dotage played upon her shrivelled features, she pronounced, with a hollow and tremulous voice, 'Wishing a' your healths, sirs, and often may we have such merry meetings!'

"All shrank from the ominous pledge, and set down the untasted liquor with a degree of shuddering horror which will not surprise those who know how many superstitions are still common on such occasions among the Scottish vulgar. But as the old woman tasted the liquor, she suddenly exclaimed, with a sort of shriek, 'What's this?—this is wine—how should there be wine in my son's house?—Ay,' she continued, with a suppressed groan, 'I mind the sorrowful cause now,' and, dropping the glass from her hand, she stood a moment gazing fixedly on the bed in which the coffin of her grandson was deposited, and then, sinking gradually into her seat, she covered her eyes and forehead with her withered and pallid hand."

With *Ivanhoe* Scott achieved his greatest triumph in England. English people were delighted to see the mighty Scotch novelist entering their land for

his subject. Few of his books have been more popular—perhaps owing to its symmetry and the glamour of the period with which it deals. Its publication marks the height of Scott's contemporary popularity. Here is a portion of the fine opening paragraph:

"The sun was setting upon one of the rich grassy glades of the forest. Hundreds of broad-headed, short-stemmed, wide-branched oaks, which had witnessed, perhaps, the stately march of the Roman soldiery, flung their gnarled arms over a rich carpet of the most delicious greensward; in some places they were intermingled with beeches, hollies, and copsewood of various descriptions, so closely as totally to intercept the level beams of the sinking sun; in others, they receded from each other, forming those long sweeping vistas, in the intricacy of which the eye delights to lose itself; while imagination considers them as the paths to yet wider scenes of silvan solitude. Here the red rays of the sun shot a broken and discolored light, that fell partially upon the shattered boughs and mossy trunks of the trees; and there they illuminated in brilliant patches, the portions of turf to which they made their way. A considerable open space in the midst of this glade seemed formerly to have been dedicated to the rites of Druidical superstition; for on the summit of a hillock, so regular as to seem artificial, there still remained part of a circle of rough unhewn stones, of large dimensions. Seven stood upright; the rest had been dislodged from their places, probably by the zeal of some convert to Christianity, and lay, some prostrate near their former site, and others on the side of the hill. One large stone only had found its way to the bottom, and in stopping the course of a small brook

which glided smoothly round the foot of an eminence, gave, by its opposition, a feeble voice of murmur to the placid and elsewhere silent streamlet."

A melancholy interest clusters about *Woodstock*, in that Scott was at work upon it in 1826 when the fatal news came of the Ballantynes' failure. It was shortly after its issue that the public avowal was made of the authorship of the Waverley Novels. Previous to this Scott had preserved the secret for twelve years, owing to the idea that anonymity would give him greater liberty of thought and expression. But when the financial strain came it was no longer advisable to continue the mystery; nay, it would have been unwise and even detrimental to his interests. In the following year he received a letter from the great Goethe, then a majestic old man in Weimar. It is a dignified piece of writing and acknowledges "the lively interest I have during many years taken in your wonderful pictures of human life." The German poet preserved kindly memories of Scott's work as his translator and said in closing, "how much a direct assurance of good-will from your own hand would gratify my old age." He preceded his fellow-craftsman by only a few months into the Valley of the Shadow.

Quentin Durward made a great sensation in Paris. It was the first venture upon foreign ground. The picturesque figure of the Scottish archer at the Court of Louis the XI. afforded plenty

of opportunity for striking treatment. Scott's biographer tells us that its effect in Paris was similar to that of *Waverley* in Edinburgh and of *Ivanhoe* in London. Its life and vigor came home to Germany as well. It had a direct influence, again, in calling forth the great historical romances of France, Italy, and Russia. Scott's other novels on Continental subjects are not of the same high merit, though they were very kindly received.

There is one point in which the novels baffle the literary critic. They show no gradual development in excellence. *Waverley*, though of slighter mould, is in no respect less mature than *The Fair Maid of Perth*, written fourteen years later. *The Antiquary*, which is certainly a masterpiece, was third in time. Nor is there any real decadence visible. *Count Robert*, though poor for Scott, would be grand work for any one else. This fact is puzzling, but goes to prove the quality of Scott's genius and the overflowing wealth of his imagination. His life up to the time when he began to write fiction was of the most inspiring kind, and a process of unconscious assimilation of every striking incident, every humorous situation or character can alone afford a clue to the immense productivity of his after years. His own attitude towards his work was what might be expected: without a particle of vanity he nevertheless took a healthy pleasure in the prowess of his pen. He valued above everything the manifest good which was coming to Scotland through the

instrumentality of his writing. Towards the close of his life on one occasion he whimsically said that he was no more entitled to the merit which had been ascribed to him, than the servant who scours the brasses to the credit of having made them; perhaps he had been a good housemaid to Scotland, and given the country a "rubbing up"—for this he deserved some praise, but nothing more. A fine manly spirit underlies such an utterance as this.

For quite obvious reasons his best work was done when all was well with him; when Abbotsford was continually growing more beautiful, more sought out by pilgrims from all the world; when he could write for a morning—say—and then take his horse and his dogs and off for the forest or the fell. But in the years wherein he suffered adversity, every hour away from the desk was counted a loss, and something of this constraint enters into the later books. His large free spirit shone forth most brightly when unfettered by any compulsion. Not that any period of his life was idle; the enormous output proved the contrary.

Genial and graphic, the powerful sweep of his romances is a tonic to the soul. In the scientific finesse of plot so dear to a certain type of latter-day novelist, he did not excel. Here, as has been said, Mr. Wilkie Collins is a greater than Scott and Shakespeare put together. The minute analysis of thought and motive to which a less robust generation has resource, lay below the level of his flight.

But in sustained interest, and in the most essential power of making his people *live*, Scott is surpassed by any writer before or since. He has his faults, of course—so has Shakespeare—but it were ungracious to insist upon them here. Put ourselves into his charge and we are ushered into a world of sun and wind and mountain; of fair women and brave men, such as make us the better for having known them.

CHAPTER IX.

THE NOVEL: DICKENS AND THACKERAY.

BULWER LYTTON.—DISRAELI: STATESMAN AND NOVELIST.—AINSWORTH AND JAMES.—MARRYAT AND THE NAVY.—LEVER AND THE ARMY.—DICKENS.—HIS LIFE AND HIS POPULRAITY.—THACKERAY.—HIS CAREER.—A CONTRAST.—HIS GENIUS.

THE unparalleled success of the novel in Scott's hands naturally attracted the attention of every one who could write, and in course of time the result was to increase amazingly the numbers and clientèle of that department of literature; so that it is a characteristic feature of the nineteenth century. This, of course, has called into existence a vast deal of rubbish, but the result in that direction is compensated for by the pleasant fact that there has been much fiction of the good type as well.

With Dickens and Thackeray a method sets in as regards subject and treatment which is different to that of Scott. But the former writers entered on the stage about 1840, and there are some novelists who must be considered before coming to the two who divide with Scott the honors of the century in fiction. On the whole these earlier novelists owe more to their predecessors and evince less originality.

They flourished, roughly speaking, about 1830. This year saw the starting of the celebrated *Fraser's Magazine*, which gave a great fillip to periodical literature and numbered among its contributors, at one time or another, most of the literary leaders of the day.

Most prominent, perhaps, of these leaders before Dickens and Thackeray were Lord Lytton and Benjamin Disraeli. Both were statesmen and men of letters; but while the former was primarily a writer, Disraeli aimed rather at political honors. Lord Lytton was baptized Edward George Earl Lytton Bulwer; afterwards he became Sir Edward Lytton Bulwer, and finally Lord Lytton. He was born in 1803, was educated at Cambridge, and entered Parliament. He gained some distinction during a long political career in both Houses. But his work as a novelist was of more importance. That work was characterized by the most remarkable versatility. Novels of every kind came from his pen; crime, fashion, mystery, the classical and historical field—all these were by turns laid under contribution. And it is a proof of his wonderful talent that his books never lack interest. This diversity is seen in the widely different subjects treated in such novels as *The Last days of Pompeii* (1834), *Eugene Aram*, *The Coming Race* (1871), and *A Strange Story*, (1861). But the fault throughout is a certain hardness and glitter, "the glare of innumerable gas lamps,—the rays from the footlights to which he

was about to betake himself." His characters are not real, he fails to breathe into them the breath of life. The genius of Lord Lytton disported itself also in the rays of footlights that were not metaphorical. He wrote several dramas, one of which —*The Lady of Lyons*, 1838—has retained its popularity to the present day. He responded in a remarkable manner to the demands of his time. The novels of crime and those touching historical epochs were in answer to the requirements of the public, and about 1850, when Dickens and Thackeray had created a new line in taste, Lytton wrote a group (of which *The Caxtons* was the first) entering the quieter field of domestic life. It is more wholesome and sane than any of his previous work. He was on the whole a man of great talent, falling short of genius; one of those who win wide fame while they live, but leave behind only a scant legacy of good. He died in 1873.

Benjamin Disraeli, Earl of Beaconsfield (1804–1881) had a very brilliant political career. His predilections for statecraft are reflected in his novels. His earliest book was *Vivian Gray*, published 1826–1827. He entered Parliament in 1837, and in 1852 became leader of the House of Commons. Most of his literary work was done prior to that year, and its best portion lies before 1837. A unique interest is possessed by *Coningsby* (1844), *Sybil* (1845), and *Trancred* (1847). They shadow forth the writer's political opinions and foretell certain political events,

and they also advocate reforms which their author afterwards agitated in Parliament. The charge of insincerity has been made against him, both in literature and in life; but here at least is a marked consistency. The striking personality of Disraeli gave added interest to his novels. But in themselves they are generally attractive—and always clever. Yet it must be admitted that he belongs to the political sphere rather than to that of literature.

The names of HARRISON AINSWORTH (1805–82) and, G. P. R. JAMES (1801–1860) should not be passed by. Both were imitators of Scott to a degree. Both also were exceedingly prolific writers. Ainsworth is remembered chiefly by *The Tower of London* (1840), and *Old St. Paul's* (1841). James is said to have written over one hundred novels, and he paid the natural penalty by seldom rising above dead level. Some of them were *Richelieu*, *Darnley*, and *Mary of Burgundy*.

Of greater importance are THOMAS LOVE PEACOCK (1785–66), and GEORGE BORROW (1803–81). Each was singular, not to say eccentric, in character. Peacock was one of the best classical scholars of his time, though without any special advantages in education. He was an intimate friend of Shelley, and his executor. *Headlong Hall*, *Nightmare Abbey*, and *Crotchet Castle*, are titles that give an idea of the line he took in writing. His novels all belong to the "fantastic satirical" order. Peacock wrote

some jovial and witty verse. Borrow is best known as the Gipsy novelist, his books *Lavengro* (1851), and *The Romany Rye* (1857), based upon some youthful experiences, giving remarkable glimpses into the life of that irresponsible folk. Of unique interest is *The Bible in Spain*, 1843, which hangs a good deal of quite irrevalent matter upon the thread of narrative evolved by his wanderings as colporteur for the Bible Society. Borrow's style, like his personality, is peculiar and winning.

Totally different was the range of FREDERICK MARRYAT. His early life was picturesque, and he has left a pretty complete record of it in his first novel, *Frank Mildmay*, 1829. He entered the Navy in 1806, at the age of fourteen, and saw a good deal of active service, both by sea and land. His duty took him eastward to Burmah and westward to the American coast. And he had plenty of opportunity to face danger that was not of war, for during his career in the Navy he saved upwards of twenty lives at the risk of his own. He won satisfactory promotion, becoming commander in 1815; and, by the time he was thirty-four, a post captain and a C. B.—about as much as any man could hope for. In 1830 he resigned his ship and left the sea. From then on to his death (1848) he devoted himself to writing, which vocation he found not less busy than profitable. His novels reached upwards of a score, and, while some are dull in parts, all possess marks of merit. Marryatt was certainly the most

natural and original novelist of those who have been mentioned so far in the present chapter. His qualities are seen at their best in *Peter Simple*, 1831, *Jacob Faithful*, 1834, and *Midshipman Easy*, 1836. These qualities are energy, humor, and a fine tang of salt-water throughout. Perhaps his chief value is the striking picture which he paints of the old Navy that has now passed away forever. As a naval novelist Marryatt is unsurpassed, because his characters are drawn from life and presented with literary skill.

Beside him may be placed the chief military novelist of England—CHARLES LEVER, best known by his soldier stories, though not confined to that field. Lever was an Irishman, born 1806 and educated at Trinity College, Dublin. Travelled on the Continent and in America, then (1837) became physician to the British Embassy at Brussels. He remained in diplomatic life, rising to a Vice-Consulship at Spezzia in 1852, and a Consulship at Trieste in 1867, where he died five years later. Lever will always be best known by his three first novels, *Harry Lorrequer*, begun serially in 1837, *Charles O'Malley* (1840), and *Tom Burke of Ours* (1844). The first derived its name from the "rollicking" character of its author, a character which is reflected in all three. They belong to the period of his life at Brussels—a time when the Continent was crowded with veterans of the Napoleonic wars and had scarcely settled down into regular limits. This

environment, together with memories of his Irish life and the legends of his native land, bred Lever's early novels. They are remarkably spirited and full of movement. Their general roughness in construction is almost always pardonable because of the adventure and anecdote with which they are crammed. Afterwards he smoothed his style and straightened his plots, but he lost the freshness which was his first characteristic. He possessed most of the necessary gifts to make an excellent novelist, but he seemed unable to command the right qualities at the right time. Yet there can be no doubt that both he and Marryatt will always be popular with English readers.

About 1840 appeared the two great novelists who alone since his death may be placed near Scott. Dickens and Thackeray fall naturally together; and rightly so, because, distinct as they were in the nature of their gifts, they are united by the greatness of their achievement. Their work covers the middle of the century and forms one of the most important epochs of prose fiction. Charles Dickens, the younger of the two, had a hard fight with fate during his childhood and youth. He was born in 1812 and spent his early years under circumstances which are not at all exaggerated in his autobiographical novel, *David Copperfield*. His education was much like that afforded by the elder Mr. Weller to the promising Sam: "I took a good deal o' pains with his eddication, sir; let him

run in the streets when he was werry young, and shift for hisself." As things turned out, no better training could have been given the future novelist. Those bitter childish griefs in the heart of London eventually became the means of raising him to fame and wealth. He began to study shorthand while still very young, and by the time he was nineteen had attained a skill in reporting which placed him first among the newspaper men in the Gallery of the House of Commons. He became in fact a "star" reporter. The life was delightful to him, and withal a very wholesome experience. "I have often transcribed for the printer," he says, "from my shorthand notes, important public speeches . . . writing on the palm of my hand by the light of a dark lantern, in a post-chaise and four, galloping through a wild country, and through the dead of night. . . . Returning home from exciting political meetings in the country to the waiting press in London, I do verily believe I have been upset in almost every description of vehicle known in this country. I have been, in my time, belated on miry by-roads, towards the small hours, forty or fifty miles from London, in a wheelless carriage with exhausted horses and drunken postboys, and have got back in time for publication. . . . I never have forgotten the fascination of the old pursuit." The same energy he displayed in all the relations of life—it was one of his characteristic marks. His thoughts soon turned to literature. A story, modestly dropped

into "a dark letter-box in a dark office, up a dark court in Fleet Street," duly appeared in the December number (1833) of the *Old Monthly Magazine*. Three years later were printed the *Sketches by Boz*, in two small volumes—his first book. The *Sketches* were gathered from the pages of the *Morning Chronicle*, with which he had long been connected. The famous Cruickshank furnished the illustrations, and the little volumes met with very great appreciation. He sold the copyright for one hundred and fifty pounds, and before the close of the following year found it advantageous to repurchase it for two thousand pounds! *Pickwick Papers* was published in 1838, after having appeared in serial form. In some respects the book is his masterpiece. It led, by the way, to the first meeting of Dickens and Thackeray; for the *Papers* were originally intended merely to accompany certain sketches by a well-known artist, and upon his death Thackeray was one of those who offered to execute the remaining sketches necessary. With the *Pickwick Papers* Dickens's fame was placed on a sure footing. His popularity rose suddenly, but was not the less permanent. In fact, the whole of his life was a continued success. In 1841 he visited Edinburgh and the Highlands, and was welcomed and fêted everywhere. The following year was the occasion of his first trip to America—a journey of which he had been thinking for some time. Of his experiences in the then somewhat unformed Republic he has given

a bright—but not always fair—description in the *American Notes* (1842); and again retouched in *Martin Chuzzlewit* (1843-1844). He had already written such excellent novels as *Nicholas Nickleby*, *Barnaby Rudge*, and *The Old Curiosity Shop*, and his renown across the Atlantic was very great. He went from New York to St. Louis, then north to Buffalo, Montreal, and home again. He met most of the celebrities of the day—literary and otherwise. In 1844 he visited the Continent, residing for some time in Italy. The experience was of much value to him, and was embodied in some *Pictures from Italy*. During 1846 to 1847 he lived in Switzerland and Paris. Towards the close of his life he again visited America (1867-1868); this time to give readings from his own works, a species of entertainment which was originated by the novelist himself, and gave vent to his strong dramatic tendencies. Moreover, the thing was justified by its success. He found the cities of his sojourn changed for the better, and did not hesitate to say so. But the mental strain that he had put upon himself all his life was beginning to tell. He returned to England in April. His work, especially since 1850, had been unremitting; in that year he added editorial to his other work. *Household Words*, which he conducted from the first, was then started, and upon its decease in 1859, he immediately originated another magazine, *All the Year Round*. With this he was connected till his death. The indomitable

energy of his nature forbade any slackening of effort. Warned by various signs of danger he continued working nevertheless, and was actually engaged upon a novel—*The Mystery of Edwin Drood*—when death came. On the 9th of June, 1870, the long strain ended and the pen fell from his hand. He was buried in Westminster Abbey.

The wonderful popularity of Dickens is in part accounted for by the time at which he appeared. The historical novel was losing ground and he introduced a new and fascinating type that dealt with the humors of lowly life—a type original and delightful. The *Pickwick Papers* must have been something like a revelation to the reading world, and there is no more unmixedly humorous book in the range of English literature. His popularity was also subserved by his power of concrete characterization. The creations of his fancy stand out each by virtue of some one quality that keeps them always clearly before the mind. Even the poorest of his novels is thus illumined by some brilliant touch.

His main faults are two. The first arises from what has just been said. Some of his characters are only humors personified and marked by catchwords. He pushed too far his plan—excellent within limits—of making the important persons stand out by virtue of some striking peculiarity. And the second fault was due to the exuberance of his imagination, which frequently led him to disregard proper proportion. Any minute detail that hap-

pens to catch his fancy is elaborated to its highest degree. This is sometimes pleasant; but it is not art, and it interferes with the movement of the story. Such exaggeration is seen, also, in several of his pathetic passages, which are overdrawn.

But his humor at its happiest is inimitable. *Pickwick Papers* exhibits its author's best quality at a very high level throughout. There are exceedingly few humorous books, which, like this, will bear frequent re-perusal. And there is a vein of the same humor in nearly every one of his other novels. Surely, few characters are so familiar to our hearts as Mr. Pickwick and his faithful Sam, Sairey Gamp and Mrs. Harris, Pecksniff, and Mr. Micawber, so hopefully waiting for something to turn up.

In his own estimation Dickens placed *David Copperfield* (1849–50) above all his works. It was his favorite book. And indeed, the fact of its embodying so much of his own life would tend to endear it to him. It was written, also, at the height of his career, when he was enjoying life to the full and feeling all his powers at their strongest within him. The book certainly contains some of his best creations, and is very charming throughout. *Dombey and Son* had appeared before, in 1846–48, and was not quite so good as its successor. Dickens also essayed the historical novel in *Barnaby Rudge* (1841) and *A Tale of Two Cities* (1859); but he was not to the manner born, though critics are very much divided over the rank of the latter.

In his methods Dickens went direct to life. His knowledge of London was extensive and peculiar, and that knowledge is used with the best results. His memory was very retentive, and many an odd scene or individual was stored away there for future use. The realism was extended so far that some of his novels were written to reform abuses—and did so. Thus it was with the cheap and deadly schools of *Nicholas Nickleby;* the debtor's prison of *Little Dorrit*, and the Chancery iniquities of *Bleak House.* His fashion of drawing from the life was persistent; some of his characters were too careful studies for their originals' peace of mind. But all these things lent an intense local interest to his work. Besides the strongly marked humorous quality of his writings we find a distinct vein of the grotesque and horrible. In this he revels, and, as a rule, the horror is real. As thus, where Fagin, condemned to die, is left in his cell alone:

"He sat down upon a stone bench opposite the door, which served for seat and bedstead; and casting his bloodshot eyes upon the ground, tried to collect his thoughts. After a while he began to remember a few disjointed fragments of what the judge had said. . . . These gradually fell into their proper places, and by degrees suggested more; so that in a little time he had the whole, almost as it was delivered. To be hanged by the neck till he was dead—that was the end. To be hanged by the neck till he was dead.

"As it came on very dark, he began to think of all the men he had known who had died on the scaffold,

some of them through his means. They rose up in such quick succession that he could hardly count them. He had seen some of them die,—and had joked too, because they died with prayers upon their lips. With what a rattling noise the drop went down; and how suddenly they changed, from strong and vigorous men to dangling heaps of clothes."

Space forbids further quotation; moreover, most readers will recall any number of humorous remarks and situations. Whatever Dickens's faults may have been, his virtues as a writer incline the balance to the right side. Carlyle, whose generally caustic judgment was not often at fault, pronounced a fitting epitaph: "The good, the gentle, high-gifted, ever friendly, noble Dickens,—every inch of him an honest man."

The rise of his great contemporary was very different. While Dickens shot to the front at once, it was only after years that Thackeray gained his place. And, during his lifetime, he never attained the height of popularity that Dickens reached. William Makepeace Thackeray was born in Calcutta in 1811. He was sent to England very young, and entered Charterhouse School. He attended Trinity College, Cambridge, from 1829 to 1830; then followed the examples of numerous other famous men, and left without a degree. His next move was to Weimar and to Paris—also, incidentally, to Bohemia. In Weimar, he spent the winter months of 1830–31, and in the latter year met Goethe the Great. Of the little town he said, a long time afterwards: "I

think I have never seen a society more simple, charitable, courteous, gentlemanlike than that of the dear little Saxon city where the good Schiller and the great Goethe lived and lie buried." His life in Paris and Weimar during the two years gave him some training as an artist, and an intimate knowledge of the world. On reaching his majority he came into a small annuity of which in some way he managed quickly to divest himself. Thus thrown upon his own resources, he took to writing as the most congenial means of earning a livelihood, and began contributing to *Fraser's Magazine*, a most enterprising journal. Here in 1837–8 appeared The *History of Mr. Samuel Titmarsh and The Great Hoggarty Diamond*. His first publication in volume form was the *Paris Sketch Book* (1840), keen, satiric, and in places tragic. The *Irish Sketch Book* followed three years later. Other writings during the period 1837–47, when his fame was slowly widening, were: *The Yellow-Plush Papers*, *Barry Lyndon*, *The Book of Snobs*, and *The Ballads of Policeman X.* They were all striking, and the last showed a remarkable combination of humorous poetic qualities. In 1848 appeared Thackeray's first ambitious novel, *Vanity Fair*. Before 1855 he had published *Pendennis*, largely autobiographical, *Esmond*, and *The Newcomes*. These four perhaps represent his best bid for immortality. *Esmond* is certainly the finest of all his novels.

The life of Thackeray was in no sense eventful—

with the exception of the youth to which he looked back so fondly. He twice visited America, giving on each occasion a course of lectures. These courses were on *The Humorists of the Eighteenth Century*, and *The Four Georges*. The former were delivered in England in 1851 and in America during 1852–53. The latter were first delivered in America 1855–6. The following year Thackeray attempted to enter Parliament, but failed. He became editor of the *Cornhill Magazine* two years afterwards, resigning in 1862. In it he published the very characteristic *Roundabout Papers*, besides the two novels *Lovel the Widower*, and *Philip*. In it, also, was appearing *Denis Duval*, when his sudden death left it unfinished. It promised well, but its author—writing it from week to week, as the custom was, for periodical publication—had only issued two numbers when he died on Christmas Eve of 1863.

In many ways Thackeray forms an interesting contrast to Dickens. We have seen the manner in which each reached fame. They were of different types. Dickens was energetic and fiery, Thackeray constitutionally indolent, so that it is doubtful if anything short of the actual sting of poverty could have called forth his literary power. Dickens was self-educated and "gave a masterly realism to the good and ill of every day life;" Thackeray was trained at school and college and satirized the upper classes. Of the two Thackeray possessed the truer poise; his fine taste never over-

steps the bounds of due reticence; and thus it is that his pathos is far more real than that of Dickens. Witness the death of Colonel Newcome, for one example. The pathos never verges to the least degree upon the fatal borders of gush:

"At the usual evening hour the chapel bell began to toll, and Thomas Newcome's hands outside the bed feebly beat time. And just as the last bell struck, a peculiar sweet smile shone over his face, and he lifted up his head a little, and quickly said 'Adsum!' and fell back. It was the word we used at school, when names were called; and so, he, whose heart was as that of a little child, had answered to his name, and stood in the presence of his Master."

Thackeray was one of the wisest of men. He knew the world and human nature as few writers have known it. His satire was keen, but kindly, and he was never harsh. Knowing the weakness of all poor worldlings, he laughed at it with "infinite comprehension, knowing also that he himself must die."

Very wise and very tender, what he shows us is nothing less than life itself. And as happens in life, he does not argue or plead, but presents and develops his characters and lets us judge for ourselves. With this wise and wholesome outlook he has a style which is quite peculiar to himself and perfectly delightful. In fact, with Thackeray "le style est l'homme." It is this, together with the wonderful communication of life to his characters

that have made some critics put him equal to Scott. As has been said, in *Esmond* (1852) he reaches his height. The scene is laid in the England of Queen Anne. The eighteenth century was Thackeray's favorite period, and no one, perhaps, has ever entered so fully into its very spirit. *Esmond* may well be called the best representation in our language of a past age. Together with its only less enjoyable sequel—*The Virginians* (1859), touching the last quarter of the century—it is one of those documents to which we owe a clearer knowledge of history than we gain from the study of history itself. And the style is marvellously informed with the eighteenth century flavor, so that it will bear comparison with any of the books of that day for the truth of its diction. It "puts us in living contact with the varied spectacle of the era, affording us the extreme pleasure of believing in what we read."

Pendennis (1850) and *The Newcomes* (1854) form a connected story—though not vitally so. The former has the same interest for us as the *David Copperfield* of Dickens; while the mention of the latter at once calls up the figure of the grand old Colonel, so simple, so manly, and so good. They both show signs of what was Thackeray's weakness —his faulty presentation of good women, who in his hands become somewhat insipid,—who, at any rate, never attain the vitality of such characters as Becky Sharp in *Vanity Fair*, who was *not* good. This was the novel by which he first won any

general notice. Becky Sharp is one of his cleverest creations, as full of reality as she is of successful wickedness. Thackeray had a knowledge of fashionable and aristocratic society such as Dickens never possessed, and his satire in such a book as *Vanity Fair* is engendered by a very close knowledge whereof he speaks.

It has been said that Thackeray studied art. This gave him the power of illustrating which he frequently employed in his writings. His drawing, not very good in its technique, is extremely suggestive, and few artists have better interpreted the spirit of the text. His poetry, which lies scattered through his various writings, besides being published in one or two collections, is often singularly representative of his genius. As in the concluding stanzas of *The Chronicle of the Drum*, written at Paris at the time of the second funeral of Napoleon. They well sing the solemn Vanitas Vanitatum which was his cry to the world:

And what care we for war or rack;
How kings and heroes rise and fall?
Look yonder, in his coffin black
There lies the greatest of them all!

. . . . . .

He captured many thousand guns;
He wrote "the Great" before his name;
And dying, only left his sons
The recollection of his shame.

Though more than half the world was his,
He died without a rood his own;
And borrowed from his enemies
Six foot of ground to lie upon.

He fought a thousand glorious wars,
And more than half the world was his;
And somewhere now, in yonder stars,
Can tell, mayhap, what greatness is.

Thackeray's critical work should also be specially mentioned. His lectures on the *Eighteenth Century Humorists* and on *The Four Georges*, touched subjects and periods with which he was absolutely familiar. Written for lecture purposes, they were afterwards published. They possess much critical merit and the sympathetic touch which Thackeray always manifested when writing of his favorite epoch. The lectures on the *Four Georges* are not less interesting by reason of the fact that the writer never hesitates to point out the various blots revealed by the fierce white light that beat upon the throne. They possess much true satire and not a little true pathos as well. The melancholy end of George III. appealed to Thackeray's heart, and he closes the lecture with this fine passage. After describing the sorrow of the old, blind, deaf, and crazy king, he says:

"What preacher need moralize on this story; what words save the simplest are requisite to tell it? It is too terrible for tears. . . . . Low he lies to whom the proudest used to kneel once and who was cast lower than the poorest: dead, whom millions of people prayed for in vain. Driven off his throne; buffeted by rude hands; with his children in revolt; the darling of his old age killed before him untimely; our Lear hangs over her breathless lips and cries, 'Cordelia, Cordelia, stay a little!'

> **Vex not his ghost—oh! let him pass—he hates him**
> **That would upon the rack of this tough world**
> **Stretch him out longer!**

Hush! strife and quarrel, over the solemn grave. Sound, trumpets, a mournful march. Fall, dark curtain, upon his pageant, his pride, his grief, his awful tragedy!"

CHAPTER X.

LATER NOVELISTS.

SOME NEW INFLUENCES.—A STEP BACK.—THE BRONTËS AND GEORGE ELIOT.—CHARLES AND HENRY KINGSLEY.—TROLLOPE.—READE.—STEVENSON AND HIS STYLE.—THE LIVING: MEREDITH, HARDY, CAINE.

THE turning-point of the century seems to form a point of somewhat new departure as far as novelists are concerned. We have seen a similar change in poetry. A good many causes combined to make 1850 and thereabouts climateric in a sense. Certain tendencies emerged which we now see have been typical of the last fifty years. Behind these tendencies lay movements like the Oxford or Tractarian Movement, the widening of political power so that the middle classes began to make themselves felt; the Crimean War; the immense expansion of trade following the development of steam engineering; the opening up of new and vast tracts of country on the under side of the world. Most of the novels which have appeared during the last half century show more or less the influences of these forces. The consequence is a differentiation from the preceding work—at any rate as regards the

writers who properly belong to the past fifty years. And if this classification cannot be exhaustively pressed, it forms, nevertheless a useful and reasonable grouping of the later work.

Part of that work is not really "later." We come, first, upon a very remarkable group of woman-writers—the three Brontës and George Eliot, all born before 1821. The Brontës were of Irish stock, and if we consider their literary work in the light of their plentiful lack of literary advantages, it becomes very remarkable indeed. They were three sisters—CHARLOTTE (1816–1855), EMILY JANE (1818–1848), and ANNE (1820–1849). Seldom have authors of distinction had more to contend with. They were poor, they were touched with hereditary disease, their lives were lonely and secluded from stimulating friendships or surroundings. Yet by sheer force of genius they won place in the world of letters.

Their first essay in letters was a joint volume—*Poems*, published 1846. They took the *noms de guerre* of Currer, Ellis, and Acton Bell; preserving the alliteration of their own names. The little book fell dead. The authors sent a copy to Tennyson, who always had a kindly admiration for them. In no wise deterred by the fate of the *Poems*, they immediately offered for publication a novel apiece. Those of Emily and Anne—*Wuthering Heights* and *Agnes Grey*—were accepted, though not upon particularly good terms. Charlotte, however, was

unsuccessful with *The Professor*. She set to work at once upon *Jane Eyre*, and the three novels were published in 1847.

They were all remarkable; *Wuthering Heights* and *Jane Eyre* showed marks of genius that in the latter were greeted with early appreciation. *Agnes Grey* did not attain the same standard either in strength or art, and its author never rose above its pleasing conventionality. But not so can the others be dismissed. *Jane Eyre* was not commonplace—still less so was *Wuthering Heights*. This book possesses a strange sort of strength that is sometimes almost brutal. We read that the character of Emily Brontë was gloomy and austere, and the book certainly evinces like tendencies. It was her only novel, for she died the year following its publication. We cannot determine what her future work would have been. There is no doubt of the power of *Wuthering Heights*, but whether succeeding books would have added a better art must remain an open question. Of its author's forceful style the following passage will give an idea:

"Wuthering Heights is the name of Mr. Heathcliff's dwelling. 'Wuthering' being a significant provincial adjective, descriptive of the atmospheric tumult to which its station is exposed in stormy weather. Pure, bracing ventilation they must have up there at all times, indeed. One may guess the power of the north wind blowing over the edge by the excessive slant of a few stunted firs at the end of the house, and by a range of gaunt thorns

all stretching their limbs one way, as if craving alms of the sun."

The scene is laid in the rugged Cornish moor-country; the story deals with the fortunes of a fierce implacable family, with the grim reality of personal knowledge with some of the harsh conditions. The art that was lacking in a certain degree to *Wuthering Heights* was present in *Jane Eyre*. Thus it is that Charlotte is the greatest of the three sisters. She has a fine appreciation of the technical necessities in fiction. In a word, she is more of an artist. Her longer life, too, gave her an advantage, and she published other novels. *Jane Eyre* remains the best; the others showed that she was not limited in scope. The sisters did not attain a wide outlook, but the wonder is that they attained any outlook at all. Shut in by hardship and adverse fate they nevertheless presented a remarkably true picture of the world. Of course they are narrow, their types of character are not many nor various, yet they put upon these the vital touch. Charlotte's passion—she practically inaugurated the novel of that type—an originality, and the sombre strength of Emily's imagination will not soon lose place in the annals of fiction.

Mary Ann Evans—far better known as George Eliot—aspired to be a poet as well as a novelist. But she had not the true poetical gift, and it is altogether as a novelist that she must be regarded.

She was born in 1819, and the care of her father's house early fell upon her shoulders. She was a precocious student, and her researches led her to form her own opinions—and very strong ones, too—with regard to Christianity and the social régime generally. In 1846 she published a translation of Strauss' *Life of Jesus*, four or five years later becoming assistant editor of the *Westminster Review*. In 1854 she carried her principles into practice by going to live with George Henry Lewes, a clever but somewhat too versatile journalist, waiving the ceremony of marriage and disregarding the fact that he had a wife still alive. She carefully defended this unusual step; but there is evidence that her mind was never quite at rest upon the subject, and two years after the death of Lewes she became the wife of another man (1880) in the customary mode. The influence of Lewes upon her mental development was beneficial, for he effaced himself to a great extent and by his excellent critical ability stimulated and directed her literary tendencies. Her first novel was *Adam Bede*, 1859; it had been preceded by *Scenes from Clerical Life*. From that time to the end of her life in 1880, she continued to work this vein. Her popularity came soon and remained. A contemporary French critic enthusiastically declared that for her "was reserved the honor of writing the most perfect novels yet known."

Without going so far as this it may nevertheless be said that George Eliot has a place among the

great English writers of fiction. She did not begin her novel work until late in life, and consequently combines freshness with range and experience. The earlier works are perhaps the best; towards the close of her career she inclined too much in the direction of Purpose. The groups of a recent critic afford a satisfactory view of her work. First, from 1857–61, including *Adam Bede*, *The Mill on the Floss* and *Silas Marner*; second, the single novel *Romola*, 1863; third, from 1866–80, including *Felix Holt*, *Middlemarch* and *Daniel Deronda*. The first group is marked by a combination of good qualities such as are not found in those which follow. *Adam Bede* and *The Mill on the Floss* have a pleasant lightness of touch, an ease and grace that do not survive in the later work. They show the reserve strength of one who selects from well-organized material. "The accumulated experiences of her long and passive youth were now poured out with a fortunate result." By and by, however, the spontaneity and humor shown in these books is clouded by a spirit of thoughtfulness. George Eliot began to take herself too seriously. She went to Italy in 1860 and wrote *Romola* three years later for the especial utilization of that experience. The period of *Romola* is the Italian Renaissance, and some have termed it a marvellous picture of Florentine life during the fifteenth century. But it smells of the lamp; the mere fact that she had spent only six weeks in Florence before writing it, gives

the book too much the character of a *tour de force*. And her latest novels are tinged by philosophy and by the desire to effect reforms, and novels for a purpose transduce the requirements of real art. Thus into *Daniel Deronda* comes the fatal defect of heaviness. It cannot support the weight of its inwrought didactic passages. Yet *Middlemarch* shows all the good points of her first novels, though even here there is a needless burden of philosophy. Her last work was a collection of essays called *The Impressions of Theophrastus Such* (1879); they are labored, and are marred by her tendency to receive the conclusions of philosophy for absolute truth. George Eliot will always command respect and a measure of love. Her position is a high one. But most readers will hesitate to place her—as she has been placed—by the side of Scott and Thackeray.

Next in order comes CHARLES KINGSLEY; who wrote some exquisite poetry beside his fine prose. He was a clergyman in the Church of England, born 1819 in Devonshire, where from his cradle he breathed the sea air. Educated at King's College, London, and at Cambridge, in 1860 he was made Professor of Modern History at Cambridge—a position which he held for nine years. His other honors were ecclesiastical. He was keenly alive to contemporary movements, and in two novels written in 1848–50 (*Alton Locke* and *Yeast*) he embalms in memorable setting some of the troubles of the working class, the difficulties of agricultural labor and

of labor in large cities. His zealous—though generous—partisanship led him into a theological controversy with Cardinal Newman in 1864. Newman (not Cardinal then, by the way) was master of an admirable style and a most logical gift of reasoning; Kingsley was very weak in argument and got the worst of a discussion which caused intense interest at the time. Kingsley died in 1875.

His work covered a wide range of subject. He began as a poet but with rare self-knowledge, finding that this was not his most suitable medium, he thrust all his energy to prose. But the little poetry he did was for the most part exceedingly beautiful. Most of it appeared before 1858; but some of his books written after that date contain lovely snatches of verse. The lines beginning "When all the world is young, lad," are a good example:

When all the world is young, lad,
  And all the trees are green;
And every goose a swan, lad,
  And every lass a queen;
Then hey for boot and horse, lad,
  And round the world away:
Young blood must have its course, lad,
  And every dog his day.

When all the world is old, lad,
  And all the trees are brown;
And all the sport is stale, lad,
  And all the wheels run down.
Creep home and take your place there,
  The spent and maimed among:
God grant you find a face there
  You loved when all were young.

His prose embraced such professional work as sermons and the lectures delivered at Cambridge, besides the novels which gave him rank in literature. After *Yeast* came *Hypatia*, the scene of which is laid in the Alexandria of the fifth century. It is interesting but a little heavy. Undoubtedly Kingsley is seen at his highest in *Westward Ho!* 1855. This spirited romance takes us back to Queen Elizabeth and the Spanish Armada. Drake, Hawkins and other worthies appear in its pages. Kingsley is especially happy at sea or on the wide moors, and the well-known scenery of Devon gives him opportunity for some powerful bits of description. *Westward Ho!* is thorough and consistent and well constructed. An idea of its style may be gained from the following passage :

"So they went on to the point, where the cyclopean wall of granite cliff . . . ends sheer in a precipice of some three hundred feet, topped by a pile of snow-white rock, bespangled with golden lichens. . . . It was a glorious sight upon a glorious day. To the northward the glens rushed down toward the cliff, crowned with gray crags, and carpeted with purple heather and green fern; and from their feet stretched away to the westward the sapphire rollers of the vast Atlantic, crowned with a thousand crests of flying foam. On their left hand, some ten miles to the north, stood out against the sky the purple wall of Hartland Cliffs, sinking lower and lower, as they trended away to the southward along the lonely iron-bound shores of Cornwall, until they faded, dim and blue into the blue horizon forty miles away.

"The sky was flecked with clouds which rushed towards them fast upon the roaring southwest wind; and the warm ocean breeze swept up the cliffs and whistled through the heather bells, and howled in cranny and crag."

Another historical romance followed in 1866—*Hereward the Wake*, the action of which falls about the Norman Conquest. While not in the class of its predecessor, it has the good qualities of strength and vividness. *The Water Babies*, of 1863, shows Kingsley in a quite unique light. The book is a sort of fairy-tale containing touches of satire and touches of pure nonsense, but charmingly written.

With Charles may be taken his brother Henry Kingsley, eleven years younger and the author of at least one excellent novel. He was an Oxford man and led a wandering life; spending a number of years in Australia. The knowledge thus acquired he used with good effect in various novels. He died the year after his brother and his personality was as pleasant as may be judged from the geniality of his books. Of these *Geoffrey Hamlin* and *Ravenshoe* are best known. The former was an outcome of his Australian life; in the latter, what plot it does possess hinges on the recent Crimean War. Its author was not strong on plots; but *Ravenshoe* is a book to which one willingly returns.

The value of strict attention to business is well shown in the case of Anthony Trollope (1815–1882). He inherited the literary spirit, and during

some thirty years produced a great many novels —in fact it is difficult to say how many. He rather prided himself upon the mechanical habits of work which enabled him to put forth so much. As a matter of fact his novels are by no means lacking in excellence. Trollope may be termed a thoroughly good novelist—so long as we remember the distinction between "good" and "better." He was always widely read, and his best work is seen in the group of novels written between 1855 and 1867. These are largely concerned with the life of a cathedral town—Barchester—which is really Winchester. In depicting the scenes and humors of this life Trollope cannot be surpassed. The series of stories is known as the "Barchester" series, and the names of some are: *Barchester Towers*, *Doctor Thorne*, and *The Last Chronicle of Barset*.

The difference between Trollope and CHARLES READE (1814–1884) is, as some one has very well said, the difference between talent and genius. Trollope never attains the "fine fury" of passion and pathos which is reached by Reade in *The Cloister and the Hearth* especially, and in several other books as well. Reade went to Oxford, studied law, and was called to the Bar. But his independent means and his eccentric tastes and habits rendered him little amenable to any profession. He had strong dramatic leanings, and began, while still a young man, to write dramas; one of them—*Gold*—was acted in 1853. But as a dramatist he

did not succeed. Fiction appealed to him as the next most fitting outlet for what he had to say, and to fiction he turned. *Peg Woffington*, his first published attempt, appeared in 1853. A period of thirty years remained to him, during which much good material took shape under his hands. His fame rests securely upon such undeniable successes as *The Cloister and the Hearth* (1861) and *It is never too late to Mend* (1856). Both came out in *Once a Week*, a magazine that gathered in various good things during the middle century. The latter is a novel of purpose, and on that ground as good as anything of its kind. The "purpose" is the reform of faults in prison administration, and the thoroughness of the author gives an added interest. *The Cloister and the Hearth* is a masterpiece. Holland of the fifteenth century affords a setting for plenty of romance and adventure. The descriptions are very realistic and the interwoven history is as accurate as *bona fide* extracts from a contemporary author can make it. *The Cloister and the Hearth* was built up by patient study and research; it has a balance and restraint that was by no means typical. For Reade was a man of strong character and sympathies, and expressed his opinions pretty strongly. Along with this went a faculty for collecting masses of detail for future reference. Hence, in most of his novels he puts forth theories and supports them by hard facts. At the same time the violence of his convictions was apt to overbalance

his calmer reason. His faults arise from this tendency. The faults, however, are not insistent, and much may be forgiven him because his best flights are both lofty and sustained.

Space fails to even enumerate the names of various other writers who were much appreciated in their day. We must hasten to the most brilliant of the writers that have arisen since 1850—ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON. He was born at Edinburgh in 1850. His grandfather and his father were both lighthouse architects, and their erections crowned many a wind-swept headland all round Scotland and England. Robert naturally was expected to follow in their footsteps. But in the first place he was hampered by ill health, and in the second place he was possessed by the literary spirit.

However, he received a school and college education, and for a time turned his thoughts toward matters mechanical. But this was not to be his destiny. He essayed the study of law—with no better result. Yet all the time he was unconsciously fitting himself for his real calling.

In 1872 he manifested symptoms of the lung trouble to which he eventually succumbed. He went to Mentonne on Riviera, and here wrote, for *Macmillan's Magazine*, the sketch called *Ordered South*. After this there was no further question as to what he should do. The remainder of his short life was spent in the development of a noble literary gift—and in the bitter search for health. The air

of his loved Scotland was too strong for him. He went to Paris and Southern Europe; afterwards to the Adirondacks and California. In California he lived some years and it appears in some of his novels. Finally, after wandering about the South Pacific generally, he settled down in Samoa upon a beautiful tract of land which he called Vailima. This was in 1887. Thenceforth it was his home, for the climate was eminently suitable and the scenery captivating. But his heart yearned sorely for the windy streets of Edinburgh and the bitter skies of the north. He cried:—

> Be it granted me to behold you again in dying, Hills of home!

But it was not granted; for he died suddenly in his home on the mountain-side in the South Sea Island, in December, 1894.

He left behind him a legacy of splendid prose, and also what some would be inclined to call more splendid still—the record of a noble life. He was sick and weak and harassed by the pressing need to find health; over his head was suspended the fatal sword: in his ears sounded the ocean of death. Yet his indomitable energy enabled him to write and to keep on writing under circumstances which would have deterred most men. It is not improbable that his dour confronting of fate won more years to his life. His career is a precious possession for the world, proving what bravery and honest faith may

achieve. Very fitting were the words of his noble little *Requiem* :—

> Under the wide and starry sky,
> Dig the grave and let me lie.
> Glad did I live and gladly die
> And I laid me down with a will.
>
> This be the verse you grave for me ;
> " Here he lies where he longed to be :
> Home is the sailor, home from the sea,
> And the hunter home from the hill ! "

Stevenson, when once his bent was manifest, consciously laid out for himself the life of a novelist. He had a very high conception of the duties and responsibilities of him who would speak for the world's delight. Hence he toiled hard to perfect himself in his art, to render himself fit to take up the torch of romance in Scotland that had fallen from the hand of the wizard of the North. " Nobody ever took such pains to learn a trade as I did." He made the most elaborate studies in style. He wrote continuously. And in the end he developed a style which has a peculiar individuality and charm. As a story-teller he was not only born but made—made by the severest processes of conscientious training. He combines, to a remarkable degree, the respective excellences of style and subject :—

" Night is a dead monotonous period under a roof ; but in the open world it passes lightly, with its stars and dews and perfumes, and the hours are marked by changes in the face of Nature. What

seems a kind of temporal death to people choked between walls and curtains, is only a light and living slumber to the man who sleeps afield. All night long he can hear Nature breathing deeply and freely; even as she takes her rest she turns and smiles; and there is one stirring hour unknown to those who dwell in houses, when a wakeful influence goes abroad over the sleeping hemisphere, and all the outdoor world are on their feet. It is then that the cock first crows, not this time to announce the dawn, but like a cheerful watchman speeding the course of night. Cattle awake on the meadows; sheep break their fast on dewy hillsides, and change to a new lair among the ferns; and houseless men, who have lain down with the fowls, open their dim eyes and behold the beauty of the night."

Stevenson's charm lies in the graphic power of his style almost more than the artistic construction of his plots. The perfection of his expression is seen also in many beautiful poems; he published three volumes of verse. Especially is it noticeable is such lines as the *Requiem* just quoted. Not until 1883, with *Treasure Island*, did the public realize how great a man was arising. He had already put forth some most enjoyable things: *An Inland Voyage* (1878); *Travels with a Donkey in the Cevennes* (1879); *Familiar Studies of Men and Books* (1882). *Treasure Island*, however, won the hearts of all who read it. The exuberant life and adventure of the book were well handled, while the characters are developed in a manner that makes this romance his most popular production. By its means he

gained first place in the public mind, and his uniform excellence during the remainder of his short life preserved his high position unquestioned in more critical eyes. After *Treasure Island* came an almost continuous series of volumes. *The Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde* (1886) is a powerful psychological study of double-consciousness. *Prince Otto* (1885), is the "peculiar but very beautifully written story of a prince with no fancy for princedom and no talent for governing, who leaves his vain young wife and unscrupulous Prime Minister in power and goes roaming among his subjects only to hear some far from complimentary opinions of himself. In the end both prince and princess learn love and wisdom in spite of the revolution that drives them from their tiny kingdom." *Across the Plains* (1892), tells of Stevenson's experiences in an emigrant train journeying from New York to San Francisco. As good as anything he ever did is the connected group—*Kidnapped* (1886), *David Balfour* (1893), *The Master of Ballantrae* (1889)—which deals with Jacobite Scotland and Scotch character. Several times he wrote in collaboration —not perhaps with results so good as with his unaided hand. Under such conditions were composed *The Wrecker*, and *The Ebb Tide*. He was engaged, at the time of his death, upon a romance called *Weir of Hermiston*, which would certainly have taken exceptionally high rank. *St. Ives*, a story of Napolean days, was compl.ed by another

hand. By his brave life, and his high romance, Stevenson has won the love of every heart—so much so that he is difficult to criticise fairly. No higher praise, however, can be given him than what is his just due—that he, the first Scotch novelist since 1832, was worthy to succeed the author of *Waverley*.

Of living novelists brief word. Most important is George Meredith, who was almost contemporary with Dickens and Thackeray. Born in 1828, he was educated in Germany with the object of becoming a lawyer. But as early as his twenty-third year he published a volume of *Poems*, which decided him to take up literature. A very powerful romance appeared in 1859—*The Ordeal of Richard Feveril*. Here may be seen his extraordinary epigrammatic style. This novel attracted the notice of thoughtful readers; it would probably have become far more popular but for the existence of the rival work of Dickens and Thackeray. Meredith has written with great regularity ever since. His more important works—besides *Richard Feveril*, which may be called the best of all—are: *Beauchamp's Career* (1875), *The Egotist* (1879), *Diana of the Crossways* (1885), *The Amazing Marriage* (1895). His poetry is considerable, and characterised by the same stimulating qualities that mark his prose. His novels, never likely to be widely popular, will repay a careful study by their presentations of social and political problems, their skilful analysis of character, their brilliant descriptive passages, and

the often inspiriting style in which they are written. *The Ordeal of Richard Feveril*, as was said, gives the best idea of Meredith as an author. The system of Richard's education—and its failure, due to eminently natural causes—is a subject that lends itself to the author's sparkling and cynical treatment.

Mr. Thomas Hardy occupies a commanding position among living writers of fiction. He was trained for architecture, and won distinction in that field. Not till he was thirty-one did his first novel appear—*Desperate Remedies* (1871). His *metier* is almost exclusively the peasant life of Dorsetshire and Wessex. The striking work, published 1891, called *Tess of the D'Urbervilles*, marks a departure from the *motif* of his earlier novels. It is true to life—realistic—and there is a marked cynicism throughout. The scene is laid in his favorite Wessex, and the story traces the career of a beautiful girl who is driven by fate to sin and the gallows. It is powerful and tragic; this is not the place to criticise its ethical significance, which would seem to be that human beings are helpless sufferers by a Divine misrule.

Mr. Hall Caine (b. 1853) was also an architect. He lived with Dante Gabriel Rossetti for some years prior to the poet's death in 1882. Beginning as a journalist, he entered the field of fiction about 1887. Since then he has written many skilful novels, the best of which are perhaps *The Deemster* (1887), and *The Manxman* (1894). Mr. Caine's scenes are

laid chiefly in the Isle of Man, and he has made a revelation to the world of the little Manx nation.

What the future of the novel will be it is idle to speculate. Recently its place seems to have been encroached on by the short story. But of its splendid achievements during the century there can be no doubt. Such names as Scott, Dickens, and Thackeray would alone suffice to ennoble the department of fiction, without the added breadth and detail given by many another. The distinctive periods are: first, that when Scott towered up and Miss Austen wrote; second, the period when Dickens and Thackeray were at their best. Apart from the obvious differences in style, etc., there was another which is interesting. During the former time there was little or no good second-class work; during the latter there was a very great deal. This second-class work has kept on increasing ever since —though most of it nowadays declines to a low third. There will probably always be a demand for novels as long as man can read and write; what the prospects are for the good novel is not so summarily determined. It is an interesting question whether all the possible combinations of situations will not presently be exhausted and the novel perish for want of nutriment! However, the perennial renewal of youth with each generation will always form a clientèle for the work of the masters of fiction in the past, and we can well afford, in this case, to let the future take care of itself.

THOMAS CARLYLE.

CHAPTER XI.

HALLAM: AND HISTORY.

A Difficulty.—Hallam.—Lingard and his Standpoint.—Greece: Grote and Thirlwall.—"The Document."—Macaulay.—His Service to Literature.—Carlyle.—His Manner and his Matter.—Froude.—Kinglake.—Freeman Green.

The difficulty of separating the literature of any period into convenient parts for clear treatment is nowhere more insistent than in the case of history and philosophy. They are of course very nearly akin, for philosophy is an essential part of the historian's training. And indeed the word "philosophy" conveys ideas of so large a calibre as to seem overpretentious for the limits of a single chapter. But a line may be drawn between those writers who were primarily historians and those who were primarily philosophers. It will be admitted at once that this distinction exists between Hallam and J. S. Mill, for example. The latter would never be called anything but a philosopher; Hallam is a philosopher, too, in a sense, but he is always—and rightly—termed an historian. Regarding the situation in this light, then, we may escape the main difficulty, and first discuss the historians pure.

During the opening period of nineteenth-century literature in England there was no historian of the first rank. Other branches were pursued with exceptional brilliancy, as we have seen. But in history a lack of valuable work is noticeable which seems like the reaction from the high achievement of Hume and Gibbon, who wrote towards the close of the last century. There were very natural reasons for this state of affairs. The tendencies which marked the early years of our period were not such as would conduce to the spirit of research and of judicial poise necessary for the historian. The stormy influences of the French Revolution were in quite another direction, "more likely to provide materials for history than history itself." There were candidates for poetical distinction,—and candidates for the honors of public life, but there were not great writers of history. At the same time, however, there was being wrought, deep down below the surface, a marked change in the historical point of view. One characteristic of romanticism was its sympathy for things of eld, its feeling for all that was vital and picturesque in antiquity. This led, for example, to the splendid height attained by the historical novel under Scott. Gradually, therefore, came about a love for historic research as such—apart from any question of abstract philosophy. Now the spirit which moved to approach and exhibit the past in this manner, is widely different from the cool and detached method of the

eighteenth century. That method appealed rather to the intellect and the reasoning faculties; the aim arising out of the romantic school, on the other hand, was to reproduce the past to the imagination in the warmth and color of life. The eighteenth century historians made but little inquiry into the origin and development of states; their field was rather the discussion of political conditions fixed by long process of time, or the decline of these upon the sunset of national life. But the new trend of historic study was along the lines of national growth. Broadly speaking, then, the central idea of the nineteenth century historian has been the conception of "continuity in national development; the idea of nationality as the ultimate force" in history. Thus is obtained a criterion by which the development of a nation may be justly traced. The method arose in Germany and was gradually wrought out during the latter half of the eighteenth century. And early in the following century the excellence of this mode of working was demonstrated so unmistakably as to attract the attention of the world. France first felt the stimulus; then England, though more slowly. The first historical work of the first class written in England after Gibbon's *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire* (1789) was Hallam's *Middle Ages* (1818). The hiatus between the two was filled as regards tangible material by numerous books of travel and exploration. But even Hallam's work did not represent the typical romantic spirit

in history; not until more than a decade later, by other historians, was that spirit exhibited in full.

Henry Hallam devoted himself to political and literary history during a period of thirty years, and may be regarded fairly enough as manifesting in his treatment the transition between the method of Gibbon and that of Macaulay or Carlyle. He "represents better perhaps than any other the English intellect of the epoch in which the eighteenth century was passing into the nineteenth." Hallam was forty-one years of age when he published the *View of the State of Europe During the Middle Ages*, in 1818. His life was an odd example of the irony of fate. Industrious, of fine literary qualities, gifted with ample wealth and ample leisure, it would seem as if nothing was wanting to make him happy. But the latter part of his life was darkened by the shadow of death. His eldest son, after passing through Cambridge with the highest honors, and when just beginning to develop mental qualities of exceptional brilliancy, went abroad for a pleasure trip with his father, and died very suddenly in a small German town. This was in 1833. And there were yet three more deaths which came home to him in the same terrible way. His wife, his eldest daughter, and his second son were taken from him. Perhaps it was with some idea of forgetting his sorrows that he undertook so huge a piece of work as the *Introduction to the Literature of Europe in the Fifteenth, Sixteenth, and Seventeenth Centuries.* This

was completed and had appeared by 1839. Hallam lived on for twenty years more, issuing in 1848 a volume of notes and corrections supplementary to the *Middle Ages*. As author of such learned books, it is somewhat surprising to see him in the light of "the most rapid talker in the company, quick in his movements, genial in his feelings, earnest in narrating, rather full of dissent from what everybody said, innocently surprised when he found himself agreeing with anybody." He was the friend of many statesmen of his day, and thus gained a strong political insight.

A natural outcome of Hallam's first publication was the *Constitutional History of England from Henry VII. to George II.* (1827), in which he develops the legislative aspect of England in a fuller continuation of the brief notice given in the earlier work. The value of the three treatises is very great. The *Middle Ages* is a masterpiece. The verdict of time has confirmed the general opinion of Hallam's contemporaries, and his careful and judicial volumes remain standard works. It will be noticed that he was a literary as well as a political historian, and this combination is not infrequent during the nineteenth century. In Hallam's case the latter field was the better traversed, in the former he was hampered by grief and the weight of years. The *History of the Middle Ages* evinces a remarkable grasp of detail, a clear point of view, and a scholarly style. It is divided into nine long chapters, and

presents a very complete picture of the interesting period with which it deals. The author's grasp of fundamentals, his orderly unfolding of great events and sequences are truly admirable. The *Constitutional History* is tinged to a certain extent by the tendency to regard the development of the English Constitution as an effort of conscious policy consistently directed towards a certain end. The position of Hallam as a literary historian is not so strong. Literature in the Middle Ages is an over-large subject for one man to do justice to; and Hallam lacked sympathy with the passion of which the poetry of that time was so full. However, his place as an historian is well assured. The three works are not suited for light reading: their style is not brilliant, though excellently clear; they will exist for the student and not for the general reader. But for the student they have permanent value.

John Lingard (1771–1851) wrote a *History of England* from the standpoint of a Roman Catholic, and was the first to present that view to an English public. He was a priest, and received his training at the great Seminary of Douay. He fled to England after the Revolution, and in 1811 settled at the little village of Hornly, in Lancashire, where he spent the remainder of his life. There is no doubt that his practical knowledge of Catholic disabilities in England—so bitter at that time—stirred him to set forth the presentation which he gave of English history. The position of his co-religionists at the

beginning of the present century renders more notable the general moderation of his work. As he was writing for an avowedly hostile public, it was natural that he should aim at persuasion rather than argument. That the history was not extreme and had real historical value is shown by the attacks which extremists made upon it—Protestants in the *Edinburgh Review*, and Catholics at Rome. The first three volumes of the History were published in 1819, and it was eventually brought down to the year 1860. It was planned and executed upon a large scale, and was the result of many years' research. Not the least noticeable point in its favor was the graphic and easy style which won friends that its general moderation bound closer. For Lingard anticipated Macaulay in the aim of making history readable for the masses; his natural diction is the more remarkable at a time when the dignity of the subject was thought to impose necessarily a ponderous method of treatment. He is not always fair; prejudices give wrong color to some of his conclusions. But this may be overlooked in view of the judicial nature of by far the greater part of the *History*. The value of his services to his church called from the Pope, it is said, the offer to make him a Cardinal. And one likes Lingard none the less for his refusal, on the ground that "it would quite put a stop to the progress of my history."

Such a country as Greece, with its stimulating development and its fine achievement in art and

literature, must always fascinate the student. Consequently it was not long after the revival of English historical writing that there appeared books upon the subject. A *History* by WILLIAM MITFORD, written frankly in the Tory behalf, was completed in 1818. Two names especially come up in this connection. GEORGE GROTE (1794–1871) and CONNOP THIRLWALL (1797–1875), both wrote histories of Greece. Grote was a banker by profession, became member of Parliament, and in 1843 gave himself up entirely to the work which he had planned for twenty years. His *History* was published between 1846 and 1856. It shows great care and thoroughness, which has enabled it to hold its position. It is not well written, being heavy and unattractive. It is, moreover, partizan,—he was a "Whig" and draws opinions from Greece of old that strengthen his political bias. "Democracy becomes a kind of fetish to him. Its success in the Athens of the fifth century B.C. is made an argument for extending the English franchise in the nineteenth century A.D.," and he does not see the impossibility of reasoning from one to the other. Thirlwall surpasses Grote in fairness and in style—possibly because of the University education which the other lacked. He was a clergyman, rising eventually to the Bishopric of St. David's; though he had various unorthodox views. The *History of Greece*, upon which rests his literary fame, was at first intended for an encyclopædia of the day, but outgrew the limits set. It

was published between 1835 and 1847. Thirlwall possessed a method which was more in accord with that of the preceding century than Grote's. He is more dignified, more reserved, and taking him altogether a more competent historian. But Grote was in touch with popular feeling and his mode of working was closer to contemporary ideas upon the writing of history. Consequently he obtained an authority during his life which has not since been seriously impaired.

The most marked change in the department of history which the present century introduced was the dependence upon documents and records. Gradually it began to be regarded as the first duty of an historian to consult every scrap of evidence relating to the period under his consideration. The danger that besets this modern school of "documentary historians" seems to be the tendency to rank the gathering and collecting of evidence above the more purely literary quality of a good style—to decry the importance of an interesting presentation. That danger has not become serious, however, and two of the most influential writers of the century have enforced the principle of the documentary basis, while at the same time insisting upon the value of a striking exhibition. Macaulay and Carlyle—especially the latter—exercised a profound influence upon the thought of the century. We may regard them as chiefly historians in this place, though each was distinguished as an essayist.

Widely different in many ways, they at least were agreed upon the essential importance of verifying facts as far as possible, both by documents and by the careful study of localities.

Thomas Babington Macaulay was a precocious child who fulfilled the promise of his youth in a manner not usual with precocious children. He studied at Cambridge amid a very brilliant group of contemporaries. Notwithstanding a "constitutional incapacity" for mathematics he crowned a distinguished collegiate career by being elected Fellow of Trinity in 1824. For a time his future was uncertain, owing to the loss of his father's fortune, and his own lack of interest in the Law, the profession intended for him. But his tendencies had always been literary, and in 1825 his *Essay on Milton* appeared in the *Edinburgh Review*. This marked the beginning of his literary career. The essay was most striking, and Jeffrey, the famous and competent editor of the *Review*, wrote to the young author in amazed congratulation. "The more I think," he said, "the less I can conceive where you picked up that style." "That style," then somewhat overloaded, was improved until it became perhaps the clearest and most brilliant of the century. Success thus reached him early, and he enjoyed it in full measure during his whole life. In 1830 he entered Parliament. He was a remarkably effective speaker —though, perhaps, not strong in the warfare of actual debate. Four years afterwards, at the age

of thirty-four, he received a valuable appointment in India, by way of a reward for his services to his party. His sojourn lasted until 1838 and his energetic nature led him to work with untiring zeal. One result is seen in the fine Essays on *Clive* and *Warren Hastings*. Returning to England, he again entered Parliament and was made Secretary of War in 1840. More important was the publication, two years later, of the *Lays of Ancient Rome*. These secured his position in poetry. The *Lays* are not of the highest poetical rank, and it has been attempted to deny them any excellence; but of stirring poetry, which is popular, vigorous, and rings with a very clear note, there are few better examples. A collection of *Essays* came out in 1843. His further political preferment was the Postmaster-Generalship in 1846, and a peerage in 1857. He died two years later, at the age of fifty-nine years. The most important work of his life was the *History of England from the Accession of James II.*, unfortunately not completed, the four volumes of which signalized the years 1848 and 1855.

Macaulay published his great work in a state of mind which he has himself explained: "When I compare my book with what I imagined history ought to be, I feel dejected and ashamed; but when I compare it with some histories that have a high repute, I feel reassured." But however doubtful he was, there was no doubt of its excellence in the public mind. Unstinted praise poured in upon him.

Sweetest of all to the author was that of some workingmen in the North of England, who moved him a vote of thanks "for having written a history which workingmen can understand." Indeed, it had been Macaulay's aim throughout to write a history that—while perfectly accurate—should be as interesting as possible. He struck a deadly blow at the false conception which would sacrifice to a wrong idea of dignity all that was brilliant in treatment. The style in which the *History* is written, and which its author by infinite pains brought to perfection, was something that never had illumined the past. And no less charming was his general arrangement. "It will be my endeavor," he said, "to relate the history of the people as well as the history of the government, to trace the progress of useful and ornamental arts, to describe the rise of religious sects and the changes of literary tastes, to portray the manners of successive generations, and not to pass by with neglect its revolutions which have taken place in dress, furniture, repasts, and public amusements. I shall cheerfully bear the reproach of having descended below the dignity of history, if I can succeed in placing before the English of the nineteenth century a true picture of the life of their ancestors."

And well does he carry out his intention. There is no more thoroughly interesting history in English. Space does not permit of a lengthy quotation; the following, taken almost at random, will illus-

trate his style. It describes the landing of William of Orange at Torbay in 1688:—

"When Sunday the fourth of November dawned, the cliffs of the Isle of Wight were full in view of the Dutch armament. That day was the anniversary both of William's birth and of his marriage. Sail was slackened during part of the morning, and divine service was performed on board of the ships. In the afternoon and through the night the fleet held on with its course. Torbay was the place where the prince intended to land. But the morning of Monday the fifth of November was hazy. The pilot of the Brill (flagship of William) could not discern the sea-marks, and carried the fleet too far to the west. The danger was great. To return in the face of the wind was impossible. Plymouth was the next port. But at Plymouth a garrison had been posted. . . . The landing might be opposed, and a check might produce serious consequences. There could be little doubt, moreover, that by this time the royal fleet had got out of the Thames and was hastening full sail down the Channel. Russel saw the whole extent of the peril, and exclaimed to Burnet, 'You may go to prayers, Doctor, all is over.' At that moment the wind changed; a soft breeze sprang up from the south; the mist dispersed; the sun shone forth; and under the mild light of an autumnal noon, the fleet turned back, passed round the lofty cape of Berry Head, and rode safe in the harbor of Torbay."

The charm of Macaulay's style is almost irresistible. It strongly inclines one to forget—or at least forgive—his weaknesses. These were, in the first place, an undeniably one-sided treatment of certain episodes. He was a strong Whig in politics, and

he allowed his politics to influence his conclusions. Thus King William is in all things a hero, while King James is a double-dyed villain. This well-marked tendency caused the criticism that dubbed the *History* "a Whig pamphlet in four octavo volumes,"—which was exaggerated, but contained an element of truth. Another fault is the autocratic temperament which insists too strongly upon conclusions that are not thoroughly supported. But, after all, these weaknesses are in no sense vital. It cannot be said that Macaulay ever intentionally falsified evidence. And if one is on guard against his well-known predilections, there are few authors who can afford more intellectual pleasure. The same remarks apply to his *Essays*. They are many in number and various in subject (though chiefly historical), and scattered over the period of his whole literary career. And they are perhaps the most famous of all essays. A favorite example is *Warren Hastings*, which also evidences his historical method at its best. Macaulay left behind him a legacy of style which, backed by the force of his own personality, was immensely influential in giving life to the general literary expression of the nineteenth century.

Thomas Carlyle was so much more than a historian that he is most difficult to classify. But chiefly he was a historian and may be taken here. One of the strangest personalities of the century, grim and strenuous, he fought his way to a place in

the very forefront of contemporary thought. In many respects he was the direct opposite of Macaulay. They were at one upon certain root principles; but their ways of looking at things were widely different. The matter may be epitomized by saying that Macaulay was an optimist and thoroughly satisfied with himself and his times; while Carlyle was a pessimist—or something like it—convinced that the times were out of joint. He was born towards the close of the old century—1795 the year, and Ecclefechan, in Dumfriesshire, Scotland, the place. He followed the usual educational routine of a Scotch boy, attending the local schools and the University of Edinburgh—where he was not happy. His father wished him to become a minister of the Scottish church, but he himself was so full of doubt and questionings that he ultimately gave up the idea. For some years his life was very unsettled; by turns he was schoolmaster, tutor, hack writer, and through all a hard student. When he was twenty-eight he began German, and laid the foundations of a lifelong debt to the German philosophy.

A promise of good things to come was seen in the *Life of Schiller* (1825). The following year he married. And in 1828 he took the step which settled his whole future, retiring to his wife's farm at Craigenputtock. Here he remained for six years, and though it soon became "this Devil's den" to him, the years of his sojourn among the lonely wilderness of heath and rock determined all his ten-

dencies and inspired his best work. Many of his essays were written there and practically the whole of his literary output was potentially planned. During this time, too, he wrote the extraordinary book called *Sartor Resartus*, which appeared (to the great dismay of certain subscribers) in *Fraser's Magazine*. This, so much misunderstood, was in reality the proclamation of his theory of life—a "grim sort of gospel according to Thomas Carlyle." In *Sartor Resartus* is first manifested the strange style which has become associated with his name. Upon leaving Craigenputtock Carlyle went to London, which was his home thenceforward. But he was at a low ebb financially, and for a little the world did not go well with him. He thought of emigrating to America. A series of lectures, however, helped him for the moment, and in 1837 his position was assured once and for all by the publication of his *History of the French Revolution*, a wonderfully vivid, powerful and adequate description of that epoch. Hard work filled up the rest of his literary life; the closing event of which was the publication of the *History of Frederick the Great*, in 1865. For some fifteen years he had been in the "Valley of the Shadow of Frederick," and the colossal work took about seven in actual publication. The death of his wife in 1866 seemed to chill his brain and he practically ceased writing—also he was growing old. He died in 1881.

No man has more thoroughly felt and interpreted

the questionings of the age. Carlyle gives the key-note to the thought of the nineteenth century. The doubts which were so vitally present to his own youthful consciousness are what every thinking man has to face to-day. Hence the value of his brave message, when he shakes off his doubts and confronts the "everlasting No"—the denial of God or system in the universe. Only by the "Everlasting yea"—the acknowledgment of God—can the perplexing things of life, "the mad primeval Discord," be brought into accord. But no just idea can be given of his splendid philosophy of life within the compass of a few words. That philosophy is found fully expressed in *Sartor Resartus*, which many regard as his best work. The name means *The Tailor Retailored*, and the book is ostensibly the review of a German treatise on Clothes. But the real significance is full of value to those who seek it. Carlyle describes his own experience and develops a theory of reconstruction which men gradually found to be eminently adapted for present needs. The book is original; but it finely faces the difficulties and the needs of this complex period in which we live. The value of this strange volume is owing to its strength and sincerity, to the fact that its central theme is the struggle and victory of a human soul in the face of doubt and despair. Carlyle's whole teaching may well be compressed into the single passage: "Remember now and always that life is no idle dream, but a solemn reality based upon Eternity and

encompassed by Eternity. Find out your task: stand to it: the night cometh when no man may work."

Carlyle's historical work manifests the trend of his sympathies. He fought all his life against shams, and the period of the French Revolution attracted him because by it were so many falsities exploded. He worshipped the strength of character which added thereto thoroughness and piety; and the personality of Cromwell led him to write a life of the great Puritan. His admiration of sheer power pointed him to the *History of Frederick the Great*, in which the colossal Emperor has the whole of Europe for a background. The field of history was the best for the exercise of his literary faculties. At the basis of his method lay the strict regard for truth which is the historian's first essential. Every page contains foot-notes of reference. He has also the sense of artistic proportion, and never obtrudes insignificant facts. He grips the main features with a firm hand. And his presentation is always graphic. Consequently Carlyle's historical work gives a wonderfully living idea of the past. Even if there has not been complete agreement as to his conclusions, he has at least colored the opinion of every one who has read his books.

The style of Carlyle is absolutely unique—it is new, forceful, disjointed, vivid. In attempting to explain it one should remember that he was the most famous and original of those scholars who

have interpreted German thought to Englishmen. Coleridge had done something, but Carlyle was supreme in this respect. His German studies early interested him in the philosophy of that nation, and, while he ridicules certain phases of it, no man was more respectful of the high qualities which it possessed. A reflection of his German studies gives rise to much of his peculiarity of style. Neither the *Life of Schiller*, nor the very beautiful *Essay on Burns* shows signs of this. Later, however, it begins to develop and *Sartor Resartus* manifests it fully. Yet it is not entirely due to German influence —personality had much to do with it. It was at first derided as "insane rhapsody"; to-day it is ranked far otherwise. Without attempting analysis of its virtues and peculiarities, it may be said that no one but Carlyle could have used it; and that to him it was almost indispensable. It possesses remarkable power both of satire and pathos. As an example the following will serve from the description of the death of Marie Antoinette:—

"The bloom of the fair face is wasted, the hair is gray with care; the brightness of those eyes is quenched, their lids hang drooping, the face is stony pale as of one living in death. Mean weeds (which her own hand has mended) attire the Queen of the World. The death-hurdle where thou sittest pale, motionless, which only curses environ, has to stop: a people, drunk with vengeance, will drink it again in full draught looking at thee there; far as the eye searches, a multitudinous sea of maniac heads; the air deaf with their triumph-yell! The Living-dead

must shudder with yet another pang; her startled blood yet again suffuses with the hue of agony that pale face, which she hides in her hands. There is then *no* heart to say, God pity thee! . . . Thy path of thorns is nigh ended. One long last look at the Tuileries, where thy step was once so light—where thy children shall not dwell. The head is on the block: the axe rushes—dumb lies the World; that wild-yelling World, and all its madness, is behind thee."

Only a word can be said of the other historians of the nineteenth century. Foremost of those after Macaulay and Carlyle, is JAMES ANTHONY FROUDE (1818–1894). An Oxford man, he experienced the influence of the Tractarian Movement, and entered the Church in 1844. But he was soon forced away by the drift of his opinions, and published his experience in a book called *The Nemesis of Faith* (1848). Soon afterwards he met Carlyle, and from 1860 was his devoted disciple. The effect was almost wholly good because Carlyle impressed upon Froude his own clear way of looking at things. Froude's *chef d'œuvre* was *A History of England from the Fall of Wolsley to the Defeat of the Spanish Armada* (1856–1869). *The English in Ireland in the Eighteenth Century*, another important work, appeared (1871–74). The year following the latter date Froude was sent on government business to the Cape. After the death of Carlyle he published a biography of the great Scotchman in two instalments—1882 and 1884. The book is exceedingly interesting, but open to question on the ground of tact.

It has been accused of carelessness, of bad taste, even of treachery, in revealing things just as well left untouched. In his other work other faults are observable. He was inaccurate—through lack of care; he was partial; in fact he cannot be trusted as to matters of fact. If he dislikes a character—as in the case of Mary, Queen of Scots—he paints it very black; if one appeals to him—as in the case of Henry VIII.—it is very kindly treated. On the other hand, his good points, as indicated by a recent authority, are: the fine patriotism which, never blind to the country's faults, grasps and admires and does its utmost to preserve her true greatness; a faculty of vivid portraying that makes historic men and periods stand out; and a style that is a "perfect harmony of unpretentious music."

Alexander Kinglake (1811–1891) is best known by a *History of the Crimean War* (1863–83), which is an example of the tendency to "specialize" in the present day; devoted to a brief struggle, it is in marked contrast to the huge march of Carlyle's great histories. It is interesting for the most part, and some of the "battle-pieces" are very striking —the more so as being written by an eye-witness.

Edward Augustus Freeman (1823–1892) is an expert in the eleventh and twelfth centuries. Most important of his many writings is the standard *History of the Norman Conquest*, which appeared during the nine years 1867–76. He won many honors during his life and in 1884 became Regius Professor

of History at Oxford, holding the position to his death. He was leader of that "Teutonic" school of historians, which lays great stress upon the influence of Teutonic stock in English development. He attacked Froude's work fiercely, as lacking in the truth necessary to history. The short life of his most famous pupil bore witness to the excellence of his teaching. John Richard Green (1837–1883) —the pupil—produced, in 1874, a very popular and very valuable work—*A Short History of the English People*. He brought out especially the essential importance of regarding the "common" people themselves in the progress of history. Death too soon cut short this useful life.

The labor of the historian during the nineteenth century has been vastly lightened by the selection and assembling of material. As soon as the "documentary" theory was fully received, there began the eager search for "brute facts," and their publication for the benefit of all concerned. Every year it is becoming less necessary for the historian to devote his time to the mere hunt for documents. In every department of history the basic material is being printed and put on record. This lessens immensely the work of the writer of history as compared with his predecessor seventy years back. The great difference between the historians of the past two centuries lies in the gradual emergence of the documentary idea. History is no longer a matter of brilliant guess-work, of genius unaided by

the light of research. The most painstaking study of State papers and archives, of places and scenes, is the first step now towards the making of history. Compare the method of Hume with that of Macaulay or Carlyle! Hume laid principal stress upon the historian; with the later men the document becomes of prime importance—the historian must rely thereupon. A distinct achievement is that of style. Addison, say, at the beginning of the last century would never have dreamed of writing a history in the delightful manner of his *Spectator* essays.

But in our own time it has been proved that the best history may be couched in language beautiful and clear—nay, that this is even necessary. What the next hundred years will bring no man can tell; certain it is that the nineteenth century leaves behind it a fine flower of historical work.

CHAPTER XII.

PHILOSOPHERS AND CRITICS.

THE TREATMENT.—PHILOSOPHERS: BENTHAM.—MACKINTOSH.—MILL AND HIS TRAINING.—HIS WORK.—DARWIN AND EVOLUTION.—HUXLEY.—SPENCER AND THE "SYNTHETIC PHILOSOPHY."—CRITICS AND ESSAYISTS: LAMB.—THE ESSAIS OF ELIA.—DE QUINCEY.—HAZLITT.—ARNOLD AS PROSE WRITER: HIS PLEA FOR CULTURE.—RUSKIN AND PROSE STYLE.—PATER, SYMONDS, AND MINTO.—CRITICISM.

THE high place of England in arms and arts and song is not hers in philosophy—though she shows some towering names. The exponents of philosophy in the nineteenth century can here receive but scant treatment, owing both to the impossibility of any full outline and also to the fact that pure philosophy does not always possess literary quality. In any case the subject is so immense that the hopelessness of any adequate view within present limits imposes the lightest possible handling.

Three names there are which at once spring into prominence—Bentham, Mackintosh and Mill, leaders in English philosophy during the early part of our period, and all having literary fame as well. JEREMY BENTHAM, greatest of the three, was born far back in the old century—1748 was the year—

and survived until 1832. He was very precocious as a child and youth, and afterwards developed into an eccentric old man. Of his young life but little is known; his old age is more familiar, with its odd fashions and friendships and its continuous labor. From his earliest years he had the philosophic mind. His first work was *A Fragment on Government*, in 1776, which did not enlighten the world to the extent that its author had hoped. But it gained him fame and some friendship in high places. He gradually came to hold the foremost position in the philosophy of the day—he "was the centre round which the philosophic activity of the period grouped itself." Most representative among his other works were the *Introduction to the Principles of Morals and Politics* (1789) and *Discourses on Civil and Penal Legislation* (1802). The doctrine upon which all his philosophy hinged was that of "utility." Like many of the men of his time he was deeply interested in the improvement of human conditions. In all his writings his aim is "the greatest happiness of the greatest number." This principle he developed very fully and, notwithstanding a disheartening lack of general acquiescence in his method, he succeeded in "sowing principles, suggestions, knowledge, broadcast among the classes of which legislation is the natural trade," and thus in the end exercised a very real influence by his theorizing.

The chief exponent of Bentham's ideas was JAMES

Mill, as James Mackintosh was their opponent. Both were Scotchmen. Mill was the lifelong disciple of Bentham and received from him the utmost kindness. Mill had been educated at Edinburgh and became acquainted with Bentham about 1808. That genial little philosopher was in marked contrast to his dour Scotch protégé, of whom it is said that "his entering a room where the family was assembled, was observed by strangers to operate as an immediate damper." He published, in 1818, a *History of India*, which was the first valuable work on the subject, and which gained him an important post in the East India Company. This separated him from the close companionship of Bentham, which had subsisted for so many years, but the master did not for a moment lose his deep interest in the disciple; while the latter always retained his position as a champion of Benthamism. In 1835 was published his *Fragment on Mackintosh*—a vigorous reply to that writer's *Dissertation on Ethical Philosophy*, which attacked Bentham's utilitarian system.

James (afterwards Sir James) Mackintosh began life with a brilliancy that did not prove lasting. The great speech of Edmund Burke on the French Revolution in 1790 stirred the heart of the romantic young lawyer, who saw only good in the mighty struggle. He at once penned a reply—*Vindiciæ Gallicæ*—which was his masterpiece. It was a strong and glowing defence and a fine exposition of

his own ideas; and, though in course of time he changed his point of view, the *Vindiciæ* made him known. Soon afterward he accepted an Indian appointment, which took him out of England for some five years, and in all probability lost him the more golden opportunities at home. His *Dissertation*, written for the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, constitutes his chief claim to philosophical honors.

James Mill had a son who, though greater than his father, owed his tendencies and powers entirely to that father's shaping hand. John Stuart Mill (1806–1873) is a capital example of the power of training. His father deliberately undertook to mould him into a philosopher. And the experiment throve infinitely better than such experiments generally do. The son became a man very literally after the father's own heart. He was connected throughout his life with the India House. This gave him competence, and at the same time sufficient leisure for study. Few will dispute the prime place among his works of the *System of Logic* and the *Political Economy*, published 1843 and 1848, respectively. They are still regarded as standard books. Naturally John Stuart Mill followed out his father's philosophical ideas. Adding conceptions and developments of his own, he formed, about the middle of the century, a school which was eminently needed just about that time. It took the place of the Benthamite School, the tenets of which had become untenable. His influence was

very wide—no philosophic writer during the century could claim a larger following. His power of clear exposition had not a little to do with this. It is impossible to mistake the meaning of what he says, so exact are his arguments and so thorough his explanations. Combined with this clear style was a deep knowledge and a quick intelligence, so that it is easy to understand his lofty position as an English thinker.

There were two scientists who should be mentioned, associated by their work, their literary style, the obloquy which was for a time heaped upon them by the "orthodox," and by their ultimate fame. These were Charles Robert Darwin (1807–1882), and Thomas Henry Huxley (1825–1895). Darwin's life-work was the enunciation of the great Theory of Evolution. The central idea had been vaguely before men's minds for a great many years, but Darwin gave it expression and forced home its significance. He aimed at solving the problem how animals and plants came to have the habits and the formations by which they are distinguished in different classes. Why should there not be a continued progression along certain fixed lines? Whence came the infinite differences of living things? The principles he developed—that selection is "the keystone of man's success in making useful races of animals and plants," and that selection is worked out by the bitter struggle for life throughout all nature, in accordance with the law of the survival of the fittest—since they were

promulgated have wrought a complete change in the study of science. In two books—the result of travel, careful research, and wide experience—he set forth his ideas to the world. The first was *The Origin of Species*, published 1859, of which it may be said that no book in the century caused greater discussion, or eventually won a greater victory. The second was *The Descent of Man* (1871), scarcely less important. Besides their immense scientific value, Darwin's writings have the worth of being very well written; he gives the impression, as some one has said, that he could have made his mark in pure literature. Huxley, a younger man, followed Darwin's theories with strong interest, and on their behalf engaged in discussions that were frequent and fierce. He was a constant opponent of the supernatural in life and literature, and he wrote much and forcibly upon that subject. It was left for Mr. HERBERT SPENCER (b. 1820) to attempt a consideration of all the facts relating to the development of life and of society. He deliberately marked out for himself a grand system called *The Synthetic Philosophy*, and completed it in thirty-three years (1862–1895). Its aim is "to gather together all the accumulations of modern knowledge and to unite them under general conceptions." There are five divisions of this great work—as vast an undertaking, perhaps, as any man has ever achieved: 1, The proper field and limitations of Philosophy; 2, Biology; 3, Psychology; 4, Sociology; 5 (and

most difficult to treat), Morals and the Laws of Social Development. The *Synthetic Philosophy* is based upon the principle of evolution— is a most comprehensive application of that theory. The conclusions of such a union of philosophy and science are very cogent, and bear witness to Spencer's wonderful grasp and mental breadth.

It is a far cry from philosophy and the century's end back to its beginning and the critics or essayists. For the present we may pass by the fearless Jeffrey, the brutal Gifford, the brilliant Lockhart, and come to one who has a greater name than all, Charles Lamb. A gentle, whimsical, humorous personality, touched by the hand of sorrow, he lived his life amid all the noise of the great city which was indeed the kindly nurse of his muse. He was born in London in 1775, educated at Christ's Hospital—the Bluecoat School—where Coleridge was his schoolfellow and became his lifelong friend. At the age of fourteen he commenced to work for a living. Beginning in the South Sea Office, he entered the India House some four years later. Thenceforward he was committed to the drudgery of desk and office until he retired on a pension in 1834. His life was marked by a dreadful tragedy which changed its whole course. A strain of madness ran in the blood. To himself it meant only one attack of a mild nature—the beginning of 1796 was spent, as he says, "very agreeably in a madhouse at Hoxton." But his sister, Mary Lamb, had a harder lot to bear; for, on a ter-

rible day in September of the same year, she seized a knife from the dinner-table and killed her own mother. "I was at hand only in time to snatch the knife out of her grasp," writes poor Charles, then a youth of twenty-one. It was to Coleridge that Lamb poured out his griefs at this unhappy time. "I have never met with any one," he says, "who could compensate me for the loss of your society." This is a valuable comment upon the sympathetic genius of that strange character. Some years afterwards, upon the death of his old, invalid father, Lamb took his sister back to his home, where he could give her the "tender shelter of his little rooms and great pitying love." But she was subject to continual relapses and it was some time before he could gain the legal right to protect her, and then only by promising to take her under his care for life. But despite the sad side these two did not live an unhappy life. Bitter indeed were those repeated journeyings to the asylum, when they might be seen "slowly pacing together a little foot-path in Hoxton fields, both weeping bitterly." But to offset this there were the weekly gatherings in the "low-roofed, dark little rooms" for whist and chat when the most attractive literary men of London foregathered, and many a joyful ramble in the great city itself, or an occasional excursion into the country; and enveloping all the sacred light of love and self-devotion that always is associated with the gentle-hearted Charles Lamb.

A sympathetic critic, a careful student of the sixteenth and seventeenth century literature, and a writer of most charming essays, it is in the last capacity that he is best known. Addison, a hundred years earlier, had discovered the secret of fascination with his daily *Spectator* papers, light, half confidential, and altogether enjoyable. Before him the essay had lacked that touch of ease and brightness which gained immense popularity without any sacrifice of the highest literary art; after him there was nothing to compare with his work until 1820, when Lamb began to publish certain *Essays of Elia* in the *London Magazine*. This magazine ran for about five years, and much of its success was due to its unassuming contributor at the East India House. The demise of the *London* was almost coincident with Lamb's retirement from the India House drudgery of which he had complained so long. Strangely enough (and yet, perhaps not so strangely after all), he was not quite happy during the time that remained to him after his thirty-three years' bondage to the Philistines; nor did he do any work as good as that which had gone before. His best writing was done prior to 1825. The closing years were sad with the sense of decline, with the feeling that the end was near when he should pass to his long home and the mourners go about the streets. A collection of the *Essays* was published in 1823. They are the height of his genius and what he had done before led up to this climax. What he had

done comprised a considerable output, best of which were the excellent *Tales founded on the Plays of Shakespeare*, 1807, written in conjunction with his sister; and *Specimens of the English Dramatic Poets who lived about the time of Shakespeare*, 1808, a valuable selection with notes that are short but very felicitous. The *Essays* unite all that was best in the thought of Lamb. They are cast in that familiar mould which only one or two English writers have known how to write with exquisite literary art. They are full of imagination, touched by a melancholy and whimsical fancy, steeped in humor "which is charged with poetry and with kindliness . . . . with the airiest romance and the profoundest good sense." The style is quaint, and has a smack of the antique that comes of Lamb's taste for the earlier prose writers. Seldom has it been better illustrated how a man's character is reflected in his style. The *Essays* deal with all manner of subjects—this diffuseness and lack of premeditation is one of their charms. The following, from *A Dissertation on Roast Pig*, gives a touch of his humor:—

"*He must be roasted.* I am not ignorant that our ancestors ate them seethed, or boiled—but what a sacrifice of the exterior tegument!

"There is no flavor comparable, I will contend, with that of the crisp, tawny, well-watched, not overroasted *crackling*, as it is well called—the very teeth are invited to their share of the pleasure at this banquet in overcoming the coy, brittle resistance,—with the adhesive oleaginous—O call it not fat—but an

indefinable sweetness growing up to it—the tender blossoming of fat—fat cropped in the bud—taken in the shoot—in the first innocence—the cream and quintessence of the child-pig's yet pure food—the lean, no lean, but a kind of animal manna,—or, rather, fat and lean (if it must be so) so blended and running into each other, that both together make but one ambrosian result, or common substance."

Somewhat below Lamb stands Thomas De Quincey. He was born in 1785 and died 1859. He went to Oxford and afterwards settled near Wordsworth at Grasmere. Also he fell a victim to the opium habit, which gained a terrible hold upon him but from which he eventually shook himself free. His experience he incorporated in the brilliant *Confessions of an English Opium Eater*, published 1820. This gave him a standing which was eminently necessary for a man who had to earn his living by his pen (De Quincey had lost his early fortune) and opened the gates of literary advancement. He has been called "a consummate magazine writer" and the phrase gives indication of his general method. Most of his work appeared in magazines —principally *The London* and *Blackwood's*—and shows a want of sustained merit which is still more noticeable in the collected writings. He has always been popular. His manner is very elaborate, often gorgeous; but, at its best, striking and adaptable. Thus, *The Flight of a Tartar Tribe* and *Murder as a Fine Art* are examples, the one of stately narrative, the other of gruesome imagination, while both are

good as literature. Not infrequently De Quincey attains a splendor of imagery, such as is almost unsurpassed. There is a famous passage in the *Confessions* describing one of his opium dreams:—

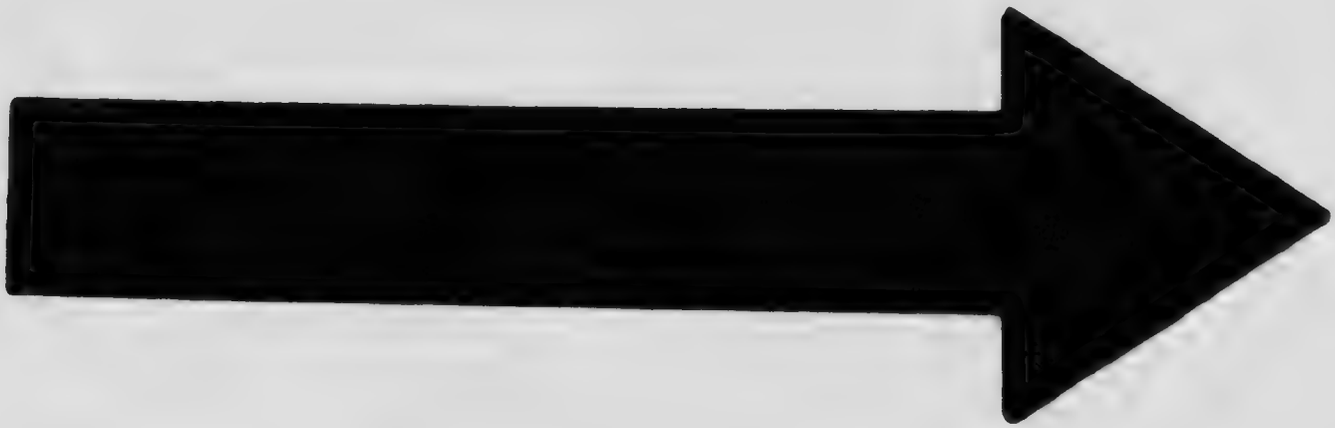
"The dream commenced with a music which now I often hear in dreams—a music of preparation and awakening suspense; a music like to opening of the Coronation Anthem, and which, like that, gave the feeling of a vast march—of infinite cavalcades filing off—and the tread of immense armies. The morning was come of a mighty day—a day of crisis and of final hope for human nature, then suffering some mysterious eclipse and laboring in some dread extremity. Somewhere, I knew not where, somehow, I knew not how,—by some beings, I know not whom—a battle, a strife, an agony was conducting—was evolving like a great drama or piece of music; with which my sympathy was the more insupportable from my confusion as to its place, its cause, its nature and its undecipherable issue— . . . 'Deeper than ever plummet sounded,' I lay inactive. Then, like a chorus, the passion deepened. Some greater interest was at stake; some mightier cause than ever yet the sword had pleaded or trumpet had proclaimed. Then came sudden alarms, hurryings to and fro; trepidations of innumerable fugitives, I knew not whether from the good cause or the bad; darkness and lights; tempests and human faces; and at last, with the sense that all was lost, female forms, and the features that were worth all the world to me, and but a moment allowed—and clasped hands, and heart-breaking partings, and then—everlasting farewells! And with a sigh, such as the caves of hell sighed when the incestuous mother uttered the abhorred name of death, the sound was reverberated—everlasting farewells!

"And I awoke in struggles, and cried aloud—"I will sleep no more!"

Most excellent of all the critics according to some judgments was WILLIAM HAZLITT (1778–1830). If he was so indeed, the pre-eminence lay in that kind alone, for he was nothing more; "an essayist, a critic, a commentator on other men's works and ways rather than an original performer." He possessed an unamiable temperament and an incisive style of criticism—a not unusual combination. When still a young man, full of half-digested philosophic ideas, he came under the influence of Coleridge and afterwards bore witness to that stimulating power. For some time he hovered between art and literature as the proper field for his work; and even went to Paris with the former end in view. Finally he fell upon literary criticism in accordance with his true bent, and followed it up—in essays and lectures—for the rest of his life. Lecturing was fashionable about that time, and of the two or three series that Hazlitt gave, the most important were *Lectures on the English Poets* (1818), and *Lectures on English Comic Writers* (1819). His treatment was original and vivid. He makes his characters stand out prominently, laying but little relative stress upon the periods in which they lived. The lectures are important, as doing what had never yet been done. The former, especially, evidence the point. In them a highly trained critical mind reviews and estimates the poetical achievements of England.

Hazlitt criticised Shakespeare and the Elizabethan dramatists in luminous wise. He hated anything like affectation and admired strength; often to a perverse and savage degree. Of himself he said, truly enough, towards the close of his life: "I have written no commonplace, not a line that licks the dust."

The gap between Hazlitt and the critic next to be treated is filled in by the work of Macaulay and Carlyle. We pass now to MATTHEW ARNOLD, whose collected *Essays in Criticism* appeared in 1865. With John Ruskin—who, more recently lost, will follow Arnold, though his "emergence" was earlier—he was a leader of criticism in the latter half-century, much as Carlyle and Macaulay had been before. Arnold holds the rare position of one who was equally prominent in poetry and prose. Moreover, he was a critic in prose; and the combination of good poetry with good criticism had never before appeared. Of his poetry we have spoken; his prose now claims our attention. It began after his poetical career was practically finished. It falls, roughly, into three parts, all critical, dealing respectively with literature, with theology, and with society. They may be placed—if the point is pressed—between 1860–70, 1870–77, 1879–85. While such chronological exactness is not strictly correct, it forms a quite sufficiently just basis of treatment. At the root of all Arnold's work lay the desire to instil culture. He saw, especially among the mid-



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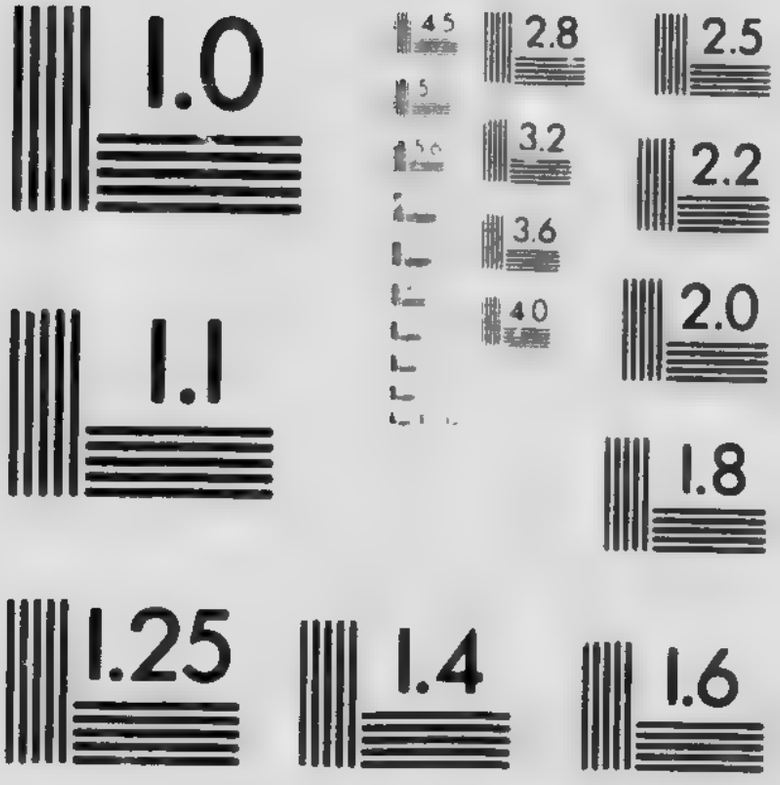

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dle class of his countrymen, a lack of interest in the civilizing and refining elements—a want of "sweetness and light." This lack he called "Philistinism," a word of his own adaptation from the German, which expressed very well the instincts and prejudices ranged against the really valuable things in life. Philistinism could only be overcome by a closer knowledge of such ennobling influences as are found in literature and art. A very useful mode of stirring the intelligence of his countrymen to issues such as this seemed the exhibition of what was foreign and unfamiliar, and the insistence upon the good points therein. This examination of foreign excellences and defects, for the benefit of those at home, is seen in the *Essays in Criticism.* Above all, Arnold was a critic, and he did much to reconstruct the English way of looking at things. He aimed to know the best; the aim of every one must be, he says, "to learn and propagate the best that is known and thought in the world." That is the keynote of his criticism. Be perpetually dissatisfied with all that falls short of a high and perfect ideal. It is a lofty aim and implies hard work and sound knowledge.

In his criticism of literature Arnold is perhaps at his best. Though at times dogmatic, and at times showing little mannerisms, he is as a rule very clear and extremely stimulating. In fact, there are few writers who have so widely awakened thought in other minds. The two series of *Essays in Criti-*

cism, and the valuable introductions to various English poets, contain the bulk and the best of his literary criticisms. He held up Sainte-Beuve, the great French critic, as an example to the world, and contended that above all things criticism must be disinterested. In a fine introductory essay on the study of poetry we read this valuable criterion: "There can be no more truly useful help for discovering what poetry belongs to the class of the truly excellent, and can therefore do us most good, than to have always in one's mind lines and expressions of the great masters, and to apply them as a touchstone to other poetry." And the reason for poetry doing good is that it represents the best inspiration of the best minds. Of the critical work generally, mention may be made of the lectures *On Translating Homer*, and the essays on Wordsworth and Byron. The high level attained in this department won him a large and enthusiastic clientèle.

Encouraged thereby, he ventured upon a new type of criticism—that of religion. Practically this was an attempt to substitute for dogmatic Christianity a faith that was not dependent upon dogmas. His success in this field is a good deal open to question. The exponents of his ideas were *St. Paul and Protestantism* (1870); *Literature and Dogma* (1873); *God and the Bible* (1876); *Last Essays on Church and Religion* (1877). The line of argument taken was very startling to the orthodox ideas of the majority of Englishmen and formed another

of those attacks upon merely conventional religion which have been so frequent and so effective during the century. The weakness that showed in Arnold's case was his lack of special training. In his indictment of the too orthodox point of view he undertook some biblical criticism; this was unwise without a special apparatus of study and knowledge. These essays are too confidently undertaken, they fall into the condemnation of utterances that are without true culture. Of course they are brilliant, epigrammatic, stimulating. Their author's aim in this department of his work was to formulate some confession of faith that, while cleaving to the spirit of Christianity, would not insist upon the facts, and would be adaptable to thoughtful modern scepticism—to men like Arnold himself, who longed for a faith that would satisfy the heart without doing violence to the intellect. The essays that dealt with social questions (e. g. *Culture and Anarchy*, 1869, and the *Mixed Essays*, 1879) are scattered through the body of his writing. They are of great value—more so than those which engage the thorny problems of theology. All his life he fought against narrowness in the conditions of life—against Philistinism. He insisted upon clearness, mental and spiritual; upon the "sweetness and light" which would best enable men to face the perplexing things of daily existence. He is always thoroughly in earnest and deeply concerned for the welfare of his countrymen, though this is often con-

cealed by a touch of playfulness. Very eloquent is the oft-quoted apostrophe to Oxford. But we can give here only a line from another place, the essay on Heine:

"What a spendthrift, one is tempted to cry, is Nature! With what prodigality, in the march of generations, she employs human power, content to gather almost always little result from it, sometimes none! . . . Heine had all the culture of Germany; in his head fermented all the ideas of Europe. And what have we got from Heine? A half-result, for want of moral balance, and of nobleness of soul and character. That is what I say; there is so much power, so many seem able to run well, so many give promise of running well; so few reach the goal, so few are chosen. *Many are called, few chosen.*"

This passage gives a good idea of Arnold's style; to which he owed much of his influence. It is clear, incisive, scholarly. It is singularly pure, and throughout there is a play of kindly but effective irony. The result is a vehicle for the conveyance of his thought that is nearly always charming. We read with delight even when we do not agree. Arnold, largely by virtue of this style, possesses in a high degree the power of stimulating thought in his readers and of liberating their minds from false ideals.

Although the works of JOHN RUSKIN cover art, literature, economics and one or two other branches, their general trend is critical and that criticism concerned chiefly with art. And as a master of prose style there is no living author to compare with him.

Born in 1819, Ruskin early showed the bent of his intellect. He graduated from Oxford in 1842, and in the following year published the first volume of a work that showed what uses he had made of his time and opportunities. This was *Modern Painters*. It ran to five volumes—the last published in 1860—and preached an original gospel of art. The daring nature of *Modern Painters* is not fully appreciated to-day. That first volume "by a graduate of Oxford" struck out a path in defiance of all accepted rules of painting and vindicated the right of Nature to be as she was and not as artists wished to make her. It was a fine protest against the bad conventionality that reigned supreme. Splendidly written and full of truth and most suggestive thought, *Modern Painters* is the best English book upon its subject. After the appearance of the first volume Ruskin travelled on the Continent for several years, studying art in Italy—particularly in Venice—and enlarging his ideas. One outcome of the art studies was the issue, in 1849, of *The Seven Lamps of Architecture*. The lamps are: *The Lamp of Sacrifice*, *The Lamp of Truth*, *The Lamp of Power*, *The Lamp of Beauty*, *The Lamp of Life*, *The Lamp of Memory*, and the *Lamp of Obedience*, indicating "the character that good architecture should possess, the spirit in which it should be produced, and the moral perfection it should illustrate." *The Stones of Venice* followed (1851–53). This treats very beautifully of Gothic architecture in Venice, as

opposed to the architecture of the Renaissance period. An interesting pamphlet appeared in 1851 —*Pre-Raphaelitism*. It was a vigorous defence of the new school of painters, who aimed at the return to Nature which Ruskin had already advocated.

Through all his life he was an indefatigable worker About 1860 he entered upon a new phase. The study of social problems engaged his attention and he essayed the part of a reformer in political economy. His ideas were expressed in a series of books, and articles in *Cornhill Magazine*. Of this general type are *Sesame and Lilies* (1864); *The Ethics of the Dust* (1865); *The Crown of Wild Olive; Three Lectures on Work, Traffic and War* (1866); *Fiction Fair and Foul* (1881); *Arrows of the Chace* (1883). But Ruskin is not successful in this field. He inculcates many beautiful ideas, but he is out of touch with the true principles at stake. He writes without sufficient special training. His point of view is not practical; it is æsthetic, but not sane; "c'est magnifique, mais ce n'est pas la guerre." Thus, in 1871, he began a series of monthly letters to workingmen, the avowed purpose of which was to raise a fund to set them free from dependence upon machinery. In the same year he established the "St. George's Guild" to carry his ideas into effect. Its object was to restore happiness throughout England. "We will try," he says, "to make some small piece of English ground beautiful, peaceful. We will have no steam-engines upon it, and no railroads; we will

have no untended or unthought-of creatures upon it; none wretched but the sick; none idle but the dead. We will have no liberty upon it, but instant obedience to known law and appointed persons; no equality upon it, but recognition of every kind of betterness that we can find, and reprobation of every worseness." He found men to join in this Utopian scheme—which is surprising; the Guild was unsuccessful—which is not. Ruskin was vastly enthusiastic and believed thoroughly in his theories, showing his belief in the most practical way; but his economic principles were simply unworkable. Yet they are always beautifully stated, and the foundation is a real love for humanity.

But if his political economy was weak there is no doubt that as an art-critic he was very strong indeed. *Modern Painters* has been called "the greatest critical treatise ever written on art." The artists of the day were bond-slaves to the Old Masters and it was Ruskin's aim to point out the absolute necessity for depending for inspiration primarily upon Nature, and not on the Old Masters' interpretation of Nature. Of the five volumes of his greatest work the first spoke of the superiority of modern artists—particularly Turner, then unknown, no of the very highest honor—and of the methods of modern art generally. The second compares ancient with modern landscape painters to the advantage of the latter. The falsity of many prevailing notions was keenly exposed. "As Words-

worth had inaugurated the era of naturalism in poetry, so Turner, under Ruskin's championship, was about to do it in art." The third volume bore the title *Of Many Things;* the fourth *Of Mountain Beauty;* the fifth *Of Leaf Beauty, of Cloud Beauty,* etc. The whole work made a revolution in the methods of art. The worth of Ruskin's services was recognized by the two great Universities. He held important positions in art instruction at Cambridge (1858-69), and was Slade Professor of Fine Arts at Oxford (1869–79, and 1883–5). The latter part of his life was shadowed by ill-health He passed with the closing year of the century—the last of its great sons to find rest from labor.

It is with the literary side of his achievement that we are chiefly concerned. The excellence of this is beyond all question. Every book that has left his hands contains passages of matchless prose. Ruskin's style is the most ornate in the English language, and yet it easily bears the wealth of imagery by virtue of its quality of strength. Many other men have attempted the same thing; but never before had any writer done what Ruskin did. He had faults; he was crotchety, self-contradictory, and not always wise. But everything may be forgiven a man who could write such a passage as this, describing a sunrise in the Alps:

"And then wait yet for one hour, until the east again becomes purple, and the heaving mountains rolling against it in darkness, like waves of a wild

sea, are drowned one by one in the glory of its burning; watch the white glaciers blaze in their winding paths about the mountains like mighty serpents, with scales of fire; watch the columnar peaks of solitary snow, kindling downwards, chasm by chasm, each in itself a new morning; their long avalanches cast down in keen streams brighter than the lightning, sending each his tribute of driven snow, like altar-smoke, up to the heaven; the rose light of their silent domes flushing that heaven about them and above them, piercing with purer beams through its purple lines of lifted cloud, casting a new glory on every wreath as it passes by, until the whole heaven—one scarlet canopy—is interwoven with a roof of waving flame, and tossing, vault beyond vault, as with the drifted wings of many companies of angels; and then, when you look no more for gladness, and when you are bowed down with fear and love of the Maker and Doer of this, tell me who has best delivered his message unto men!"

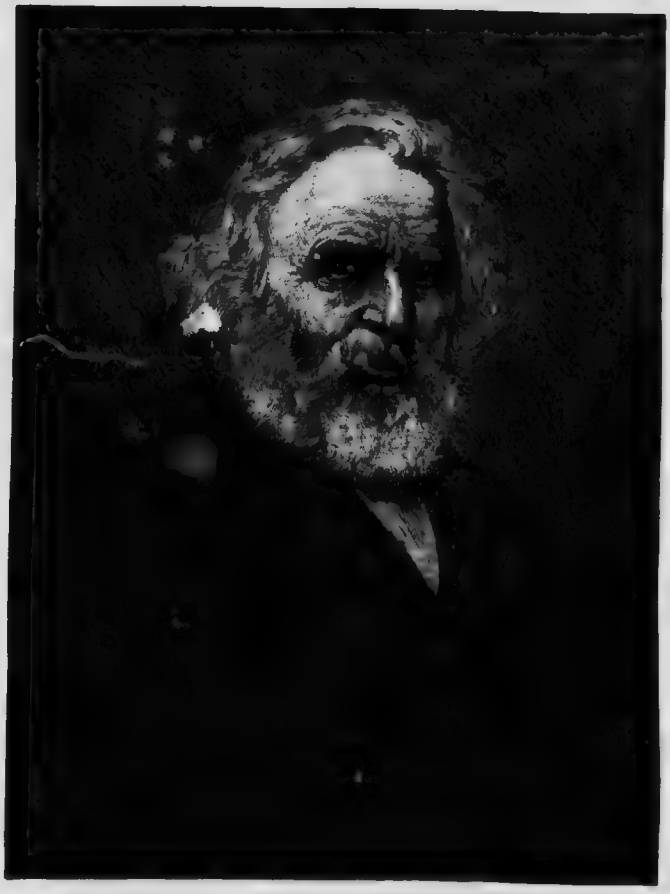
Since the death of Arnold and the long silence of Ruskin, no one has arisen to fill the vacant places. On a lower plane, however, there are two men who have done valuable work. Walter Horatio Pater (1839–1894) did not publish until comparatively late—1873 was the year of his first volume—*Studies in the History of the Renaissance.* The book was quite unusual in its style and thought. It owed a good deal to the influence of Greek, the central force in Pater's literary development. It laid down a sort of Epicurean principle that the aim of life should be the pleasure of living, in the more refined sense; that is, ministered to by education and art.

This was couched in a style modelled on Ruskin, but more consciously elaborate. The *Studies* became popular, but Pater always wrote sparingly and with a careful regard to form. *Marius the Epicurean, His Sensations and Ideas* (1885) is the imaginary mental history of a Roman youth, during the second century, brought face to face with the perplexing problems of existence. *Imaginary Portraits* (1887) comprised four stories and was not so good as the last. *Plato and Platonism* (1893) is a careful and suggestive study. The loss of Pater was a severe one to English literature, for he was a subtle and painstaking critic, and had given a new insight into the meaning of Greek thought and life.

John Addington Symonds (1840–1893) was characterized by an unfortunate diffuseness both in what he had to say and his manner of saying it. He always had plenty of money—a not very usual circumstance with men of letters, and in his case a not very fortunate one, because it tended to prevent the severe restraint in choice of subject which might otherwise have been the case. Pursued continuously by ill-health, he nevertheless wrote a great deal, and nearly everything shows accurate learning. He is seen at his best in his extensive work, *The Renaissance in Italy*, which occupied him eleven years (1875–86), and appeared in five parts, viz.: *The Age of Despots, The Revival of Learning, The Fine Arts, Italian Literature, The Catholic Reaction.* The knowledge manifested throughout

is surprising in its range and depth. But he never overcame the tendency to prolixity, which caused one critic to remark that he should like "to squeeze him like a sponge." Had he acquired the gift of compression he would have been a greater writer.

Criticism has played an important part in the literature of the century; criticism of life, religion, literature. It has been fostered by the immense development of journalism; the short compass of the magazine article lent itself specially to the expression of critical opinion. All those critics whom we have noticed used the periodical as their medium. The criticism of the early century—in *Blackwood*, etc.,—was fierce and often brutal; but this passed away, and the tendency to-day is—at any rate, nominally—all towards justice. For "the critics of the early periodicals had none to guide them, and, like settlers in a new country, they ran riot." There was at first no real standard of criticism, and as often as not purely personal considerations damned a book; to Matthew Arnold chiefly is due the fixing of the rule that criticism is concerned solely with the work—whether it be good or whether it be evil. To him is due the broad and essentially modern definition of criticism: a disinterested endeavor to learn and propagate the best that is known and thought in the world.



HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

CHAPTER XIII.

ENGLISH IN AMERICA: CHIEFLY POETRY.

THE ATTAINMENT OF LIBERTY EXPRESSION. — BROWN. — IRVING. — COOPER AND THE INDIAN. — BRYANT. — THE PRIMACY OF NEW ENGLAND. — LONGFELLOW: PROFESSOR, NOVELIST, AND POET. — WHITTIER. — LOWELL. — HOLMES AND HIS "VERS."

IT was not until many years after the Declaration of Independence that America could lay claim to the production of good literature. For this substantial reasons may be assigned. A century and a half had passed after the landing of the English colonists in 1620 before a chance was given the makers of the new world to cultivate mind rather than muscle. Their attention was occupied largely with the more physical matters. First, there were the Indians, then the French had to be dealt with, and finally arose the interesting family dispute that terminated so unpleasantly for the Mother Country. After which the young Republic was fully occupied in establishing its own position. So that but scant opportunity was offered, prior to the present century, for the cultivation of the gentler graces. Not that the sturdy old colonists made no provisions for

the intellectual element. The "school or college" which to-day is Harvard University was started in 1636, and always had a strong influence upon the New England youth. And Yale came into existence at New Haven in 1716. The foundation of such institutions at so early a date shows that there was plenty of educational ambition among the colonists. But as regards literature they were under peculiar disadvantages. "Many authors of the eighteenth century wrote with meagre libraries; with a narrow reading public interested in theology and politics, not in literature; with no possibility of making literature a livelihood." For a long time aspirants to literary honors were forced to find satisfaction either in copying English models or in producing original work of a quite preposterous character.

In fact, literature, properly so called, begins in America with the nineteenth century. And, by an odd enough coincidence, the nineteenth century marks off in America a literary period as distinct as is found in England; an era in which great writers have arisen, flourished and passed away, leaving a species of twilight--a "golden mean"—when we may indulge in retrospect pending the coming of another day. There is at present in American, as in English literature, a pause when no one seems to have arisen to hold rank with the masters who are gone.

Inasmuch as good prose antedated good poetry,

the prose-writers have the right of way. At the very end of the last century the first American novel appeared: *Wieland* (1798) by CHARLES BROCKDEN BROWN (1771–1810). He was a native of Philadelphia—for a time the literary centre, and known as the Athens of America—and gained his living entirely by authorship, the earliest instance of this in his country. His best novel was *Arthur Mervin* (1800). Tinged with gloom as all his books are, they nevertheless have the value and interest of first ventures into an untrodden country.

But after the present century had begun American literature was placed upon a more enduring foundation. Two groups of writers accomplished this result. By one the literary pre-eminence was shifted from Philadelphia to New York; the other, composed of more influential New England writers, evidenced a broader culture and transferred the leadership from New York to Boston. Of the first group were "The Knickerbocker writers," so-called, somewhat loosely, because they contributed to the magazine of that name. They were Washington Irving, James Kirke Paulding, Joseph Rodman Drake, Fitz-Greene Halleck, and three of them may be dismissed with a word. Paulding (1778–1860) published a good deal, including *The Dutchman's Fireside*, novel (1831). He did much for Irving's fortnightly periodical, *Salmagundi*. Drake (1725–1820) brought "fairyland to the banks of the Hudson" in *The Culprit Fay*, a delicate piece of fancy,

and is also remembered by reason of Halleck's beautiful epitaph:

"Green be the turf above thee
Friend of my brighter days,
None knew thee but to love thee,
Nor named thee but to praise."

Halleck (1790–1867) wrote little, and was the lyric poet of the coterie.

In Washington Irving, however, we have a writer of far higher powers. In him the creative vigor of his nation first found artistic expression. The New York of his youth—he was born in 1783—was infinitely different from the huge city of to-day, and he grew up in an interesting environment which now has passed away forever. His youth was little enough influenced by the conventional modes of education, although he was admitted to the bar. The real tendencies of his life were strengthened by many a ramble into out-of-the-way corners in boyhood, and by a plentiful course of reading not provided for by school curriculum. This wandering spirit—physical and mental—was a feature of his whole life. He made four European journeys, which exercised an important influence upon his development. They occupied, respectively, the years 1803–06, 1815–20, 1827–32, and 1841–46. So greatly was his taste formed by his travels that fully half of his work deals with European subjects. Upon his return from his first trip he projected a fortnightly magazine called *Salmagundi*, which began in 1807. It was somewhat

upon the lines of *The Spectator* of Addison, and gave "the whim-whams and opinions of Launcelot Langstaff Esquire." Irving was a careful student of Addison, and derived from that source much of the urbanity and quiet humor that marked all his writings. In 1809 appeared what was his most original work—*A History of New York, by Diedrich Knickerbocker.* Not long afterwards he was thrown entirely upon literature for support, the mercantile house with which he was connected having failed in 1818. From then to the close of his life he wrote continuously. The *Life of Washington*, which engaged his last years, was finished just before his death, in 1859.

The first American writer to win respect abroad —and to deserve it—Irving looms large in the history of his country's literature. The more important of his works, besides those mentioned, were: *The Sketch Book* (1819–20), *Bracebridge Hall* (1822), *Life and Voyages of Columbus* (1828), *The Conquest of Granada* (1829.) *The History of New York* was almost pure invention, "one of the richest farragos of fact, fancy, and irony that has ever issued from the press." It purports to be written by a descendant of one of the original Dutch settlers of New Amsterdam, and the deception was aided by advance notices announcing the discovery of the manuscript. It was conceived and executed in a spirit of irony that was altogether delightful and delicate—so delicate that many worthy people

missed the point—nay, even waxed indignant at some of the passages. A flagrant case of "historical injustice" was detected in the description of the dismissal of the Dutch General by his Governor, who said:

"Harkee, comrade; though by your own account you are the most brave, upright, and honorable man in the whole province, yet do you lie under the misfortune of being traduced and immeasurably despised. Now, though it is certainly hard to punish a man for his misfortune, I cannot consent to venture my armies with a commander whom they despise, or to trust the welfare of my people to a champion whom they distrust. Retire, therefore, my friend, from the irksome cares and toils of public life with this comforting reflection—that if guilty, you are enjoying your just reward; and if innocent, you are not the first great and good man who has most wrongfully been slandered and maltreated in this wicked world, doubtless to be better treated in another world, where there shall be neither error nor calumny nor persecution. In the meantime let me never see your face again for I have a horrible antipathy to the countenances of unfortunate great men like yourself."

An interesting fact about the *History* is that it is so absolutely original. The *Sketch-book* was issued in parts. Sir Walter Scott, who was a warm friend of the author, induced a London publisher to bring it out for a goodly sum, and it met with success on both sides of the Atlantic. It contained the two very famous sketches *Rip Van Winkle* and *The Legend of Sleepy Hollow*, which alone were enough to give distinction to any writer. *Bracebridge Hall* is a charming

series of pictures of that English life which Irving knew and appreciated so well; it endeared him to all generations of English readers. "He came among us," said Thackeray, "bringing the kindest sympathy, the most artless, smiling good-will." His work in history—not small in bulk—is of much value and marked by the scholarly qualities that characterized the man himself. His style is always pure and gracious and his range of sympathy wide. Of all his works it is perhaps *The Sketch-book* that best evidences his powers. The fine flower of his culture has militated somewhat against his due appreciation in an age that is not always in touch with that spirit; certain it is, however, that, at least during the first half of the century, there are very few American writers to compare with Irving, in his breadth of view, his "ever genuine passion, his manly but gentle style."

James Fenimore Cooper, whose admiration for Scott's work led him to attempt something of the same kind for his own country, was the first American novelist to win favor abroad. His earliest novel, *Precaution* (1821), was not very good, being imitative. But in 1822 he published *The Pioneers*, which exploited the field of his great and long-continued success. It was the first of the famous "Leather-stocking" series. In Cooper's youth the country section of New England, where he was brought up, was very wild and unsettled, which put him in touch with many of the conditions that he pictures

in his novels. A six years' experience in the American navy gave him the nautical knowledge that afterwards bore good fruit. He spent seven years in Europe (1826–33), and while there published a number of books; two—*The Prairie* and *The Red Rover*—very good indeed, and some others the reverse. During his sojourn he did a good deal of skirmishing on his country's behalf in the press. This rôle he pursued at various intervals and with varying success through the rest of his life, which terminated in 1851. Irving and Cooper were alike in the circumstances of their character; it has been pointed out that they had industry, honesty, good descent and talent—but not much more. Yet the worth of such an endowment is shown by the fine work that they did. Cooper proved himself a clever craftsman in the fiction of the forest and the sea. The former is the better, and comprised his famous Indian tales, which opened a new land of pleasaunce to readers the world over. Chief among them stand *The Last of the Mohicans*, *The Prairie* (1826), *The Deerslayer* (1841). In this field Cooper has never been surpassed, and if his Indians and hunters are a little over-colored and have a touch of similarity, yet they are for the most part also very fresh and living people, with the essence of open air life about them. And if a novelist must evince strong national traits in order to excel, Cooper certainly deserves high praise on this score. His sea stories are very interesting, though not so good as the others. *The*

Pilot (1823) and *The Red Rover* (1827) are the best. Cooper wrote some thirty-four novels, besides miscellaneous work. He was not strong enough to preserve an individuality to each novel, and he lost some of his charm towards the last. But he is a great writer and has given pleasure to a multitude of readers.

After the first novelist comes the man who first won poetic fame for America in the judgment of competent critics. William Cullen Bryant heralded that fine achievement which has given New England the pre-eminence in verse. Born in 1794, he published a satirical poem at the age of fourteen. He studied law and practised for some years. In 1825 he went to live in New York and entered on a journalistic career, first as editor of a literary magazine, soon, however, becoming editor and proprietor of the *Evening Post* newspaper—a position which he held until his death in 1878. He made three journeys to Europe. Bryant was a poet, and as such won his greatest renown, but he was also a man of affairs and a staunch and loyal citizen, and expended his powers largely for what he considered sound politics. Beyond question Bryant's best poem is the splendid *Thanatopsis* (1817), published in the *North American Review*. This is a rare and stately strain of blank verse on the subject of death. Its musical utterance, with its beautiful and melancholy point of view, has always made it a favorite. Some idea of it may be gained from these closing lines:

Yet not to thine eternal resting-place
Shalt thou retire alone, nor couldst thou wish
Couch more magnificent. Thou shalt lie down
With patriarchs of the infant world—with kings,
The powerful of the earth, the wise, the good—

Fair forms and hoary seers of ages past—
All in one mighty sepulchre! The hills
Rock-ribbed and ancient as the sun—the vales,
. . . . . .

Old Ocean's gray and melancholy waste—
Are but the solemn decorations all
Of the great tomb of man! The golden sun,
The planets, all the infinite host of heaven,
Are shining on the sad abodes of death
Through the still lapse of ages.
. . . . . .

So live, that when thy summons comes to join
The innumerable caravan that moves
To that mysterious realm, where each shall take
His chamber in the silent halls of death,
Thou go not, like the quarry-slave at night,
Scourged to his dungeon; but, sustained and soothed
By an unfaltering trust, approach the grave
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to happy dreams.

Wordsworth was so impressed with this fine poem that he could repeat it entire from memory. Perhaps something of its calm outlook appealed to the serene old man at Rydal Mount. Certain it is that there is some similarity between the two poets. Of course Wordsworth stands on a far higher eminence, but Bryant's nature poems have something of the elder bard's power in their "pure, steadfast purpose and remote benignity," in their feeling for nature

and for nature's God. But the comparison must not be pressed too far. A note of melancholy pervades Bryant's poetry, which is strange when we think of his energetic life. "The perpetual Autumn of his writings is peculiar." A volume of his poems was published in London through the instrumentality of Irving (1832), and in 1864 another collection appeared. Of his shorter poems those entitled *The Forest Hymn*, *Monument Mountain*, *To a Water-Fowl*, and *The Past* may be called the best. Late in life he made renderings of Homer's *Iliad* and *Odyssey*, which were both scholarly and poetic.

The New England States have given to America its greatest literature. And we come now to the remarkable group who achieved that result: Longfellow, Whittier, Lowell, and Holmes, Emerson and Thoreau, and Hawthorne—these men wrote the best that has been written by Americans. The first four come to us in natural sequence. HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW is the best known of all American poets; indeed as regards pure popularity it may be doubted if any poet excels him. His life, uniformly calm and happy, was calculated to call forth all the sweetness of poetic character. In him the man is inseparable from the poet. His life, his character and his poetry are all alike in the high qualities that they evinced. Longfellow was born at Portland, Maine, in 1807. A beautiful poem, *My Lost Youth*, celebrates his memories of the lovely environment of that place.

I remember the black wharves and the slips,
And the sea-tides tossing free;
The Spanish sailors with bearded lips,
And the beauty and mystery of the ships,
And the magic of the sea.

The chief event in his boyhood was the War of 1812, and a battle that was fought in Casco Bay, a splendid sweep of water just north of Portland. He recalled

the sea fight far away,
How it thundered o'er the tide!
And the dead captains, as they lay
In their graves, o'erlooking the tranquil bay,
Where they in battle died.

The poet was educated at Bowdoin College, near his native town, where Nathaniel Hawthorne was one of his classmates. After graduation he began to practise law. But he was unfitted for the profession and gladly accepted the chair of modern languages in his Alma Mater. For the position he qualified himself in a very sensible and delightful way by travelling in Europe for three years and a half. This experience, while it broadened his tastes and sympathies, at the same time rendered it impossible that he should ever be a thorough interpreter of typical American life. All his future work was colored by the spirit of European culture. In 1835 he was appointed to the professorship of modern languages at Harvard University, and again travelled on the Continent to fit himself for the post. Returning the next year he entered upon what must have been the happiest period of a very happy life,

amid congenial friends and surroundings. For nearly twenty years he lectured and wrote. As a teacher he was eminently successful. In 1854 he resigned his professorship, but continued to reside at Cambridge. His literary activity was always great, and to the end of his life he was a hard worker. Visiting Europe in 1868–9, he was greeted everywhere with honor. In 1880 appeared his last volume of poems, called appropriately *Ultima Thule*. Two years later he died. His life was his most beautiful poem, for he lived in the light, and of him the world has said no evil.

Longfellow's works comprised poetry, prose, and some valuable translations. Of the latter the best is his rendition of Dante's *Divina Commedia*, completed in 1868, which is "a masterpiece of literal translation." In handling some shorter poems, he makes rather a paraphrase than a translation. Longfellow wrote several novels, but these do not show his genius at its best; they are of a somewhat overwrought type. *Hyperion* (1839) daringly takes for heroine a beautiful young lady whom the author met abroad, while the hero is the author himself. So original a wooing was crowned with fitting success. Longfellow's poetical work began in 1839, with *Voices of the Night*. This collection contained the well-known *Psalm of Life*—not impeccable, but good nevertheless:

> Art is long and time is fleeting
> And our hearts, though strong and brave,
> Still, like muffled drums, are beating
> Funeral marches to the grave.

Ballads, and Other Poems (1842) was another volume of short pieces, many of them very striking; notably the *Skeleton in Armor*. Here Longfellow catches the true Norland spirit. The ringing verse-form is thoroughly in accord with the stirring tale:

Speak! speak! thou fearful guest!
Who, with thy hollow breast
Still in rude armor drest,
Comest to daunt me!
Wrapped not in eastern balms,
But with thy fleshless palms
Stretched, as if asking alms,
Why dost thou haunt me?"

Then from those cavernous eyes
Pale flashes seemed to rise,
As when the northern skies
Gleam in December;
And, like the water's flow
Under December's snow,
Came a dull voice of woe
From the heart's chamber.

"I was a Viking old!
My deeds, though manifold,
So Scald in song has told
No Saga taught thee!
Take heed that in thy verse
Thou dost my tale rehearse,
Else dread a dead man's curse!
For this I sought thee.

"Far in the northern land,
By the wild Baltic strand,
I, with my childish hand
Tamed the ger-falcon;
And, with my skates fast-bound,
Skimmed the half-frozen Sound
That the poor whimpering hound
Trembled to walk on."

With this volume he attained the full extent of his genius. Various other collections of short poems further evidenced his charm and his art. Of his longer poems the two best were undoubtedly *Evangeline* (1847) and *Hiawatha* (1855). *Evangeline* is a beautiful idyll of exile, and love "that hopes and endures and is patient." The scene is laid in Acadia, home of the happy, in 1755, the year of the Acadian deportation; and afterwards in the great West and in Philadelphia. The metre, English hexameter, is very ambitious. It was adapted from the Greek hexameter used by Homer, and was the first successful attempt to introduce that form into English. That it was successful is best proved by the fact that two English poets—Kingsley and Clough—were inspired to follow Longfellow's example. The form may be called a "pestilent heresy," but the beauty of the poem remains; and indeed—though the end of this argument is not yet!—it is futile to try and judge an English metre by classic rules. *Evangeline* is written in a good English metre, and it were pedantic to insist further. Quotation is almost superfluous, so well known is the poem; but the lines at the end are worthy a re-perusal:—

Still stands the forest primæval; but far away from its shadow,
Side by side, in their nameless graves, the lovers are sleeping.

. . . . . .

In the heart of the city, they lie, unknown and unnoticed.
Daily the tides of life go ebbing and flowing beside them,

Thousands of throbbing hearts, where theirs are at rest and
for ever.
Thousands of aching brains, where theirs no longer are busy,
Thousands of toiling hands, where theirs have ceased from
their labors,
Thousands of weary feet, where theirs have completed their
journey!

Still stands the forest primæval; but under the shade of its
branches
Dwells another race, with other customs and language.

. . . . . .

While from its rocky caverns the deep-mouthed neighboring
ocean
Speaks, and in accents disconsolate answers the wail of the
forest.

Evangeline, by the way, was published in the same year as Tennyson's *Princess*.

Hiawatha is an American epic poem. Longfellow had always been strongly attracted by the personality of the Indian, and *Hiawatha* groups together a great deal of original folklore. Its metre, too, was unfamiliar, founded consciously upon a Finnish epic called *Kalevala*. *Hiawatha* gained speedy fame. It is redolent of the pine forests and alive with woodland life. It is "the one poem that beguiles the reader to see the birch and ash, the heron and eagle and the deer, as they seem to the red-man himself, and to join for the moment in his simple creed and wonderment." Longfellow's other long poems—*The Courtship of Miles Standish* (1858), *The Golden Legend* (1872), etc., are neither so good nor so popular as those which have been described.

Longfellow is not of the greatest poets. He lacks the fine frenzy; he is not dowered with strong hate and scorn; he never reaches the loftiest heights. But the grace and beauty of his poetry, its artistic skill an.. its warm human sympathy, have touched many a heart. Every sentence he has written is clear and pure. A soothing twilight calm pervades much of his work. Above all it is healthy and hopeful. The last lines he ever wrote would serve for an epitome of his poetical thought :—

> Out of the shadows of night
> The earth rolls into light,
> It is daylight everywhere.

Longfellow always preserved a certain aloofness from political matters, but Whittier and Lowell were hot-headed enthusiasts in all questions of national advancement. They have been "practical powers in moulding or hastening the movements of history." Both fought strongly on the side of freedom against every kind of oppression. JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER came of Quaker parentage and was himself an exponent of that belief. Yet many of his songs evince anything but a peaceful tone. In 1829, at the age of twenty-two, he began journalistic work in Boston, after a boyhood spent on the farm and graced by a rather slender education. Whatever lacks in culture this implied, it certainly fitted him to become a poet of the people. A cheap edition of Burns's work which fell into his boyish hands had a stimulating influence. As early as

1831 he began to write, in prose and verse, on behalf of the abolition of slavery. "Unconditional emancipation" was his motto, and under the strong guidance of William Lloyd Garrison, who did more than any single man for the great object, he pursued a rough path, a harsh and uncompromising principle; and this at a time "when to say aught against the national curse was to draw upon one's self the bitterest hatred, loathing and contempt of the great majority of men throughout the land." Two points will give us the approximation of Whittier as a poet. He fought against slavery from 1832–65, and he read the very heart of New England life.

Nowadays we do not quite realize the tremendous heat and stress of those thirty years when the great question of abolition was stirring the Union. In this battle Whittier won his spurs; won, too, in the end, an enduring love from his people. By 1843 he had gained the critical recognition that never failed him thereafter. His poems on events of the time are always noteworthy and not seldom inspiring. Yet to a certain extent they pay the penalty of all polemic poetry and are losing some of their flavor. Better are the ballads and songs that tell of pastoral scenes and life on the rough New England coast. After the war was over and the slaves set free, Whittier turned to softer themes. *Snowbound*, an idyll which many deem his best work, appeared in 1865. It is a winter's tale, "the most faithful

picture of our northern winter that has yet been put into poetry," and records life in a farm-house blockaded by the storm. Ten other volumes of poetry were issued before this noble career ended. Whittier died in 1892. His defects are due to over-writing and disregard of some quite obvious rules of art; thus he is sometimes diffuse and prosaic and weak in rhyme. Deeming it his life's work to fight against the great wrong of slavery, he wrote hastily and continually on this behalf. He did not learn to repress, nor know quite when to stop. He had passion, however, and a good grip on the picturesque side of his own rough New Englanders. And probably he will always be dear to the hearts of the household. His slavery poems, such as *The Hunters of Men*, *The Branded Hand*, *The Farewell*, are grim and pathetic. In gentler vein are *Maud Müller*, a little masterpiece, *Barbara Frietchie*, *Telling the Bees*. *Skipper Ireson's Ride* stands by itself Whittier's pervading religious feeling is well represented by the following stanzas, which have a universal appeal:

And so beside the silent sea
I wait the muffled oar;
No harm from Him can come to me
On ocean or on shore.

I know not where His islands lift
Their fronded palms in air;
I only know I cannot drift
Beyond His love and care.

O brother! if my faith is vain,
If hopes like these betray,
Pray for me that my feet may gain
The sure and safer way.

James Russel Lowell was a man of wider training than Whittier, but he was at one with the elder poet in sympathy and in the fine intolerance of oppression. To this end he wrote the famous *Biglow Papers* (two series: 1848 and 1867), which attacked slavery with the strongest satire. Lowell was born in 1819 at Cambridge and educated at Harvard. He essayed law, but soon found literature more attractive. In 1855 he succeeded Longfellow as professor of modern languages at Harvard, making the congenial and beneficial European trip prior thereto. Ten years afterwards he wrote the *Commemoration Ode*—in honor of the Harvard men who fell in the war—which has been generally considered his masterpiece. Another phase of Lowell's literary life was the editorship, at different periods, of *The Atlantic Monthly* and the *North American Review*. He received two diplomatic appointments: to Spain (1877–80), and to England (1880–5). He died in 1891, the most representative of American writers.

Lowell was a critic as well as a poet, and in this rôle had a singularly sagacious point of view. Two volumes of essays were collected from the press: *Among my Books* and *My Study Windows;* and in a long poem called *A Fable for Critics* (1848) he characterized, amusingly and cleverly, the prominent

contemporary authors. He shows more force and movement than either Longfellow or Whittier. The *Biglow Papers* constitute on the whole his best title to fame. They are a series of poems in Yankee dialect by "Hosea Biglow," edited with introductions and notes by "Homer Wilbur, A. M., Pastor of the First Church in Jaalam." The satire is keen, the wit unflagging, and the *Papers* "took" at once. They shadow forth the strong feelings of the time, and they were the first and the best poetical presentation of "Yankee character in its thought, dialect, manners, and singular mixture of coarseness and shrewdness with the fundamental sense of beauty and right." Lowell was at first disposed to regard the question of South *versus* North as remediable without war; but gradually he came round to see that war was the only cure. *The Biglow Papers* formed one cause, and no weak one, that tended to bring about the irrepressible conflict. The beauty which was at his command is seen in such stanzas as these:

Under the yaller pines I house
  When sunshine makes 'em all sweet-scented,
An' hear among their furry boughs
  The baskin' west-wind purr contented,
While 'way o'erhead, ez sweet an' low
  Ez distant bells that ring for meetin',
The wedged wil' geese their bugles blow,
  Further an' further south retreatin'.

Or up the slippery knob I strain
  An' see a hundred hills like islan's

Lift their blue woods in broken chain
Out o' the sea o' snowy silence ;
The farm-smokes, sweetes' sight on airth,
Slow thru the winter air a-shrinkin',
Seem kin' o' sad an' roun' the hearth
Of empty places set me thinkin'.

A good collection of short poems was *Under the Willows* (1869). And if we compare these with the communications of Mr. Hosea Biglow we shall find a range that will give a surprising idea of Lowell's power and grasp.

Oliver Wendell Holmes was a versatile man. As poet and novelist he won wide renown, while his medical reputation was no mean one. It was as a poet, however, that he first became known. He was born in 1809, studied at Harvard and graduated in a class that contributed several valuable men to the country. He studied law for a time, but abandoned it for medicine. From 1838–82 he held a professorship of anatomy and physiology, first at Dartmouth College and afterwards at the Massachusetts Medical School in Boston. In 1886 Holmes visited Europe, and was received in England with most pleasant cordiality. His last work appeared in 1890 and he died four years later. The reputation of Holmes is almost entirely due to the quality of wit that is seen in all his writings. He is uniformly at his best in *vers de société*, *vers d'occasion*, the lighter type of poetry. And in his manner of handling it he is a lineal descendant of the Priors and Gays of a century back. In this difficult field

he acquits himself with honor sufficient to give him a high place among the poets.

A singular buoyancy of manner characterizes all his work. In prose this includes the famous *Breakfast Table* series, some quasi-scientific essays, and several novels that are touched throughout by a medical point of view. Undoubtedly the *Breakfast Table* trio deserve most praise. *The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table* appeared in *The Atlantic* 1857-8; *The Professor at the Breakfast Table*, 1860; and *The Poet at the Breakfast Table* in 1872. They are a series of philosophizings on things in general; a series of personal talks in which the author's odd though likeable personality, his dry and sparkling wit, have free vent. The books are absolutely unconventional and quite different from anything else; but (at least in the case of the first) very delightful. A sample of his humor may be given:—

"Don't you know how hard it is for some people to get out of a room after their visit is over? We rather think we do. They want to be off, but they don't know how to manage it. One would think they had been built in your room, and were waiting to be launched. I have contrived a sort of ceremonial inclined plane for such visitors, which, being lubricated with certain smooth phrases, I back them down, metaphorically speaking, stern foremost, into their native element of out-of-doors."

Of poetry Holmes published many volumes, the first coming out in 1836. Some of the titles are *Songs in Many Keys* (1862); *The Iron Gate and other*

Poems (1880); *Before the Curfew and other Poems* (1888). The poems are always graceful and frequently possess an unaffected pathos. Purely humorous is *The One Hoss Shay.* Nearly all are short and delicately constructed. His own favorite was *The Chambered Nautilus*, in which the pathos is not crossed by a lighter vein:

Its webs of living gauze no more unfurl;
Wrecked is the ship of pearl,
And every chambered cell,
Where its dim dreaming life was wont to dwell,
As the frail tenant shaped his growing shell,
Before thee lies revealed.
Its irised ceiling vent, its sunless crypt unsealed.

Year after year beheld the silent toil
That spread his lustrous coil;
Still, as the spiral grew,
He left the past year's dwelling for the new,
Stole with soft step its shining archway through
Built up its idle door,
Stretched in his last-found home, and knew the old no more.

. . . . . .

Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul,
As the swift seasons roll!
Leave thy low-vaulted past!
Let each new temple, nobler than the last,
Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast,
Till thou at length art free,
Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's unresting sea

It is no little added honor to Holmes that, besides his achievements in literature, he did valuable work as a teacher. His kindly, though satirical, writings, his "laughter never long nor loud," are a genial bequeathment to the world.

CHAPTER XIV.

ENGLISH IN AMERICA: CHIEFLY PROSE.

THE THINKERS.—EMERSON AND THOREAU.—THREE STRANGE PERSONALITIES.—HAWTHORNE.—HIS VALUE.—POE.—THE "TALES."—WHITMAN.—HIS DEFICIENCIES.—THE FOUR HISTORIANS: BANCROFT, PRESCOTT, MOTLEY, PARKMAN.

IT is an interesting fact in American literature that so many of its greatest exponents were born during the first two decades of the nineteenth century. Of poets, Longfellow, Whittier, Holmes, Lowell and Poe; of prose writers, Bancroft, Emerson, Hawthorne, Motley. This is a good showing—indeed, these names stand in the highest place of honor. The circumstance, of course, was fortuitous, but it enables a useful classification. The great war forms a natural division in every department of American life, and literature before the war is represented almost entirely by the writers enumerated. After the war there is a spread of ideas, an opening up of new regions, a widening of the field of literary production, so that every part of the nation makes some valuable contribution. But the men who belong essentially to this period were not so great altogether as those who went be-

fore. We have grouped them in a single chapter, taking two for the consideration of the others.

Coming now to speak of what America has done in philosophy, we find two names of importance—Emerson and Thoreau, the Sage of Concord and the Hermit of Walden. Original thinkers both, Emerson is the greater—one of the most inspiring of all English writers. A philosopher first and a poet in so far as his philosophy found poetic expression, he accepted poetry as "the expression of thought in its rare and prophetic moods." He is a poet for thinkers, but none the less a true poet with a fine ear and a keen eye. Ralph Waldo Emerson was born in Boston in 1803. For the greater part of his life he lived at Concord, which has become a centre of literary pilgrimage. Graduating from Harvard, he worked for three years as a Unitarian minister, but resigned on account of radical change in his opinions. From 1830–2 he was abroad, and while in England met Wordsworth, Landor, Coleridge, and De Quincey, and formed a firm friendship with Carlyle—keeping up a correspondence for many years. Returning to America, he took up the varied work of a literary man. Especially was his attention directed to the need for greater breadth of thought. The necessity for liberation from outworn dogmas, and the philosophy which was to give this liberation, he made it his life's task to preach and inculcate. By lectures and by essays he tried to forward his views, to make more general plain living and high

thinking. He did not mix much with the world, preferring such seclusion as was possible. His fame in England led to his giving a course of lectures in London. In 1874 he received the signal honor of nomination to the Lord Rectorship of Glasgow University—though he failed to actually gain the prize. His closing years were calm, useful and happy. His death took place in 1882, the same year as Longfellow's—in fact he contracted pneumonia at Longfellow's grave. The death of the more popular poet overshadowed Emerson's in the common mind, for Longfellow was deeply beloved.

Emerson's collected works comprise some twelve volumes—of poems, essays and miscellaneous writings. The striking originality and force of his views were first evidenced by a little book published in 1836, an *Essay on Nature*. This attracted the notice of all thoughtful men. Our narrow limits forbid any examination of the philosophy of which *Nature* was the opening word, and which he continued to exemplify by such productions as the two series of *Essays* (1841 and 1844). Roughly speaking, he upheld individual research as against blind obedience to tradition or authority; sane optimism as against the pessimism that sees no hope; an ideal in physical and mental concerns as against the dead level of materialism. He could not comprehend the vast problem of the universe which is so maddening to the mind that meditates upon it; nor did he claim this. He did claim that

whatever is, is right. He was a leader of the "Transcendentalism" in America—the movement that aimed at an abolition of the hampering forms of society and tradition and a resuming of the perfect artless freedom of nature. The organ of this movement was *The Dial*, a periodical famous, philosophic, but fugitive. To this Emerson contributed. His style of writing is stimulating, eminently suggestive, and, generally speaking, clear. Striking sentences abound. For example:—

"Hitch your wagon to a star." "Every man's taste is his life-preserver." "The hero is he who is immovably centred." "If you believe in Fate to your harm, believe in it at least to your good."

Others of his prose works were: *English Traits* (1856); *The Conduct of Life* (1860); *Society and Solitude* (1870). In his poetry his "spiritual philosophy and laws of conduct appear again, but transfigured." A most original poet he was. The *Poems* of 1847 and 1876, and *May Day and other Pieces* (1867) show his powers and his limitations. His poetry, as he himself says, was written rather for the sake of thought. To a certain extent it lacks passion, life and action, but it is always strong and full of significance, full of memorable lines:—

The brook sings on, but sings in vain,
Wanting an echo in my brain.

Heartily know
When half-gods go,
The gods arrive.

O tenderly the haughty day
Fills his blue urn with fire.

Once slept the world an egg of stone,
And pulse, and sound, and light was none;
And God said "Throb!" and there was motion,
And the vast mass became vast ocean.

A philosopher of a different type from Emerson was HENRY DAVID THOREAU. Emerson tells men to follow out their natural tendencies, to attain the stature of a free man despite conventional restraints, but he does not advocate casting off all checks, and acknowledges the importance imposed by duty and by personal and patriotic feeling. But Thoreau "is Emerson without domestic ties, or wish for them, save for a streak of benevolence without those of humanity, and without patriotism." Thoreau lived from 1817 to 1862. He was a recluse for the greater part of life, and disliked society in the same degree that Emerson found it stimulating. "We lose our days," says the latter, "and are barren of thoughts for the want of some person to talk with. The understanding can no more empty itself by its own action than can a deal-box . . . a scholar does not always wish to be pumping his brains, he wants gossip." On the other hand, Thoreau: "Woe to him who wants a companion, for he is unfit to be the companion even of himself." "I love my friends very much, but I find it is no use to

go to see them. I hate them commonly when I am near them; they belie themselves and deny me continually." So on other points. Thoreau is always clear and just, but he is cold and hard at the same time. As a lover and interpreter of nature he has few equals. He attempted poetry with some success, though he was not a poet. Much of his prose has great truth as well as beauty :—

"The youth gets together the materials to build a bridge to the moon or a temple on the earth, and the middle-aged man concludes to build a woodshed with them."

Thoreau was a disciple of Emerson, and Emerson said the final words of his character: "His soul was made for the noblest society. He had in a short life exhausted the capabilities of this world. Wherever there is knowledge, wherever there is virtue, wherever there is beauty, he will find a throne."

Three strange personalities are found in Hawthorne, Poe and Whitman. Hawthorne belonged to the group of New England writers who made notable the middle third of the century; Poe was of the south; Whitman has given rise to a good deal of discussion. The two former were literary artists in a very true sense, the latter is noted for his disregard of all artistic canons. The strong individuality of each forbids any grouping—unless for that very reason they form a group by themselves.

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE came of Puritan stock, and owed to this not a little of the sombre point of view so characteristic of his work. He was born at Salem in 1804, and by and by went to live in Maine, where he developed his "cursed habits of solitude." He studied at Bowdoin College, and on graduation returned to Salem. There he indulged in seclusion, writing all day and wandering all night about the historic old town. He remained ten years soaking in the congenial half-mystic atmosphere of the place. In 1836 he edited a magazine for a few months, and by 1837 had written enough short stories to publish a volume called *Twice-Told Tales*, of which a second series appeared five years later. In 1846 *Mosses from an Old Manse* commemorated his elm-shaded house at Concord. The *Mosses* consisted of stories and sketches of the same general nature as the *Twice-Told Tales*, and couched in the same beautiful style. Emerson and Thoreau were his near neighbors. The same year saw him ensconced as Surveyor of Customs at Salem. Here he found, among the old documents of the place, the story which eventually formed the basis of *The Scarlet Letter* (1850), his first sustained work and a great success. In Lenox, a little village of Massachusetts, he next resided for two years. These were full of work. *The House of the Seven Gables* (1850) is a novel of heredity. It narrates the working out of the curse imposed upon the Pyncheon family, one of the old Puritan progenitors of which

had condemned a r to die for witchcraft. "God will give you blood to drink!" was the dying prophecy of the wizard, and the story tells of its terrible fulfilment down to the last of the Pyncheons. *The Blithedale Romance* (1852) was founded on an early experience in practical socialism which had met the usual fate of such well-meaning but visionary plans. The consulate at Liverpool, England, was given him in 1853, and he enjoyed more actual ease than had hitherto befallen him. He resigned his position in 1857, and spent some three years in England, France, and Italy. Outcomes of this sojourn were the English and Italian *Note Books*, published after his death, and *The Marble Faun* (1860), an Italian romance. The last few years of his life were spent in Concord. He died in 1864—suddenly, as was his desire.

Hawthorne's style is one of the most perfect that we have in English. It is strong, clear and exquisitely turned. In the short stories it is seen at its best; of this type of fiction Hawthorne was a master. It is difficult to give any just idea of its movement, which is cumulative, so that each story is a fine piece of art. The following will present as good an idea of its qualities as could any brief citation. It is from *The House of the Seven Gables*, and describes the room where the dead Judge Pyncheon is sitting in his chair:—

"Meanwhile the twilight is looming upward out of corners of the room. The shadows of the tall

furniture grow deeper, and at first become more definite; then spreading wider they lose their distinctness of outline in the dark gray tide of oblivion, as it were, that creeps slowly over the various objects, and the one human figure sitting in the midst of them. The gloom has not entered from without; it has brooded here all day, and now, taking its own inevitable time, will possess itself of everything. The judge's face, indeed, rigid, and singularly white, refuses to melt into this universal solvent. Fainter and fainter grows the light. It is as if another double handful of darkness had been scattered through the air; now it is no longer gray but sable. There is still a faint appearance at the window; neither a glow, nor a gleam, nor a glimmer,—any phrase of light would express something far brighter than this doubtful perception, or sense, rather, that there is a window there. Has it yet vanished? No!—Yes! —not quite! and there is still the swarthy whiteness of Judge Pyncheon's face. The features are all gone; there is only the paleness of them left. And how looks it now? There is no window! There is no face! an infinite, inscrutable blackness has annihilated sight!"

This also gives some indication of Hawthorne's *metier*. He loved the shadowy and the vague. His mind is reflective rather than observing. His works are for the most part imaginative to the highest degree. He dwells among visions. He finds mystery in the current of ordinary lives. "His prevailing themes are drawn from the borderland or twilight between the two worlds, half real and half ideal." *The House of the Seven Gables* and *The Scarlet Letter* are Hawthorne's masterpieces. *The Scarlet Letter*, a fine colonial romance, tells of sin and its punish-

ment. And the central theme is the attempt of the hero to preserve the appearance of goodness over his conscious wrong-doing. "To the untrue man the whole universe is false." Not all Hawthorne's writings are concerned with the occult or the inscrutable. Sometimes he turns aside into fields of beautiful simplicity; as in minor tales like *The Old Apple Dealer* or *A Rill from the Town Pump*, or like the exquisite *Tanglewood Tales*. But the prevailing spirit of his work is one of mystery and introspection. At the same time he has gifts which place him in the forefront of American writers. It were difficult to surpass the strange perfection of his best short stories. His wide culture, his quiet strength and his concentration make him a force that will not soon pass away.

A fair comparison between Poe and Hawthorne is afforded when it is said that the one is typically northern, the other typically southern, in temperament. Hawthorne is dark and tender, Poe is bright, fierce, and changeable. Hawthorne has a stronger grip of the realities that are behind art, while Poe relies more upon the beauty and color of art itself. Both were romancers of the truest type. The life of Edgar Allan Poe is one example more of the unruly poetic temperament; though in justice let it be said that his impatience of all restraint was due in part at least to the deficiencies of his early training. He was born at Boston in 1809, and inherited the passion and excitability of a race distinguished

rather for mystery and romance than for happiness. His second name was given for his godfather, who took charge of the child when he was orphaned, at an early age. At the age of eight, Poe was put to school in England, in a "misty-looking village . . . where were a vast number of gigantic gnarled trees, and where all the houses were excessively ancient." To this part of his life he owed a good classical training, and some pleasurable memories. Returning to America in 1821, he attended school and college in Virginia for some time. But his dissipated habits at last brought about a rupture between him and his kindly guardian. The year 1827 saw the issue of his first little book, *Tamerlane and other Poems.* The next two years of his life are vague. According to some accounts he was fired by the story of the Greek insurgents, and, like Byron, determined to give his aid to the struggle against Turkish oppression, but only got as far as England; others say that he enlisted as a common soldier. Anyway, in 1829, he was reconciled to his guardian, and the following year went to West Point with the intention of entering the army. But he was utterly unfitted for the strict training of an officer, and being tried by court-martial "for various neglects of duty and disobedience to orders," was, in the spring of 1831, "dismissed the service of the United States." Before this, however, he had arranged for the issue of a subscription edition of *Poems*, dedicated to the

United States Corps of Cadets. The judgment of the United States Corps of Cadets thereupon was not flattering. Said one of their number: "These verses were the source of great merriment to us boys, who considered the author cracked, and the verses ridiculous doggerel." But the pen was mightier than the sword to the taste of Poe, and he continued along the more congenial path. The remainder of his life, however, was sad. His guardian cast him off finally, and thenceforth his pen was his only means of livelihood. He won success in a literary competition, and for a time all went well. In 1840 he published the remarkable *Tales of the Grotesque and Arabesque*, in two volumes. But his capricious temper, his wrong-headedness, his lapses, physical and moral, rendered it impossible that he should stick to the ordinary work-a-day life. He fell and rose and struggled, producing always work that bore the highest marks of power and genius. At last he fell to rise no more. His life latterly had been very hard, apart from the difficulties of his own making. Few things are more pitiful than the tale of his wife's death and his own anguish. The death of Poe himself (1849) is shrouded in gloom. He went down into silence, the cause of his decease unknown.

In some respects Poe is the most remarkable of American writers. Though he did not leave much behind him, a great deal of what he did leave bears the stamp of genius. Few authors show a more

marked originality. In his poetry there is a music which owes little or nothing to involved metre, and is of the type of Shelley. It is doubtful if, for pure beauty of sound, he falls far behind Shelley himself. In this respect, with Shelley and Swinburne, he is unique in English verse. Every one knows *The Raven*, the wonderful *Bells*, the musical and tender *Annabel Lee*. Typical of Poe is the *Haunted Palace*—a marvellous allegory of a lost mind.—

In the greenest of our valleys
  By good angels tenanted,
Once a fair and stately palace—
  Radiant palace—reared its head.
In the monarch Thought's dominion—
  It stood there!
Never seraph spread a pinion
  Over fabric half so fair!

Banners yellow, glorious, golden,
  On its roof did float and flow,
(This—all this—was in the olden
  Time, long ago),
And every gentle air that dallied,
  In that sweet day,
Along the ramparts plumed and pallid,
  A winged odor went away.

. . . . . .

And all with pearl and ruby glowing
  Was the fair palace door,
Through which came flowing, flowing, flowing,
  And sparkling evermore,
A troop of Echoes, whose sweet duty
  Was but to sing,
In voices of surpassing beauty,
  The wit and wisdom of their king.

But evil things in robes of sorrow
Assailed the monarch's high estate,
(Ah, let us mourn!—for never morrow
Shall dawn upon him desolate!)
And round about his home the glory,
That blushed and bloomed,
Is but a dim-remembered story
Of the old time entombed.

And travellers, now, within that valley,
Through the red-litten windows see
Vast forms that move fantastically
To a discordant melody,
While, like a ghastly rapid river,
Through the pale door
A hideous throng rush out forever
And laugh—but smile no more.

All Poe's work is touched by the grim. In this field he is master. His stories deal nearly all with mysteries and horrors. *The Murders in the Rue Morgue* and *The Purloined Letter* are glorified "detective" tales, and heralded the long array in that kind which have fallen so infinitely from the high estate given them by Poe. But better than these are the "tales of which children and nervous persons should beware"—*The Black Cat*, *The Pit and the Pendulum*, *The Tell-tale Heart*, etc. These are horrible; but they are fascinating, their spirit is above the plane of the merely terrifying—and they are fine literature. Best of all is *The Fall of the House of Usher*, which, by the way, contains the poem given above. A brother has placed his tranced sister alive within the family vault and on a stormy

night she revives and comes through the huge deserted passages of the house to where the brother sits with the friend who is visiting him. To properly appreciate the climax, one must read the story; but in itself the climax is impressive. The visitor flies aghast, and as he leaves the house a wild light shoots across his path:—

"The radiance was that of the full, setting and blood-red moon, which now shone vividly through the fissure of which I have before spoken as extending from the roof of the building, in a zigzag direction, to the base. While I gazed, the fissure rapidly widened—there came a fierce breath of the whirlwind—the entire orb of the satellite burst at once upon my sight—my brain reeled as I saw the mighty walls rushing asunder—there was a long tumultuous rushing sound like the voice of a thousand waters—and the deep and dark tarn at my feet closed sullenly and silently over the fragments of the House of Usher."

The work of WALT WHITMAN lies at the opposite pole from that of the two just mentioned. His poems—with one or two exceptions—are absolutely without form or art. They are the height of lawless force. The man was big mentally and physically, but his bigness was uncontrolled by any grace; and the merely big is unpleasing and tiresome. This writer was born in 1819 and for a time was conventional in his utterances. The first book that showed the path which he was hewing out for himself was *Leaves of Grass* (1855). This was a strange

volume, containing what cannot be called poetry. It had some of the elements, but they were uncombined. It indicated his characteristics pretty clearly. These characteristics he developed continually through all his long life. He soon attracted attention—is, in fact, one of the most widely known of American poets. He possessed unbounded vitality and a very practical tenderness for his kind. In 1847–8 he made long pedestrian tours through the United States and Canada, following the courses of the great rivers. During the Civil War he went to Washington and ministered to the sick and wounded of both armies. Three years he carried on this work wisely and well. Through some culpable stupidity on the part of a government official he was dismissed the position which had partly rewarded his untiring services. This called forth a strong vindication of "The Good Gray Poet," who soon afterwards was reinstated. In 1883 he published a prose book—*Specimen Days and Collect.* Five years later he finished his last work. It was called *November Boughs*, and contained both poetry and prose. He died in 1892.

Whitman has been the subject of unqualified praise and quite as unqualified blame. As usual, the right opinion lies midway. It must be pointed out, however, that all the canons of good poetry condemn his methods. As some one has said, if Shakespeare, Keats and Goethe were poets, Whitman is not. And the conclusion is difficult to avoid. It is a remarkable fact, also, that his audience is

found, not among the common people, whose champion it was his lifelong pride to be, but among that small class which appreciates his good points by making allowance for his failings. The common people do not read him. They prefer the true and simple art of a Longfellow. Severe as it sounds, the statement is none the less true that his work for the most part is "a chaos of impressions, thoughts or feelings thrown together without rhyme, which matters little; without metre, which matters more; and often without reason, which matters much." As a fact, he is at his best when he condescends to submit to the fetters of rhyme and metre; then we see how really great he might have been. Here is a type of his usual style:—

What do you see, Walt Whitman?
Who are they you salute, and that one after another salute you?

I see a great round wonder rolling through space,
I see diminute farms, hamlets, ruins, graveyards, jails, factories, palaces, hovels, huts of barbarians, tents of nomads upon the surface,

I see the shaded part on one side where the sleepers are sleeping, and the sunlit part on the other side,
I see the curious rapid change of the light and shade,
I see distant lands, as real and near to the inhabitants of them as my land is to me.

With this compare the noble verses on the death of President Lincoln, where Whitman shows the measure of his best gift. Nothing here of "the barbaric yawp."

O Captain ! my Captain ! our fearful trip is done,
The ship has weather'd every rack, the prize we sought is won,
The port is near, the bells I hear, the people all exulting,
While follow eyes the steady keel, the vessel grim and daring ;
But O heart ! heart ! heart !
O the bleeding drops of red,
Where on the deck my captain lies,
Fallen cold and dead.

O Captain ! my Captain ! rise up and hear the bells ;
Rise up—for you the flag is flung—for you the bugle trills,
For you bouquets and ribbon wreaths—for you the shores a-crowding,
For you they call, the swaying mass, their eager faces turning ;
Here, Captain ! dear father !
This arm beneath your head ;
It is some dream that on the deck,
You've fallen cold and dead.

My captain does not answer, his lips are pale and still,
My father does not feel my arm, he has no pulse nor will,
The ship is anchor'd safe and sound, its voyage closed and done,
From fearful trip the victor ship comes in with object won ;
Exult, O shores, and ring, O bells !
But I, with mournful tread,
Walk the deck my captain lies,
Fallen cold and dead.

In the department of history four writers have done excellent work. Bancroft, Prescott, Motley, and Parkman represent the American historical achievement and do honor to the land from which they sprang. George Bancroft (1800–1891) devoted the bulk of his long life to writing a *History of the United States*, which, though never completed, is

still regarded as the standard work for the period it covers. It was the first systematic work upon the subject. Bancroft studied at Harvard University and at Göttingen in Germany. After having been Collector of Customs at Boston, and Secretary of the Navy, he was ambassador to Great Britain from 1846–9. In the meantime his attention had been turned to history, and the first volume of his great work appeared in 1834. During nearly fifty years this was his chief employment. The twelfth and last volume came out in 1882. The *History* was planned on a large scale, as may be inferred from the fact that, beginning with Columbus, it comes down no later than 1789. In 1883–5 he prepared a revised edition. Bancroft's style is generally vigorous, but at times lacks flexibility. He is usually fair, though sometimes his strong political feeling colors his conclusions. But his industry and research conferred a value on his *History* that will probably be permanent.

The most artistic and interesting of the group is William Hickling Prescott (1796–1859). Artistic by reason of the beauty of his style and the charm of his historical method; and interesting because he wrote under such peculiar difficulties. In 1812, while attending Harvard, he received an injury to the left eye which resulted seriously, and for the remainder of his life he was almost totally blind. Fortunately he had plenty of money and was able to continue his studies. He travelled for a few

years in Europe. His literary enthusiasm was very great, and when he settled upon the subject of his work no difficulty deterred him from its completion. He wrote by the aid of a writing case for the blind, and an assistant read to him his foreign authorities. And in eleven years he finished his famous *History of Ferdinand and Isabella*, published 1838. It is the most comprehensive history of Spain at the height of her power. The history at once became popular, and was translated into five European languages. Dealing with a fascinating subject, it is written in a manner that captivates. Prescott followed out the vein that he had struck. *The Conquest of Mexico* (1843) and *The Conquest of Peru* (1847) are equally valuable as histories and even more popular than the first work. They reveal a forgotten world of wonder and romance, as real as life and as strange as fairy-land. All the histories abound with picturesque descriptions of bygone scenes and races. Prescott's style is very graceful and varied. The following passage gives a fair sample. It refers to the passing away of some great Mexican race:—

"What thoughts must crowd the mind of the traveller as he wanders amidst these memorials of the past; as he treads over the ashes of the generations who reared these colossal fabrics, which take us from the present into the very depths of time! But who were their builders? Was it the shadowy Olmecs, whose history, like that of the ancient Titans, is lost in the mists of fable? or, as commonly reported,

the peaceful and industrious Toltecs, of whom all that we can glean rests on traditions hardly more secure? What has become of the races who built them? Did they remain on the soil and mingle and become incorporated with the fierce Aztecs who succeeded them? or did they pass on to the South, and find a wider field for the expansion of their civilization, as shown by the higher character of the architectural remains in the distant regions of Central America and Yucatan? It is all a mystery, over which Time has thrown an impenetrable veil, that no mortal hand may raise. A nation has passed away—powerful, populous, and well-advanced in refinement, as attested by their monuments,—but it has perished without a name. It has died and made no sign!"

Prescott's last work was *Philip the Second* (1855–8), written in somewhat more weighty manner. It was never carried to the conclusion which its author planned. He has combined through all his writings the charm of fiction with the value and solidity of fact; few men have succeeded so well in throwing over a past epoch the glamour of romance.

The name of JOHN LOTHROP MOTLEY (1814–1877) at once suggests *The Rise of the Dutch Republic*. This was his first work (1856), and indicates the field which he made essentially his own. Motley was another of that numerous band of American ambassadors who have also been distinguished litterateurs. He was educated at home and abroad. He spent some years of historical research in Germany and the Netherlands. *The Dutch Republic* was the first outcome of this. It evidences a strong grasp of

facts and a deep research. It is systematically divided —which by no means detracts from its worth—and shows signs of the influence of Carlyle. Motley's style, however, is very clear. *The History of the United Netherlands* was published in 1861–8. The *Life of John of Barneveld* followed in 1874. The three works are related and together form a most valuable history. They cover more than the Netherlands. They touch the great issues of civilized Europe during the pregnant period at the close of the sixteenth century and the opening of the seventeenth. The pervading theme is "the rise of modern constitutional liberty as over against Spain's last angry assertion of the might of politico-religious despotism." It had been Motley's intention to follow up his last volume with a history of the Thirty Years' War. Deeply, indeed, is it to be regretted that death cut him down before this plan was accomplished. The work which he did is an abiding achievement,—the fine and just exposition of a most interesting time.

Francis Parkman (1823–1893) is the brilliant and sympathetic historian of France and England in North America. This was the premeditated work of his life; he planned it deliberately and brought it to a rounded close. Harassed all his life by physical disabilities—he had very poor eyesight and very poor health—none the less he made the most careful studies of localities and of MSS. in the compilation of his *chef d'œuvre*. His system was

slowly to evolve the whole theme in a series of monographs, each complete in itself. The following were the titles: *The Pioneers of France in the New World*, *The Jesuits in North America in the 17th Century*, *La Salle and the Discovery of the Great West*, *The Old Régime in Canada*, *Count Frontenac and New France Under Louis XIV.*, *A Half Century of Conflict*, and *Montcalm and Wolfe*. *The Conspiracy of Pontiac* is a related work. The whole is an invaluable contribution to an important phase of the world's history. It is written in a singularly pleasing style, so that the pleasure of reading is not less than the profit. Best of the series, perhaps, is *Montcalm and Wolfe*, which traces the climax of the great struggle.

CHAPTER XV.

ENGLISH IN AMERICA: RECENT YEARS.

THE LINE OF CLEAVAGE.—TAYLOR.—STEDMAN.—ALDRICH.—RECENT NOVELISTS: HOWELLS, JAMES, AND HAWTHORNE.—THEIR LIMITATIONS.—THE SHORT STORY.—BRET HARTE AND THE WEST.—LOCAL WRITERS.—HUMORISTS PURE: "ARTEMUS WARD" AND "MARK TWAIN."—CANADIAN LITERATURE: HALIBURTON AND "SAM SLICK."—DEMILLE.—THE NEW SCHOOL.

IF we mark the divisions of American development by the great wars of the country, we find that all the best writers appeared before the huge struggle of 1861. We may set a quite exact period and say that the half century between 1812 and 1861 is the most brilliant season of American literature. After the Civil War, though there is an expansion of sympathy, yet there are no authors to stand with Hawthorne, or Longfellow, or Irving. The spirit of culture gradually becomes more general, but as yet its expression in literature is below that which went before. The production in poetry, fiction and all other departments has been surprisingly large, and there has been a raising of the level of excellence, but only a few names stand prominently above the level. Since the war numerous American authors have done creditable work. Of these a

few may be cited whose work has been something more. In poetry: Taylor, Stedman, Aldrich; in fiction: Aldrich again, Harte, Howells, James; and in a peculiar field of essentially American humor—humorists and nothing else—"Artemus Ward" and "Mark Twain."

Bayard Taylor (1825–1878) was singularly versatile. His brilliant powers made their mark, not only in poetry but travel, journalism, fiction and diplomacy. He came of the sturdy farming class, and began life in a printing office. A small volume of poetry, published in 1844, gained him the notice of a big New York paper, and he went to Europe on journalism intent. Here he roamed delightedly about, sending home graphic accounts. After his return these were published in book form (1846). Among other advantages this gained for him a place on the staff of the *Tribune* under Horace Greely. His roving spirit next led him to California in the days of the "forty-niners," when the gold fever was at its height. He embodied his experiences in a successful book called *Eldorado, or Adventures in the Path of Empire* (1850). A year later he found himself on the banks of the Nile. Successive wanderings brought him to China, Japan and the Holy Land. When he returned home he entered upon a very popular lecturing career (1854–6). After this his unwearied feet passed to Sweden and North Europe; then to Greece. In 1859 he was once more on the west coast of the United States.

He entered the diplomatic service, and for a year was stationed at St. Petersburg. In 1864 he resumed the vocation of writer. In 1874 he went to Ireland, and in 1878 was United States Minister at Berlin. Here he died only a short time after his arrival. Besides his books of travel he wrote four novels, and enough poetry to affect by its bulk its general excellence. This excellence lies rather in the form than in the thought. He wrote with rapidity. Some of his poetical volumes are: *Poems of the Orient* (1854), containing one of his best pieces, the well-known and passionate Bedouin love-song:

> From the desert I come to thee
> On a stallion shod with fire;
> And the winds are left behind
> In the speed of my desire.
> Under thy window I stand,
> And the midnight hears my cry:
> I love thee, I love but thee
> With a love that shall not die—
> *Till the sun grows cold*
> *And the stars are old*
> *And the leaves of the Judgment Book unfold!*

Poems of Home and Travel (1855), *The Poet's Journal* (1862), *Prince Deukalion; a Lyrical Drama* (1878). An accurate and valuable translation of Goethe's *Faust* appeared in 1870 and 1871.

Mr. Edmund Clarence Stedman is perhaps most familiar to readers through his three useful volumes of criticism—*Victorian Poets* (1876), *Poets of America* (1885), and *The Nature and Elements of Poetry* (1892). He was born in 1833, and began

journalism in 1852. For some time he remained a journalist pure, but since 1864 has been engaged in banking—without ceasing, however, a very close and constant devotion to literature. Chiefly known as a critic, Mr. Stedman has done some notable poetical work. *Poems Lyric and Idyllic* appeared in 1864. *Hawthorne and other Poems* (1877) contained a fine tribute to the great romancer. Very useful is *A Victorian Anthology* (1896), an exhaustive collection of work by English poets from 1837–1895.

Famed principally as a poet, Mr. Thomas Bailey Aldrich (b. 1836) has won distinction as a novelist and short story writer. A native of Portsmouth, N. H., his boyhood was passed there and in New Orleans and New York. He soon adopted journalism as a profession and made rapid advancement. From 1881 to 1892 he was editor of *The Atlantic Monthly*. His first essay in verse was the *Ballad of Babie Bell*. Other volumes followed. A carefully revised collection of poems was put forth in 1875—*Cloth of Gold*. The *XXXVI. Lyrics and XII. Sonnets* of 1881 were very well received. He has been termed the most pointed and exquisite of American lyrical craftsmen. Realizing that his chief strength does not lie in the direction of weighty matter or large construction, he devotes his attention rather to the requirements of a delicate and musical art. Mr. Aldrich, in his short stories and novels, evinces a keen sense of humor and a

charming style. "His shorter tales and sketches are finished like so many poems in prose, sparklingly original and delightful for the airy by-play of a captivating literary style." Chief among the novels is *The Still Water Tragedy* (1880). This possesses a sensational realism which is well held in check by an artistic handling. It is a Trades Union Story—not altogether unlike Charles Reade's *Put Yourself in His Place*. Mr. Aldrich is primarily the poet, and his prose work has always the quality implied by this fact.

For the representative novelist of later years we may take William Dean Howells (b. 1837), Henry James (b. 1843), and Julian Hawthorne (b. 1846). They are united in defence of "realism" in prose, though their methods are widely different. Mr. Howells received his education in a printing office. Until 1860 he was a country editor. In 1861 he was given the consulate at Venice, which proved a stepping-stone to new fortunes. Remaining there until 1865, he published the outcome of his observation—*Venetian Life* and *Italian Journeys*—in 1866 and 1867 respectively. These made him known as an observer and a writer of good prose. After some miscellaneous journalism, Mr. Howells became connected with the *Atlantic Monthly*, first as an assistant editor and then (1871) as chief, resigning his position in 1881. He held important posts on other big magazines for some time, but after 1892 devoted himself entirely to literary production. Possessed

of a ready and versatile pen, he has done much work in prose and poetry. *Stops of Various Quills* (1895) indicates the scope and manner of the latter. His many novels are marked by keen observation and kindly humor. Best is *A Modern Instance* (1882). Very well known is *The Rise of Silas Lapham* (1884). Both are marked by that somewhat analytical treatment which characterizes so much modern work. Some of his other novels are :—*The Lady of the Aroostook*, *The Undiscovered Country*, *A Hazard of New Fortunes*. Mr. Howells has injured himself as a writer by over-production.

Mr. Henry James belongs to Europe by long residence, but to America by birth. Born in 1843, he studied for law, but never took a University course, owing to delicate health. The greater part of his life has been spent away from his native country, in France, Italy and England. His literary career began in 1870. Since then he has written voluminously. He is what may be termed a "psychologic novelist." His books are mostly without any marked plot; their interest lies in the mental development of the characters. He is analytic to excess. He has a cosmopolitan point of view, which gives a wide sympathy to his work. His style is clean and exact, his workmanship is deft and his general culture is thorough. *The Bostonians* (1886) is his most typical work. He views life in a spirit of "devitalized coolness," and perhaps for that reason does not appeal to the popular as much as to

the more intellectual mind. *The American* and *The Europeans* (1878) evidence his "international" standpoint.

Julian Hawthorne labors under the disadvantage of one who dwells beneath the shadow of a great name. The son of the great Hawthorne, he attempts in his work to follow out his father's method. The result is not satisfactory, because no one can write in the style of the author of *The Scarlet Letter*. Julian Hawthorne also endeavors to pluck the heart out of a mystery and clothe it in living prose, but he lacks the gift of the greater pen. "It is boldness in Julian Hawthorne to write novels at all: the height of daring to write them, as he habitually does, in the metaphysical manner." He was born in 1846, studied at Harvard and in Germany, began to write, settled for a time in London. In 1889 he visited Europe with a delegation to enquire into the conditions of industry. In 1897 he was commissioned by the *Cosmopolitan Magazine* to report on the Indian plague and its sanitation.

Archibald Malmaison is generally acknowledged as his best work. Its theme is the fascinating one of a dual life. The hero is subject to seasons of long trance, when he is as a dead man. Other titles, such as: *Confessions of a Convict*, *John Parmalee's Curse*, *Another's Crime*, will show the trend of his genius. Like Howells and James, his chief danger lies in over-production.

"The successors of Nathaniel Hawthorne are,

consciously or unconsciously, living in his shade." Howells by his tracing of character and motive; James by his arabesque workings on the walls of thought; Julian Hawthorne by his excursions into the realm of unusual human experience. The fact has given rise to some good novels, but in spite of the personal equation, which renders difficult careful judgment, we notice the descent from the master to those who come after.

In one division of literature American writers have surpassed all others. This is the short story, which seems peculiarly adapted to the American mind. Irving first found his *metier* therein; Hawthorne and Poe widened the field by such collections as *Twice-Told Tales* and the *Tales of the Grotesque and Arabesque*. And of late years there have not been found wanting worthy followers in the same path. Prince among recent exponents of this literary type is Mr. Francis Bret Harte. By virtue of his humor and pathos and his fine style he has gained a very high place among modern writers. Mr. Harte was born in New York State in 1839. At first he thought of teaching as a profession. But in 1854 he went to California to make his fortune, and succeeded—though not quite in the manner of his youthful dreams. From the land of gold he drew the golden coin of literary currency which proved acceptable the world over. After some experience as a miner he became editor of a local newspaper. In 1870 he published a collection

of poems—among them the famous *Heathen Chinee*. This was followed by a volume of realistic prose sketches of mining life, entitled *The Luck of Roaring Camp*. These at once gave him fame and honor. Afterwards he was United States Consul successively at Crefeld, Germany, and, Glasgow Scotland. Since 1885 he has resided chiefly in London. Mr. Bret Harte labors under the infirmity of modern popular writers. He has written too much. Gaining an instant and signal success in the domain of the raw and picturesque life, he has returned again and again without surpassing and generally without equalling the excellence of his first stories. But of their excellence there can be no doubt.

In *The Luck of Roaring Camp*, and the one or two of his books that are worthy to stand beside it, he has preserved in lasting prose the vanished mining camp of the young West. His best work deserves the highest praise. It is intensely real, it has something elemental about it, something of the basic qualities of human nature, which will cause it to live. And its finest trait is "the charity that believes . . . that there is something in the greatest drunkard, the most reckless gambler—in the men, and women, too, 'of no account'—that brings them within the pale of our sympathies." All his best stories show this trait: *The Outcasts of Poker Flat*, *M'liss*, *Tennessee's Partner*, *The Idyll of Red Gulch*, and others. In his poetry there is much humor and occasionally some verses of real beauty

that arrest the attention. But he stands by virtue of his fine work in the short story. Added value is given by the fact that he has strongly influenced a marked movement in recent American literature—the development of the "local" short story; which finds its inspiration in the unusual environment of some little-known part of the country, and its expression very frequently in dialect. The more important writers in this kind are: JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS, whose *Uncle Remus* amusingly incorporates some of the negro folk lore; THOMAS NELSON PAGE, author of *Red Rock* and *In Ole Virginia*, who depicts the traits of the "Old South" society; GEORGE WASHINGTON CABLE, a careful and deliberate worker. His *Old Creole Days* centres its interest about the picturesque Southern "creole" population—its French and Spanish descent and traditions and its American allegiance. Mention should be made of JAMES LANE ALLEN, who has given voice to the rich and teeming life of Kentucky. His principal novels are *A Summer in Arcady* and *The Choir Invisible*. He possesses a singularly good style.

There are two writers who ought to come in here because they are such typical humorists. Humorists and nothing else; it must not be forgotten that the works of such men as Lowell and Holmes are steeped in humor. But they have other claims to notice. ARTEMUS WARD and MARK TWAIN are famed by their fun alone. Artemus Ward was the elder and had the shorter life. His real name was Charles Farrer

Browne and he was born in 1834. All his early years were spent in newspaper work, and he gradually gained a wide celebrity as a humorist. By and by the idea of lecturing came to his mind. And in thinking over the subjects he decided finally upon a perfectly original scheme, "a string of jests combined with a stream of satire," the whole being unconnected—a burlesque upon a lecture. And for a title he hesitated between *My Seven Grandmothers* and *The Babes in the Wood*, eventually choosing the latter. The lecture which was constructed thereupon had nothing to do with its title, beyond a passing reference, and combined a maximum of fun with a minimum of sense. His manner was inimitable; the fun of his lectures depending so largely upon this that his witticisms are not nearly so amusing in cold type as they were in the actual delivery. His first lecture was given in 1861. From that time he had crowded houses wherever he appeared. His unique material, and the quaint, half-melancholy mode of his delivery, created unbounded enthusiasm. His roving disposition led him to travel widely. In 1863 he first spoke in San Francisco. Returning overland he passed through Salt Lake District, and evolved his famous lecture, *Among the Mormons*. In 1867 he went to England and began a very successful season in London, but a sadly short one. He was paid the most kindly homage. Among others, Charles Reade, the novelist, became his warm friend and admirer. His letters in *Punch* drew wide atten-

tion. But at the very flood of prosperity he died of consumption, before he had been in England a year.

It is very difficult to give a true notion of the wit of Artemus Ward. In his short sketches he resorts to the device of bad spelling, which—as in the case of Thackeray's *Yellow-Plush Papers*—is amusing when behind there is the support of real humor. He had only three lectures. They were exceedingly popular and probably will remain quite unique. Of the fun that lends itself to quotation perhaps the following, from *Among the Mormons*, is typical. "Brigham," of course, is Brigham Young, the head of the Mormon Church:

"Brigham is an indulgent father and a numerous husband; he has married two hundred wives; he loves not wisely but two hundred well. He is dreadfully married—he is the most married man I ever saw. When I was up at Salt Lake City I was introduced to his mother-in-law. I can't exactly tell you how many there is of her, but it's a good deal."

The secret of Artemus Ward's success was simply the secret of a magnetic control. He played on his audience. And much of his humor could live only in the subtle atmosphere of his own creation.

Mark Twain's personal statement that he was born in Aberdeen, County of Cork, England, may be regarded as metaphorical. More exact is the report that names as his birthplace the village of Florida, Missouri (1835). His true name is Samuel Langhorne Clemens. His *nom de guerre* was derived

from the call used by Mississippi River leadsmen when sounding two fathoms. After a smattering of education, he went to New Orleans and in course of time became a full-fledged river pilot. This part of his life is portrayed in *Old Times on the Mississippi* (1883). In 1861 he went out to the new West and spent several years of varied excitement. Drifting into journalism he visited Hawaii (1866) as a newspaper correspondent. These years he chronicled in *Roughing It* (1873). Like Artemus Ward, Mark Twain essayed the lecture and found it good. This was in 1866. In the spring of the following year he went on a remarkable pleasure trip to the Mediterranean and the Holy Land. The incidents of this famous excursion Mark embodied in *The Innocents Abroad* and *The New Pilgrim's Progress* (1869). The treatment is strikingly and delightfully original and the book established his reputation. Lecturing and writing have largely engaged his latter years. Recently the unfortunate failure of a publishing firm has forced him again into the sphere of hard work. A lecturing tour around the world happily relieved him of his difficulties. Mark Twain has written serious work—as distinguished from his humorous books. But the latter are the best; the former do not show their author in a particularly interesting light. As a humorous writer, however, it is doubtful if any one has ever been more popular. And the popularity is deserved, for there is very little in his pages that

is objectionable. His works vary in merit; some are injured by mannerisms. The books that stand head and shoulders above their fellows are: *The Innocents Abroad*, *Roughing It*, *Life on the Mississippi* and *Huckleberry Finn*. The last is the autobiography of a river boy, and contains some of the most amusing situations that Mark Twain ever conceived—especially the episode of the "King" and the "Duke." Twain owes much to his travels, and he has made use of them to the utmost. His attractiveness was due in the first place to the freshness of his wit, for he was not an imitator. He delights in surprises and laughable exaggerations. Here is his editorial reply to "an inquiry from the coming man":—

"Young Author—Yes, Agassiz does recommend authors to eat fish, because the phosphorus in it makes brains. So far, you are correct. But I cannot help you to a decision about the amount you need to eat—at least, not with certainty. If the specimen composition you send is about your usual average, I should judge that a couple of whales would be all you would want for the present. Not the largest kind; but simply good-sized, middling whales."

In another place he offers some suggestions for the reform of the German language:

"In the first place, I would leave out the dative case. It confuses the plurals; and, besides, nobody ever knows when he is in the dative case. In the next place, I would move the verb further up to the

front. You may load up with ever so good a verb, but I notice that you never really bring down a subject with it at the present German range—you only cripple it. . . . Thirdly, I would import some strong words from the English tongue. . . . Fourthly, I would reorganize the sexes, and distribute them according to the will of the Creator. This as a tribute of respect if nothing else. . . . Fifthly, I would do away with these great, long, compounded words, or require the speaker to deliver them in sections, with intermissions for refreshments. . . . Intellectual food is like any other; it is pleasanter and more beneficial to take it with a spoon than with a shovel. Sixthly, I would require a speaker to stop when he is done, and not hang a string of those useless 'haben sind gewesen gehabt haben geworden seins' to the end of his oration. . . . Seventhly, I would discard the parenthesis. . . . I would require every individual, be he high or low, to unfold a plain, straightforward tale, or else coil it and sit on it, and hold his peace."

In *The Innocents Abroad*, after saying how far the Bedouins of Palestine fall short of his fond expectations, he closes:—

"To glance at the genuine son of the desert is to take the romance out of him forever—to behold his steed is to long in charity to strip his harness off and let him fall to pieces."

Many writers have attempted to follow in the steps of Artemus Ward and Mark Twain. Many a hand has essayed the peculiarities of the one or the other. But the result, with scarcely any exception, has been unutterably dreary. The style of humor which

is pleasant enough under the manipulation of its originator loses all its charm beneath an alien touch. To win fame by fun, and that alone, is a difficult matter. The two writers mentioned have done so—at the expense of true literary merit; but as yet no one else has succeeded.

It would be ungracious, in this book, to neglect the contribution of Canada to English literature. Yet the comparative unimportance of that contribution forbids any extended notice. It is only of recent years that Canadian writers have gained a place in the eyes of the outside world. This is natural enough; indeed, when we consider the physical difficulties with which Canadians have had to contend, it is remarkable that the position should have been gained even at the close of the century. In the first place, the English had to win the country from the French. That accomplished, there succeeded the difficult questions of reconstruction. Then the absorbing struggles of 1776 and 1812, and the Rebellion of 1837. The following thirty years were taken up by the political agitation that culminated in the Confederation of 1867. So that, prior to the last date, there had not been much time among our always limited population for the cultivation of original literature. The earlier rise and greater achievement of literature in the United States was but natural. The country had the advantage of a century's sturdy growth; for the New England section had been strong and flourishing many years

before the War of Independence, while the French owned Canada, and England held but a footing here and there. And there is another matter which has exercised considerable effect upon the growth of a Canadian literature. Only about half of Canada's huge territory is fitted for continuous residence, and there is no vast and rich South to counteract the effect of the long winters. Again, the powerful influence of her great neighbor has tended to draw away not a little of her best blood. Yet despite these and like difficulties Canada has done much. She has stretched her sway across a continent, has federated her scattered provinces, has preserved absolute liberty and justice for the men of an alien race in her midst, and has brought them into thorough sympathy with their English fellows. And as soon as her people had made her a nation, they began to turn their attention to letters, so that during the closing thirty years of the century, a literature emerges which may fairly be called national.

One name, however, stands forth commandingly during the first half of the century—the greatest, so far, in Canadian letters. It is Thomas Chandler Haliburton, widely known from his principal character as "Sam Slick." Haliburton was connected by descent with Sir Walter Scott, whose paternal grandmother was Barbara Haliburton. He was born in Windsor, Nova Scotia, in 1796, and received his education at King's College, at that

time the only university in the Maritime Provinces. He was called to the bar in 1820, and became a member of the House of Assembly in his native province. In 1840 he was made Judge of the Supreme Court, but shortly afterwards removed to England. Here he entered the Imperial Parliament, but did not achieve any very conspicuous success. His death took place in 1865.

Judge Haliburton may be said to have originated the broader school of Western humor. He "set the keynote of the tunes which so many have since with very various degrees of taste and skill been playing."

He has been called the Father of American humor; certain it is that he was the first to use the New England dialect for humorous purposes. The corner-stone of his fame is the book published in 1837, called *The Clock Maker, or Sayings and Doings of Samuel Slick of Slickville.* It consists of sketches which had previously appeared in a local paper. Sam Slick was a typical Yankee peddler, such as those who overran the Provinces in Haliburton's time. Into his mouth his author puts all manner of humor, satire and sound common sense. The book became very popular in England and the United States as well as Canada. By 1840 two other series had been published. Haliburton wrote a good deal in the vein that he had found successful. His books include *The Attaché, or Sam Slick in England; Traits of American Humor; Nature and Human*

Nature. His Yankee, Sam Slick, was the origin of the conventional "Uncle Sam" of the comic prints. Haliburton's work is interesting to Canadians for its witty presentation of bygone conditions, and for the added reason of his utterances on the subject of Imperial Federation.

Of later writers it is difficult to speak, as they are for the most part of very recent origin. The French-Canadian authors lie outside our scope, though they have done work which deserves more than passing notice. The first English poet in Canada was CHARLES HEAVYSEGE (1816–1869). His drama *Saul* was admired by Longfellow, and was termed by an English reviewer "one of the most remarkable English poems ever written out of Great Britain." The writings of JAMES DE MILLE (1835–1880) should not be overlooked. An educator and novelist, he was well known between 1870 and 1880. *The Dodge Club, or Italy in 1860* (1866), anticipated Mark Twain in the field of humorous travel. *A Castle in Spain*, which first appeared in *Harper's Magazine*, was one of his best books. De Mille was a versatile writer, producing, besides some twenty novels, a useful text-book on rhetoric. *A Strange Manuscript Found in a Copper Cylinder* was published posthumously and anonymously in 1888. It created a good deal of comment, in its serial as well as book form, the unknown author being accused of plagiarizing from novels that had appeared six years after it was actually written.

The work of this writer demands notice in any sketch of Canadian literature, however brief, because he was prominent as a Canadian author when these were few in the land.

Since 1880 a new school has arisen which has done much for a distinctive literature of its country. Most of the leaders are living. The excuse for mentioning them must be the very recent emergence of any Canadian literature as a conscious national expression. Charles George Douglas Roberts (b. 1860) has the honor of primacy in the new group. His work embraces poetry and prose. Chief of his volumes of artistic verse are *The Book of the Native* (1897), and *Songs of the Common Day* (1894). In a triology of novels he weaves the picturesque Acadian traditions into some finely written romances. He is the author of a scholarly *History of Canada*—the best of its kind. Bliss Carman (b. 1861) has published no prose in book form. His collections of poetry are few, but sincere in music and feeling. The name of *Behind the Arras: A Book of the Unseen* (1895), indicates its scope. *Ballads of Lost Haven* sing of the sea and *By the Aurelian Wall* of Keats and Rome. Archibald Lampman (1861–1899), too early lost, stands high among Canadian poets. *Among the Millet* (1887) and *Lyrics of Earth* (1896) comprise his poetical output. His inspiration is lofty and pure. William Wilfrid Campbell (b. 1861) evinces strong traits in his poetry. *The Dread Voyage* (1895) contains some

striking passages. He has essayed the drama in *Mordred and Hildebrand, a Book of Tragedies* (1895). As a novelist and short-story writer GILBERT PARKER stands in the van of Canadian achievement. *Pierre and His People* contains some powerful sketches of the North and Northwest. *The Seats of the Mighty* deals with the final capture of Quebec, and is one of the best of Canadian romances. Mr. Parker is well known as a novelist throughout the English-speaking world.

Taking into consideration the conditions of Canada's development, her literary showing is distinctly creditable. The unmeaning dictum that "a dependency can never have a literature" does not apply to Canada. The difficulties that have retarded the growth of a literature have been outlined above; and the question of dependence or otherwise has nothing to do with the case. The best Canadian writers are doing satisfactory work, and there is no reason to doubt that by and by the increase in national power and the growth of a public for their output will react strongly in their favor.

The literatures we have just been talking about are of course radically involved with the literature of England. They form one great whole, differentiated by the character of their inspiration and by some minor divergencies of form, but at one in their central spirit. Humor and pathos, satire and truth, comedy and tragedy are always the same and

in their elements unchangeable. Thackeray and Irving, Tennyson and Longfellow come of the same noble family. They are connected by tradition and heredity, and they have added more good things to a great and continuous literature which for a thousand years past has been expressing noble thoughts in beautiful words.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE PERIODICAL.

BEGINNINGS.—"THE EDINBURGH REVIEW."—ITS BOLDNESS AND EFFECT.—JEFFREY.—"THE QUARTERLY."—GIFFORD AND LOCKHART.—BLACKWOOD AND "MAGA."—CHRISTOPHER NORTH.—THE "LONDON" AND "FRASER'S."—OTHER MAGAZINES.—PERIODICALS IN AMERICA.—"HARPER'S," "THE CENTURY," "SCRIBNER'S," "THE ATLANTIC."—ET CETERA.—GERMANY.—FRANCE.—PROGRESS.

THE beginning of periodicals falls without our range. But their development is one of the most interesting movements of the nineteenth century. In literature, as in life, they played a very important part. Especially is this true in English literature. The first approximation to the modern periodical is found in the *Edinburgh Review*, 1802. From that time the growth of magazines and reviews has been unprecedented, so that now they are almost innumerable, and spread throughout the world. The importance of the Press has been very great, and for the most part entirely beneficial. On no account can it be omitted from even a brief survey of literature. Most of the great writers of the past hundred years are indebted for their appearance to the

magazines ; and much valuable criticism has found vent in the pages of reviews.

Of the foreign press we shall have room for only a word. The periodicals written in English claim our chief attention and interest because it is perfectly true that, during the nineteenth century, "there is no single feature . . . which is so distinctive and characteristic as the development of periodical literature."

There are three broad classes of periodicals. They treat, respectively, of general literature, of political and social news, and of science and art, or special subjects. Only the first class can receive notice here. The second comprises what we call newspapers ; this, with the third, must be overlooked entirely. The magazines of general literature are the ones which have exercised the greatest influence during the past century from a literary point of view. The distinction between the magazine and the review may be indicated. The review was critical alone, the magazine, with a wider range, as its name implies, covered creative work as well as critical. The period of their appearance was the first thirty years of the century. By the end of that time they were fully established. Their spread and popularity are the more noticeable when we remember that before 1800 there was practically nothing of the kind. The newspaper, indeed, had been originated, though upon a modest scale. Addison and Steele, in the *Tatler* and *Spec-*

tator, some ninety years earlier, had gauged the national taste and satisfied it with a little daily sheet for the breakfast table. But of the magazine or review proper, for which the best men combined to give the best work, we have no instance.

All this time, however, there had been gradually arising a public who felt the necessity of a periodical. And in 1802 there suddenly appeared in Edinburgh the herald of a long and brilliant line. This was the *Edinburgh Review*, the first periodical organ of criticism. It was founded by a group of young men who were gifted with superabundant life, energy, and brains, and not half enough to do. They were for the most part briefless barristers, and, having plenty of leisure, were given to "cultivating literature on a little oatmeal." Chief among them were Francis Jeffrey, the vivacious and indomitable leading spirit; Rev. Sydney Smith, a very unclerical clergyman; and Henry Brougham, the future Lord Chancellor of England. The idea of the *Review* originated with Sydney Smith one evening when the little band had foregathered at Jeffrey's house. This was in the spring of 1802; in the following October the first number appeared. It was a distinct innovation—remarkably so in two main points: the criticism was to be absolutely independent; and the writers were to be men of mark, receiving a fair remuneration. In both particulars there was a vast advance on anything that had gone before.

The effect was surprising. It was written by

good men, it was independent, and free from any influence of publishers. Edinburgh at that time, and for many years following, was the centre of thought and culture, and the *Review* was at once greeted with applause. For, "the learning of the new journal, its talent, its spirit, its writing were all new. . . . Many thoughtful men, indifferent of party, but anxious for the progress of the human mind . . . were cheered by the unexpected appearance of what seemed likely to prove a great depository for the contributions of able men. . . . They . . . saw the . . . establishment of a vigor of the highest order for the able and fearless discussion of every matter worthy of being inquired into." The *Edinburgh Review* of that date nowadays appears oddly at variance with the above enthusiastic description; but that is because we have had experience of all the improvements since made. It should be remembered that the *Review* was the beginning of the great school of periodical writing. It induced the appearance of the first true modern magazine (*Blackwood's*), and of all the multitude of its successors. "It is impossible for those who did not live at that time and in the heart of the scene to feel, or almost to understand, the impression made by the new luminary." The advent was as the coming of a new and wonderful star.

The name of Francis Jeffrey (1773–1850) is intimately connected with the *Edinburgh Review*. He was its guiding spirit between 1802 and 1829.

A lawyer of considerable attainments, he was essentially a critic and frequently a very unwise one. He ridiculed Scott and Wordsworth and Coleridge, and attempted to kill out of hand the romantic school of poetry. But at the same time he wrote much good, sound criticism, and said many a kindly word to young venturers in the great world of letters. He saw at once the high promise of Macaulay's prose, and later on, with equal insight, he gave Carlyle his introduction to literary success. The weakness of Jeffrey's reviewing was that he considered it a duty to find the faults of the work under consideration, rather than its virtues. His motto, "The Judge is condemned who frees the guilty"—sufficiently indicates his limitations as a critic. In his opinions he was absolutely without fear or favor. Altogether, it is well to remember the opinion of Carlyle—himself no gentle viewer of men: "He was not deep enough, pious or reverend enough, to have been great in literature: but he was a man intrinsically of veracity: said nothing without meaning it to some considerable degree; had the quickest perceptions; excellent practical discernment of what lay before him." And again: "Jeffrey was by no means the supreme in criticism or in anything else; but it is certain there has been no critic who has appeared amongst us since who was worth naming beside him."

The *Edinburgh Review* commenced upon a very liberal political footing. Tories and Whigs alike

contributed. But by and by the latter element began to predominate. For some six years the great *Review* held sole sway, expressing its ideas in politics and letters unchallenged by any rival. But presently the Tory party, now practically excluded, began to realize the value of an adjunct of this nature. Accordingly, in 1809, was established a Tory magazine—*The Quarterly Review*. It had headquarters in London, and was very different from the *Edinburgh* in the manner of its origin. The *Edinburgh* was the daring, almost impromptu, raid of a handful of brilliant and inexperienced young men; the *Quarterly* was carefully planned and thought out beforehand. Two names come up as especially connected with it—William Gifford, (1756–1826), and John Gibson Lockhart (1794–1854).

Gifford was the first editor of the *Quarterly* and held his position until 1825. He was a "self-made" man (his numerous enemies did not let him forget that he had been a shoemaker), and the general tenor of his criticism lacked the finer qualities. He followed the *Edinburgh* critical methods, but was far more brutal. His heavy hand was beneficial in one or two instances; but his often savage reviews, and his rancor against the new school, are quite unjustifiable. Gifford belonged to a class which today is fortunately rare—the literary hack, ready and thinking himself able to do anything that came to his hand. In 1797-8 he had edited the *Anti-*

Jacobin, a weekly political paper, founded for the purpose of ridiculing some of the political agitators of the day. Now it is memorable chiefly for the very amusing skit called *The Friend of Humanity and the Knife-Grinder*—a really brilliant *tour de force* by Canning, which laughs at the pretentious "Humanity" and "Philanthropy" of the day. Gifford also did good service by his satiric poems—the *Baviad* and the *Maeviad*. These utterly crushed the mawkishly sentimental writers—called "Della Cruscans" from the pen name of their leader, Robert Merry—who flourished about 1790. Yet he will be remembered chiefly as an unfair critic. His early struggles had soured a temperament never very sweet, so he came eventually to regard the subject of his criticism as "a being partly idiotic and partly villainous, who must be soundly scolded, first for having done what he did, and secondly to prevent him from doing it again."

Lockhart was called to the editorship of the *Quarterly* in 1825. Prior to this he had contributed a great deal to the famous *Blackwood's Magazine*, of which more anon. He was a far more capable man than Gibson, broader and more genial in his views, but strangely limited in the direction of romanticism. In fact, only in one instance did he attain a sympathetic knowledge of romantic work. This was in the case of Scott, his father-in-law and warm friend. Lockhart wrote a *Life of Scott* (1836–8), which is one of the best of its kind. Care-

fully compiled and finely written, it avoids the pitfalls of excessive blame or excessive praise, and gives a very just idea of the great man's life and work. The Life is its author's best production, and will be his most enduring monument. Other contributions Lockhart made to literature, principal being his excellent *Life of Burns* (1828) and his spirited *Ancient Spanish Ballads*, translations published in *Blackwood's* during 1822. They are valuable as translations, and, at the same time, good poetry. Lockhart, like Jeffrey and Gifford, wrote much, and almost invariably severe, criticism. Like them, also, he would have none of the romantic movement. He was concerned (with Gifford) in the savage onslaught upon Keats's *Endymion*, and he ran amuck, with more justice, though no less ferocity, through Tennyson's early poems. He directed the *Quarterly* until his death in 1843.

The third of the great periodicals was *Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine*. And in some respects it was the most notable of all. Certainly it began with a blaze of notoriety, while the boldness of attempting a periodical of monthly instead of quarterly appearance added not a little to its fame. *Blackwood's*, by the way, was the first real "Magazine"—the first periodical to publish a miscellaneous programme of fiction and criticism. It gave vent, also, to fun and humor, which was denied in the graver pages of its predecessors. The origin came in 1817. William Blackwood, an Edinburgh

publisher, and founder of a famous House, started a magazine, which dragged along in the hands of two mild and harmless editors for some six months—"a sort of antiquarian repertory, with notices of periodical publications, and a register of foreign and domestic affairs." But then the strong and impatient intellect of William Blackwood shook itself free from the conventional trammels of the publisher. He dismissed the decorous and commonplace editors, took the management into his own hands, and called to his assistance some of the most brilliant and daring young men of the day. Number 7 (Oct. 1, 1817) was the first of the new *régime*, and it made an unprecedented sensation. The sales ran up to 10,000 copies, and then the number was suppressed. The cause for this demand lay in an extraordinary article headed *Translation from an Ancient Chaldee Manuscript*, which, purporting to be a newly-discovered historical document, was written in biblical style, and contained in every paragraph a hit at some personage celebrated in Edinburgh life. Some of the more kindly references may be cited.

Scott was "the great magician who dwelleth in the old fastness, hard by the river Jordan, which is by the Border." Blackwood himself was referred to, his name "was as it had been the color of ebony." Nor were the writers themselves omitted. Lockhart became "the scorpion from a far country, which delighteth to sting the faces of men."

Another, who with Lockhart played the most prominent part in the new magazine, was termed "the beautiful leopard . . . whose going forth was comely as the greyhound, and his eye like lightning of fiery flame."

The "leopard" was JOHN WILSON (1785–1854), who had most of the good gifts, physical and mental, that fortune could bestow. For a time he was identified with the "Lake" school. Arriving in Edinburgh, "young, handsome, wealthy, witty," he naturally became popular. Called by Blackwood, he threw himself with enthusiasm into the ranks of the young fighting journalists, despite the calming influence of a Professorship of Moral Philosophy in Edinburgh University. He was connected with *Blackwood's* from the first, and wrote for it during nearly the whole of his life; indeed, after Lockhart left in 1825, it bore, more and more plainly, the stamp of his personality. Wilson published two volumes of mediocre poetry, but his best work appeared in "Maga." His intellectual scope and vitality led him to write on all manner of subjects, chiefly under the name of Christopher North. Best are the *Noctes Ambrosianæ*, a series of conversations on convivial matters and things in general. The central figure is the "Ettrick Shepherd," from whose lips the wisest sentiments and most beautiful descriptions are made to flow. The shepherd was an idealized portrait of James Hogg, a real shepherd and a poet of unequal merit. The whole influ-

ence of Wilson was healthful. His mental personality, like his physical, was breezy and wholesome. If he fell into the fault of exaggeration, he at any rate produced much that had a most stimulating effect. *Blackwood's* is very interesting, both in its origin and its after influence. It is alive to the present time and during its long career has exercised a very important influence. To Edinburgh must be traced the origin of modern periodical literature; to *Blackwood's Magazine* all the hundreds of its successors.

Imitation is the sincerest flattery and the direct application of the saying was not long lacking to "Maga." The *London Magazine* was founded shortly afterward and for a while rivalled its northern contemporary. It commanded some great contributors —notably Lamb and De Quincey. It did not survive the withdrawal of Elia. But in 1830 appeared a more robust rival in *Fraser's Magazine*, founded by a *Blackwood's* man and introducing to London and the world a group of young journalists more brilliant than those of the *Edinburgh*, the *London*, the *Quarterly*, or even *Blackwood's*. The originators of the Magazine were William Maginn and Hugh Fraser. Maginn had been connected for a time with *Blackwood's*. Both men lived more well than wisely, but they succeeded in launching a periodical that had great success and all the elements of a long life. Among the "Fraserians" who took London by storm may be mentioned

Carlyle, Lockhart, Ainsworth, Thackeray, Coleridge and Southey. An interesting point about Fraser's, as the list will show, is the juxtaposition of the new and old generations—Thackeray and Carlyle, for instance, with Coleridge and Southey. Maginn himself was a constant and energetic contributor. *Fraser's* did good service in stimulating literary production about the middle years of the century. In 1882 it changed its name to *Longman's Magazine* and its nature to a more "popular" standard.

Of the innumerable magazines since *Fraser's* we can mention only one or two. *Chamber's Edinburgh Journal* led the van of good weeklies in 1832. Charles Dickens made further improvements of a similar nature with his *Household Words* (1850) and *All the Year Round* (1859). Of monthlies, the *Cornhill*, founded 1860, had Thackeray for its first editor. The *Cornhill* was preceded a year by *Macmillan's Magazine*. Both cut down the magazine price about one half, and adopted the plan of signed articles and the use of well-known names. Matthew Arnold and the Kingsleys contributed to these periodicals. The *Fortnightly Review* (1865) remained a fortnightly for only one year; then joined the ranks of monthlies. It was founded upon the lines of the French *Revue des Deux Mondes*. The *Contemporary Review* (1866), and the *Nineteenth Century* (1877) are of a wide character, publishing contributions by men of note upon most questions

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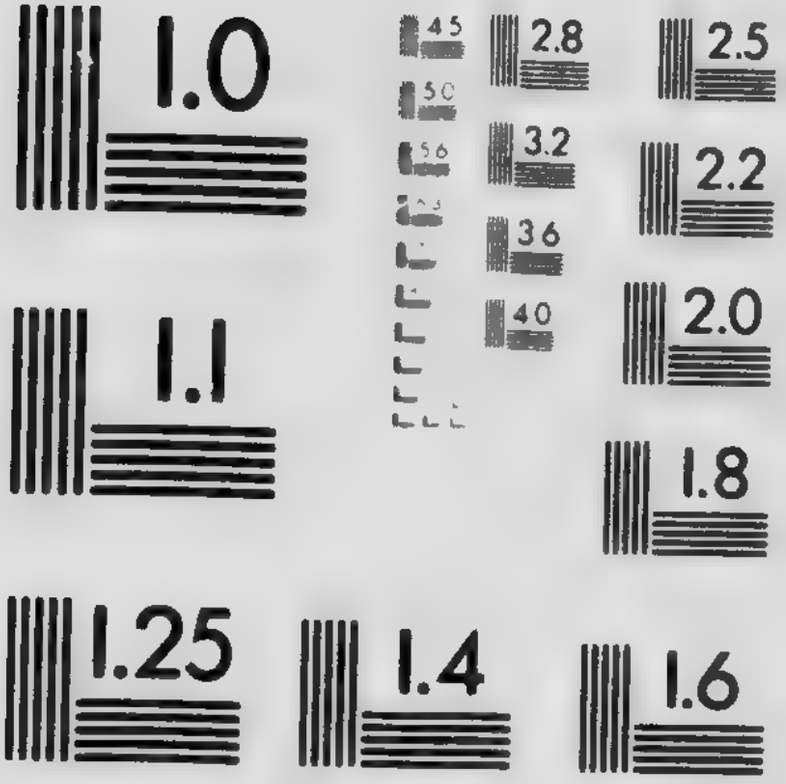

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of the day. Famous in the more serious annals of weekly journalism is the *Saturday Review* (1855), which for many years retained the reputation imposed by its motto—of being "written by gentlemen for gentlemen"—and occupied a leading place in criticism of literature, and (to a lesser degree) politics. Unpolitical have been the *Athenæum* (1828) and the *Academy* (1869), weeklies both, and divided upon the question of signed articles—the latter for, the former against.

In America the making of periodicals began early, but it was long before any real success was achieved. Perhaps the first worthy example is found in the *North American Review*, established 1815. Other landmarks stand forth later on in the century. The *Knickerbocker Magazine*, published in New York between 1833 and 1860, commanded some of the best talent of the day and was very successful. The magazine, as distinguished from the review, found a high class exponent in *Harper's New Monthly*, which began its career in 1849. The *Century Magazine* (first called *Scribner's*) was established in 1870; and *Scribner's Monthly* in 1887. These three represent the highest attainment of the illustrated magazine. They have made (and in this *Harper's* leads *honoris causâ*) a fine reputation for the combination of illustrative work with sound literary matter. In fact, as far as illustrations are concerned, it is doubtful if their superiors can anywhere be found. The danger with all such maga-

zines, however, is the constant risk of subordinating the author to the artist, of making the letter press exist only for the sake of the illustrations. This danger has been avoided in the *Atlantic Monthly*, founded 1857. It stands between the magazine and the review proper, and more than any American periodical has maintained a high standard of intellectual appeal. Its editors have been some of the most famous writers of the country, and its influence has always been on the side of culture. The general review has not reached in America the excellence of the English periodicals of this type. The *Forum* (1886) is the most dignified, but too political in tone. There are numerous "sectional" magazines, i. e. magazines which are devoted to the interests of certain parts of the country. Famous among these is *The Overland Monthly* (1861), of which Bret Harte was once chief editor, and which published much of his best work. The *New England Magazine* (1889) should also be mentioned in this connection. Nor should we forget the department of child-literature, ably served by *St. Nicholas* since 1873.

A remarkable feature in the growth of periodicals in America has been the coming of the good popular low-priced magazine. To the *Cosmopolitan* (1885) belongs the credit of inaugurating this movement in America; in England it had been anticipated by *Fraser's* (or *Longman's*) in 1882, and by the *Cornhill* in 1883. Before 1892 the lowest price

for a magazine was twenty-five cents. In that year, however, the *Cosmopolitan* cut down its price to fifteen cents. The result was an enormously increased demand. Then *Munsey's Magazine* (1886) went the *Cosmopolitan* one better, publishing at ten cents, with equally good results. The consequence of such radical steps and their success is that there is now only one really high-priced magazine in America—*The Century*, thirty-five cents—and its tenure of the old rule may be considered doubtful. Another incidental result was the springing up of a great many five-cent magazines—for the most part worthless and ephemeral, depending for their sale upon sensational features.

A striking difference between the Press (in the broadest sense of the word) of England and America and that of Europe in general, is the acknowledgment throughout the English-speaking world of its absolute freedom. In all other countries this principle is not so fully recognized. Of course, the incidence of this point of view comes chiefly on the newspaper press. As regards scientific journals of all sorts, Germany leads the world; in no country has specialization been carried so far. But in her newspapers she falls behind England and America. An interesting example of the deadening influence of such government press supervision as obtains on the Continent is seen in the fact that the best German newspaper is printed and published in New York! It is called the *New York Zeitung* and

numbers among its contributors some of the most famous German authors.

Broadly speaking, the periodical which should combine literary excellence with typographical merit did not appear on the Continent until England and America had led the way. And nowhere on the Continent do we find the audacity and brilliancy of the *Edinburgh Review*, or *Blackwood's*. Following the plan of this book, we may first mention the periodicals of Germany. In the early part of the century periodicals were published at Leipzig, Heidelberg and Vienna. The *Literaturzeitung* (1813–16) and the *Jahrbücher des Literatur* (1818–48), were not unlike the *Quarterly Review* in their general features. They received government support. The political troubles of 1848–9 formed a line of cleavage in the periodical history of Germany; only three papers survived. In 1855 appeared the *Hausblätter*, published every two months, which became very successful. The *Salon* (1868) was modelled upon the English plan. Of later origin are the *Literaturzeitung*, founded at Jena in 1874; and the *Deutsche Rundschau*, of the same year, conducted upon the lines of the French *Revue des Deux Mondes*. The most prominent feature of German journalism is its specialization. Thus there are periodicals for almost every branch of knowledge: for Biography and Literature, Law, Political Economy, Medicine and Surgery, Natural Science, Philosophy, Oriental Literature, Architecture and Engineering, Theatres,

Fine Arts, Freemasonry, Philology and many other subjects. And, for the most part, these diverse journals are of a high class.

In France, the periodicals have faithfully reflected the changing history of the nation; both objectively and subjectively, so to speak; objectively in their appearance and disappearance on the stage of public life, subjectively in their fiery comments upon the affairs of the day. The *Décade Philosophique*, established about 1796, was the first magazine to appear after the Revolution. "It was a kind of resurrection of good taste." In 1800, Consul Bonaparte, who considered four hostile newspapers worse than one hundred thousand bayonets, carried his views into practice by suppressing nearly all the Parisian journals—the *Décade* was one of those exempted. From 1815 to 1819 there was a constant struggle between the police and the journalist advocates of freedom of the press. Many expedients were used to escape the government censure. One of these was to publish "semi-periodicals" at irregular intervals. *La Minerve Française* thus appeared four times a year. An attempt to imitate the great English reviews in the *Revue Française* met with failure, the journal surviving only two years, 1828–30. Best known among French periodicals is the world-famous *Revue des Deux Mondes*. It was founded in 1829, went under by the end of the year, but was revived and finally established in 1831, by the strong hand of François

Buloz (1804–1877). It has concerned itself chiefly with literature and art, and has had an important influence. Most of the distinguished men of letters in France have contributed to it. Not seldom has the crown of French literature been bestowed upon those connected with this "vestibule of the Academy." There have been many reviews published in France. The *Revue Critique d'Histoire et de Littérature* (1856) was one of the earliest of European weekly reviews. The *Revue Contemporain* (1852), and the *Revue Européenne* (1859), both at one time were subsidized by the government. To the critic Sainte-Beuve, writing in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, we owe the literary causerie, or short essay, which is so popular in magazines. That journalism occupies a high importance in France may be seen from the fact that, in 1883, there were upwards of 1200 periodicals of all kinds published in Paris.

Of other countries but a word may be said. Italian journalism was long retarded by the ban of the Austrian authorities. The *Biblioteca Italiana* ran from 1816–40 under their favor. It was an important force acting against extravagance and false taste in literature. The *Conciliatore* was founded at Milan in 1818. Under the guidance of Silvio Pellico and other prominent writers, it essayed a more dignified and outspoken style of criticism than was then in vogue. Consequently it was suppressed in two years' time. The *Antologia*, a monthly also, was similarly dealt with in 1833, because of an

epigram in which danger was scented. Various other journals went the same path to ruin. The *Revista Contemporanea* (1852) followed the type of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*. More recently, Italy has evinced a good deal of activity in the matter of periodicals. Two may be mentioned especially—rivals: the *Nuova Antologia* (1866), a combined magazine and review, and the *Revista Europea*, published at Florence. Before 1830 Spanish refugees had issued magazines of all sorts in London and Paris. *El Censor* died a violent death in 1823, at the ripe age of twenty-three years. In 1832 appeared the *Cartas Españolas*, which under varying designations has survived to the present day. The *Revista España*, and the *Revista Europea*, are two modern Spanish reviews.

The magazine of to-day is very different from its predecessors of the early century. There has been a steady improvement in the methods of printing and in the illustrative processes. At the present time most of the finest magazine work in this respect is done in the United States. Such a result has been obtained by the most careful attention to every detail; so that in the best magazines even the advertising pages are excellently printed and illustrated. As has been said, there are in America no periodicals at the present time which attain the standard of literary excellence reached by the great English reviews; but in the lighter magazine types the scale inclines the other way.

The immense multiplication of periodicals during the last half-century has not been to the advantage of good literature. A glance at the average magazine of the day will show that its excellence is not particularly intellectual. Typography and illustration are often above praise, but the accompanying literary value is quite another question. This, perhaps, is only to be expected in view of the enormous increase in the public demand for reading matter. In England that increase in periodicals, excluding newspapers, was from 662 to 1041 for the ten years 1874–84. In America, during the same decade, it was still more surprising: from 7,339 to 12,671, but this includes newspapers. So that it were vain to hope for a corresponding increase of the literary spirit. Another tendency also militates against literary excellence: the shortening of the intervals of publication. First came the quarterly, published only four times in the year. The monthly was a radical and startling departure in publication. Next came the weekly, which has gradually encroached upon the monthly's ground. Finally, every one will recognize the manner in which the daily cuts into the others; London and New York alone afford plentiful instances of this. What will be the outcome of multiplication and of more frequent appearance, it is difficult to say—quite possibly the matter will work its own cure by reactionary methods.

In any case, nothing can alter a very considerable debt that stands to the credit of the magazines.

They have stimulated some of our finest literature. For example: in fiction, *Esmond*, *Pickwick Papers*, *The Cloister and the Hearth*; in the essay, the work of Macaulay, and of nearly all his fellows; in verse, some of the most noteworthy poems have been ushered into the world by periodicals. They have gradually attracted to themselves most departments of literary expression; even history and philosophy have not disdained, in some instances, this mouthpiece. Especially is the remark true of fiction; many of our finest novels are, as a matter of fact, reprints from magazines. The origin and development of good criticism, the popularization of the essay and the widening of its scope, most of the century's best fiction, and no small amount of its best poetry—these are owing chiefly to the influence of periodicals. The present decline of literary merit may be forgiven when we think of the splendid achievement of their past.

PART TWO.

LITERATURE ON THE CONTINENT.

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CHAPTER XVII.

GERMANY: "STURM UND DRANG."

THE STARTING POINT.—SOME HISTORY.—KLOPSTOCK.—LESSING.—WIELAND.—HERDER.—A GLANCE AT PHILOSOPHY.—KANT.—FICHTE.—SCHELLING.—HEGEL.—"STURM UND DRANG."—GOETHE, HIS YOUTH AND EDUCATION.—"GOTZ."—"WERTHER."—WEIMAR.—ITALY.

WE have seen that nineteenth-century literature in England fitted very comfortably between the dates 1780 and 1892, and that thus a quite exact limit was afforded. But this is by no means the case with German literature. In England the writers of the last century were of an essentially different type from their successors in this. Pope and Dr. Johnson and Goldsmith had little in common with Wordsworth and Shelley and Tennyson. In Germany, however, there is a steady development along the same lines, from a very low degree of performance about 1700 to a period of splendid achievement beginning about 1773. And the two

greatest writers that Germany has had—Goethe and Schiller—flourished between 1781 and 1805. So that there are no very determinate limits, and it is necessary to make a more than momentary journey far back into the last century before we can appreciate the work of the present. The title of this chapter is, perhaps, open to criticism; but, even though somewhat narrow, it represents an important movement of the period, and will serve to indicate the main highway through which German literature entered the nineteenth century.

In 1700 literature was at a very low ebb. The chief reason for this was the fact that the German nationality was not very strong and the German language was despised, even in the Fatherland. Most learned men preferred French or Latin. And even when Frederick the Great came to the throne of Prussia in 1740 things did not at once improve. This monarch, for all his magnificent work in Germany's behalf, had little hope in Germany's intellectual future. The great influence was French. The king inclined to French customs and French literature, and, naturally enough, all the petty princes followed his example. M. de Voltaire, for years at Frederick's court, wrote from Potsdam in 1750: "I find myself in France. Every one speaks our language. German is only for soldiers and horses. One only needs to use it when travelling through the country. I found people who had lived all their lives in Königsberg who knew my

verses by heart." Only for soldiers and horses. The clever Frenchman missed the immense undercurrent of strength and patience; he would have been the last to think that within fifty years a marvellous literature would arise to astonish the world.

Although Frederick the Great was never in sympathy with German mental conditions, his influence was extremely valuable. He reigned from 1740 to 1786—a period of much importance. There was something in his personality which stimulated the whole people. A glance at what he did will help us to understand this. In the first place, while maintaining all the forms of government established by his father, he ruled in a more generous and enlightened spirit. He was careful to provide for the most exact administration of justice; he granted wide religious freedom, and imposed few restrictions. But his positive achievements were even more considerable. Germany at that time was an aggregation of small states with no enduring bond of union. In the face of a common foe they would sometimes—not always—draw together for the common defence. But Frederick the Great appealed to the imagination of all Germans. By the time he was thirty-three he had won a prominent place in Europe, and thenceforward was the most important figure of his age. He encouraged industry, filled the public offices with capable and energetic men, and did much for the cause of elementary education. And the Seven Years' War 1756–63)

gave him a yet higher place in the hearts of his countrymen. Insensibly the German states had been drawn nearer to Prussia during the great struggle. The fine military ability of the king stirred every one. Prussia won recognition as a great power. In fact, from Frederick's reign dates the grand political movement which about a century later issued in United Germany. That reign was an era of notable political development, and by the sheer force of his character the king brought his country safe out of the huge struggles in which it was engaged. We can easily understand that a monarch so determined, so sorely beset, yet rising so triumphantly from his difficulties, would stir to emulation the best minds about him. His people honored him for his energy and discernment; but particularly because he regarded himself as the "servant of the State," and "thought, lived and died like a king." His preference for the French language and literature precluded his feeling much interest in German poetry or prose, but his indirect influence thereon was very powerful; for the stimulation of such a strong personality extended to men of thought as well as to men of action, so that we find during the latter part of his reign a wonderful progress in literature. Indeed, the very fact of his indifference to German poets spurred them on to prove that they could excel in their craft.

The first writer to exemplify what has been said was Friedrich Gottlieb Klopstock (1724–1803).

He was educated at the Universities of Jena and Leipzig. His predilections were all in favor of poetry, and by an arrangement not unusual in those days, he was provided for. The King of Denmark and the Margrave of Baden granted him pensions, so that he was enabled to follow his natural bent. The work of his life was a great epic poem, the *Messias*. The first three cantos were published (1748) in the *Bremer Beiträge*, a literary journal of Leipzig. The work was not finished until 1773. The theme is the life of Christ, His sufferings and death, His resurrection and ascension. Milton served as Klopstock's model; he wished to sing the Saviour's glory as the English poet had sung the Fall of Man. The *Messias* did not rise to the sublimity of *Paradise Lost*, but it was a grand poem and marked the beginning of the modern German literature, exerting an influence which was especially marked in the direction of style. Klopstock, it should be noted, gave impulse to the peculiar sentimentality which some years later broke forth strongly in books like Goethe's *Sorrows of Young Werther*, which led to a deal of absurdity, but which ultimately had a good effect. Great service was rendered the language by this poet, who had an unbounded admiration for his native tongue. "Let no living tongue enter the lists with the German!" he says. "As it was in the oldest times when Tacitus wrote of us, so it still remains—solitary, unmixed, and incomparable!"

In 1729 was born Gotthold Ephraim Lessing. He studied at Leipzig and Berlin. In the latter city he came under the influence of Voltaire shortly after the versatile Frenchman's arrival. About 1760 he went to Breslau, in Silesia, where for some years he was in the midst of the excitement and turmoil of a garrison town. Next he sought Hamburg, with a project to reform the theatre. But his efforts were not very successful, and he gladly accepted an appointment as librarian at Wolfenbüttel (1770). Here he died in 1781. If Klopstock began the development of modern literature, Lessing strengthened and expanded what the other had begun. His character was resolute, independent; he was a literary reformer—modern by nature, and still a living influence. His theatrical criticisms, published in a sort of dramatic magazine at Hamburg (1767–69), did much to clear away false ideals from the German stage. In 1763 appeared his *Minna von Barnhelm*—"the first really national drama dealing with contemporary events." The scene is laid in Berlin, immediately after the Seven Years' War. The hero is a Prussian officer who falls into unmerited disgrace. His betrothed, Minna, seeks him out in his sorrow; and when he refuses to permit her to wed a poor and dishonored man, resorts to stratagem to break his resolution. Finally the king (in whom is represented Frederick the Great) discovers the true merit of his wronged officer, and all ends happily. Of this play the great

Goethe said in after years: "You may imagine what an effect it produced on us young people at the dark day when it came out. It was like a glittering meteor. It taught us to perceive a higher state of things, of which the weak literary production of that time gave no idea." Lessing wrote two other important dramas—*Emilia Galotti* (1772), and *Nathan the Wise* (1779). The former is a powerful tragedy, the scene laid in Italy and the plot resembling the ancient story of Virginia; the latter points a moral of religious toleration in the widest sense. Carlyle has characterized his manner of writing: "As a poet, as a critic, philosopher, or controversialist, his style is brief, nervous, vivid, yet quiet, without glitter or antithesis; idiomatic, pure without purism, transparent, yet full of character and reflex hues of meaning."

Next come two poets who were intimately connected with Goethe. Both also exerted a wholesome influence on German literature. Christoph Martin Wieland lived from 1733 to 1813; Johann Gottfried von Herder was only five years older than Goethe, and died in 1803. Wieland's long life was one of immense literary activity. His works, collected and published in 1793, ran to forty-two volumes. Between 1762 and 1766 he translated Shakespeare—a work of enduring value. Of his numerous original works the romantic poem, *Oberon* (1780), is generally considered the most successful and artistic; Goethe and Lessing both admired it.

Three distinct stories are skilfully blended: the adventures of Huon, a young knight; his elopement with the daughter of the Sultan of Bagdad; and the quarrel and reconciliation of Oberon and Titania, king and queen of Fairyland. Among Wieland's other works may be mentioned: *Musarion* (1768), *The Story of Agathon* (1766), and *The Abderites* (1774). The two latter are prose romances, *The Abderites* containing much amusing satire.

Herder was more a critic than anything else, and his influence was due not so much to original thought as to his power of animating other minds. German literature is highly indebted to his researches in literary history, particularly the Norse literature and mythology. His poems are not so much original as characterized by wealth of thought. The best known collection is the *Popular Songs*, 1778–9. Most interesting is the fact that Herder influenced Goethe at the most plastic stage of his life, freeing him from the tyranny of false sentiment and giving his energies a trend in the right direction.

All the preceding names will reappear in the course of what is to be said of Goethe. But, before we come to the master, we must mention some writers of a different nature. These writers are the first exponents of modern German philosophy—that marvellous growth which has overshadowed all lands. Now, a mere analysis of this great subject would fill a volume; it is obvious that mention here must be absolutely superficial. In fact, we must

confine ourselves to names and dates—a melancholy compromise. Yet the strong influence exercised by philosophers upon the mental development of the nation renders necessary a glance at their work, even in a survey like the present.

Immanuel Kant (1724–1804) was the foremost didactic author of his time. His three great works were, the *Critique of Pure Reason* (1781), the *Critique of Practical Reason* (1787) and the *Critique of the Faculty of Judgment* (1790). The last is the best example of his style—a style exceedingly difficult to comprehend. The publication of the *Critique of Pure Reason* was a very important event in the intellectual history of Germany. Kant sought to indicate the extent to which reason may inspire and interpenetrate moral law, and the inadequacy of mere reason as a basis for any system of ethics. He was followed by Johann Gottlieb Fichte (1762–1814), who built upon his foundations. Fichte made his mark by *A Critique of all Revelation* (1792), and at a later day by his fiery patriotism. His system attracted attention, but it gave way to the new plan set forth by his disciple, Friedrich Schelling (1775–1854). Among other doctrines Schelling taught that nature and mind are one; thus giving philosophic sanction to the "pathetic fallacy" that enters so largely into our own poetry. George Friedrich Hegel (1770–1831) was also a disciple of Fichte. But he soon developed a system of his own —a system which included not only nature but all

spiritual life; which endeavored to find union throughout all the departments of knowledge, from the physical sciences to religion and æsthetics. The writings of Schelling and Hegel produced an immense effect wherever men read philosophy.

About the year 1773 an extraordinary intellectual movement began to take place. This was the outburst which has since been known by the name of "Sturm und Drang"—Storm and Stress. The phrase originated from the title of a play that appeared in 1776. It was written by Friedrich von Klinger and was typical of the movement in its extravagance, its vigor, and its sins against good taste. Its author was one of the wildest among the circle of young poets who called themselves "Originals." The Originals claimed absolute freedom from all restraint—from restraint in life as well as in literature. They indulged in every kind of license; they despised the conventionalities, and they believed their own productions to be the result of the highest inspiration—a belief not uncommon among poets. There was a cry for the return to nature, and "with the young, nature seemed to be a compound of volcanoes and moonlight; her force was explosion, her beauty sentiment. To be insurgent and sentimental, explosive and lachrymose, were the true signs of genius. Everything established was humdrum. Genius, abhorrent of humdrum, would neither spell correctly, nor write correctly, nor demean itself correctly. It would be

German—lawless, rude and natural. Lawless it was, and rude it was, but whether it was natural according to nature of any reputable type may be doubted." The works of this period (which extended over about twenty years) are, needless to say, marked by the most extraordinary characteristics. Blood and terror prevail; invective and satire of the most bitter description are present, against militarism, the nobility, and princely despotism.

To what must we look for the causes of this Storm and Stress, so varied, so important, and extending on almost to the beginning of the present century? Underlying all the absurdity and extravagance there was a real force which gave to this apparently fantastic disturbance the dignity of a literary revolution. To what was this power due?

In the first place, the Storm and Stress was not a single unrelated outburst. It was part of the immensely greater influence that urges mankind upon the way of gradual development. It was connected with the vast emancipation then going forward all over the world. Thus, about the same time the American War of Independence was fought; a little later came the beginning of the romantic revival in England; and in 1789 the most striking expression of the whole movement took place in the French Revolution. So much for the outside world. As regards the particular aspect of affairs in Germany, the following facts many be noted: At the close of the Seven Years' War the conditions of public life

were not happy; the country was impoverished and the people were worn out by the gigantic struggle through which they had passed. But, to counterbalance this physical exhaustion, we find a very marked awakening of the national intellect. The achievements of Frederick the Great roused the patriotism and touched the imagination of the people, while the writings of Klopstock, Wieland and Lessing—especially the last—had prepared their minds (at least in the case of the upper middle class) for the acceptance of a life of wider and more varied interest. Now, the political freedom which should give them this broader life was as yet a vision of the future. Therefore, it was to books that they turned for comfort and refreshment; to books which could stir them with the memories of old. And within a very short time, by a natural sequence of events, arose that enthusiastic company of young men who called themselves "the original geniuses." Inspired by the intellectual alertness of the time, they struck out at once a line of action, the most prominent feature in which was discontent with existing circumstances. The strong influence of Lessing, the enthusiasm for Shakespeare originated by Wieland, the revival of ballad literature—all these came together in one great stream to overflow the banks of established authority. Thus, given a band of clever young writers, animated by intense enthusiasm and by a hatred, not only for tyranny and superstition, but everything that prevented the

indulgence of any powerful emotion, it is easy to see what extremes they would reach. These were the influences which brought about that strange thing called "Sturm und Drang." Hand in hand with it went a religious movement carried on by men who knew themselves by the lofty name of Illuminati—The Enlightened. The chief effect of the whole revolution was "an extraordinary increase of poetic and scientific power, and the wide extension of literary interests throughout Germany." Moreover, there were other tendencies which, dormant for some years, awoke to fresh vigor in what was termed the Romantic School (cir. 1800–10). To quote once more: "National and popular in all its tendencies, this great movement was in fact a revulsion from the spirit of Voltaire to that of Rosseau, from the artificiality of society to the simplicity of nature, from doubt and rationalism to feeling and faith . . . from hard and fast æsthetic to the freedom of genius." It was the triumph of romanticism in Germany.

Early in 1773 was published a little book, entitled *On German Style and Art, a few Flysheets.* It contained contributions by Justus Möser, Herder and Goethe, and it struck the keynote of Sturm und Drang. The same year appeared a strong drama, *Götz von Berlichingen*, written by Goethe, and dealing with the history of a robber knight of the sixteenth century. These two works form the prelude to the literary revolution. And this brings us

to Goethe, the greatest of German writers. He occupies the same relation to German literature as Shakespeare does to English, or Dante to Italian. His life covers its period of loftiest achievement. His work throughout was of the highest value, while, owing to the breadth of his sympathy, his influence told upon every one of his contemporaries.

JOHANN WOLFGANG VON GOETHE was born at Frankfort-on-the-Main, August 28, 1749. He was a distinctly precocious child. His youth was spent in Frankfort and his studies were overlooked by his father, a stern but upright and truth-loving man with a sincere regard for learning. His mother also had the most helpful influence on the poet; she was a mother worthy of so great a man, and is "one of the pleasantest figures in German literature." To these parents Goethe owed a debt of gratitude which he was always ready to acknowledge with deep reverence. In 1765 he went to Leipzig—"Little Paris"—to undertake the study of law, as his father wished; his own tastes inclined irresistibly in the direction of "man, of nature and of human life." He himself has given an account of his life up to the year 1775 in an autobiography called *Poetry and Truth*. But this was written a good many years after his youth had passed by, and, as his English biographer says, the calm narrative of His Excellency, J. W. von Goethe. but inaccurately depicts the student life of the wild and headstrong young man, full of vitality and incipient genius. Too

apt are we, in regarding the stately figure that stood so long at the head of German literature, to forget the years of fierce endeavor, of experience and of trial which moulded that character into its final shape of dignity and conscious strength. Goethe's college days teemed with all manner of excitement and experiment. In fact, he lived very much the life that might be expected of a young student, handsome, clever, popular, rich, possessed, in a word, of all that makes life desirable. It was but natural that he should fall in love; and fall in love he did, with ease and fervor. The history of his collegiate career is similar to that of many another great man: he was diligent, but not according to the University curriculum; he read extensively, but not at all the books which the authorities required. In 1768 he made a flying visit to Dresden in order to gratify his new artistic tastes with the paintings of the old masters. On his return he tried his hand at engraving; but no very marked result seems to have come from this attempt. September of the same year saw the close of his career at Leipzig. The irregular life he had been leading seriously affected his health. He returned to Frankfort, and it was not until the end of the year that he recovered his strength. From his father's point of view the time at Leipzig had been thrown away, and with the unshaken determination of making his son a lawyer he arranged for the pursuit of the necessary studies at Strasburg Uni-

versity. In the spring of 1770, therefore, Goethe once more embarked on the uncertain sea of student life.

This time, however, the experiment was more successful, even from the father's standpoint. The young man had gained some steadiness of purpose and was already beginning to manifest that fine self-knowledge and self-control which afterwards became the leading marks of his disposition. Not that his life was limited by the strict requirements of any beaten path. As at Leipzig, his restless energies led him into all kinds of mental dissipation. But at Strasburg the strength of mind which had become his guarded him against any merely sensual gratification. The insatiable appetite of his imagination is shown by the note-book which he kept at this time. "On one page there is a passage from Thomas à Kempis, followed by a list of mystical works to be read ; on another page sarcastic sentences from Voltaire and Rousseau. . . ." But gradually his wandering thoughts crystallized, so that he left Strasburg a stronger man and with wider views upon the world about him. Three influences were prominent in bringing about this state of things: the Cathedral, Herder, and—Frederika Brion. "An exquisite woman, a noble thinker, and a splendid monument were his guides into the regions of Passion, Poetry and Art." The influence of the magnificent Gothic cathedral broadened his artistic tastes but did not long survive ; that of Herder will

be touched on presently. A word as to his connection with Frederika Brion.

She was a clergyman's daughter, and lived at Sesenheim, a small hamlet near Strasburg. Goethe met her in the autumn of 1770. She was very beautiful, of a tender and lovable disposition. Some uncertainty exists as to the true relations of the young people. Sure it is that Goethe loved her with a love which he recalled with a sigh in after years, and that for a time they were practically betrothed. But something stepped in—call it the egoism of Genius, call it the tyranny of Ideas—to hold him back from marriage with the lady of his affection. About a year after their first meeting he wrote to break off their friendship. But her influence was extremely important, coming into his life when it did, and her sweet memory was long enshrined in the secret places of his heart. He immortalized her in the Marguerite of his *Faust*, the type of beautiful womanhood. What his influence was upon her may be gathered from the fact that she remained single all her life.

Herder resided at Strasburg during the whole winter of 1770–1, under medical treatment for an eye disease. It was then that Goethe made the acquaintance of the famous teacher; and the acquaintance ripened into warm friendship—though Herder at first seems to have occupied the position of guide and philosopher to his young companion, without much idea of the latter's genius. Goethe

imbibed a thoroughly German culture—especially in poetry, where Herder drew attention to the great monuments of national song. Homer and Shakespeare were also brought to Goethe's notice and became objects of his deepest love. He touched a new species of pleasure in Goldsmith's *Vicar of Wakefield*. More than this, Herder opened his eyes to the riches of romanticism.

Much to the delight of his father, the worthy Councillor, Goethe left Strasburg with the Doctor's degree, in 1771. Still extravagant to an extent that called forth the laughing comments o his friends, he had gained enough interest in life to lead him (1772) to Wetzlar, thirty miles north of Frankfort, where he began to aim at acquiring some practical knowledge of his profession. There is an interesting description of him at this time, written by one who afterwards became his lifelong friend—Karl Kestner. "In the spring there came here a certain Goethe, by profession a *Doctor Juris*, twenty-three years old, only son of a very rich father; in order —this was his father's intention—that he might gain some experience in *praxi*, but according to his own intention that he might study Homer, Pindar, etc., and whatever else his genius, his manner of thinking, and his heart might suggest to him. . . . He has a great deal of talent, is a true genius and a man of character; possesses an extraordinarily vivid imagination, and hence generally expresses himself in images and similes. . . . He is ardent in all his

affections and yet has often great power over himself. His manner of thinking is noble: he is so free from prejudices that he acts as it seems good to him, without troubling whether it will please others, whether it is the fashion, whether conventionalism allows it. All constraint is odious to him." While engaged in his nominal studies at Wetzlar this ardent young Doctor of Laws met a fair maiden by the name of Charlotte Buff. She was betrothed to Kestner, but Goethe, with his fine disregard of the proprieties, fell violently in love with her. The hopelessness of the situation led to his leaving Wetzlar in the autumn of the year of his arrival. He embodied the whole episode in his novel, *The Sorrows of Young Werther*, published in 1774.

During the next three years he lived at Frankfort, endeavoring to carry out his father's wishes in law, but gradually and inevitably gravitating towards literature. In the spring of 1773 appeared a play that was the greatest product of Sturm und Drang—*Götz von Berlichingen*. It had been written during the winter of 1771–2, and in its earliest (and perhaps best) form was called *The History of Gottfried von Berlichingen with the Iron Hand, Dramatized*. It was originally published in a second form, and finally revised and adapted for stage purposes when Goethe and Schiller were trying to create a national German drama. The real Gottfried was one of the old feudal barons, "a bold, chivalrous spirit, struggling single-handed against the advanc-

ing power of civilization. . . . and striving to perpetuate the feudal spirit." With this striking character as the centre, Goethe wrote a chronicle-drama which was full of life and action, but which also partook of the sins of Sturm und Drang—bloodshed, overwrought sentiment and horror. Moreover, as is only natural, it shows traces of its author's youth. Yet, when all is said, it remains the powerful masterpiece of the Storm and Stress period, and it bears throughout marks of the greatest genius.

February, 1774, was a significant month for Goethe. He met the man who was to become his principal benefactor, enabling him, by the most practical friendship, to attain the height of his desire. The man was the young Karl August, Duke of Saxe-Weimar, a small duchy not far from Frankfort. Their first meeting was brief; a few days later they had a longer conference; and within two years Goethe had taken up his residence at the court of this prince, there to reside for the rest of his life.

Götz was followed by an even greater success—the sentimental romance already mentioned, *The Sorrows of Young Werther*. This book was intimately bound up with Goethe's life; it was the history of his own experience. The story is told chiefly by letters from the hero Werther—somewhat in the same manner as the novels of our English Richardson. It obtained an astonishing popularity and was translated into twenty-two foreign languages. It

was not healthy in tone and was followed by a perfect host of imitators in the hyper-sensitive vein. But it was a valuable contribution to German literature and "carried its author's name on its blazing wings, not only over Germany, but into the remotest corner of Europe."

Goethe remained at Frankfort until November, 1775, when, accepting the repeated invitation of the Prince Karl August, he went to Weimar. There he lived until his death, and shed upon the little Saxon duchy an imperishable renown. Prince Karl saw that Goethe's strong qualities would be useful not alone in literary production; he made the poet Finance Minister, so that he should aid in the management of the little court. And Goethe produced a very powerful effect upon the Weimarians. He was then twenty-six, with all the accompanying glory of fame and personal beauty. Wieland was already at Weimar; he calls the newcomer "a magnificent youth." Shortly after the magnificent youth came he contracted a warm friendship with a very charming lady, the Frau von Stein. Her character acted strongly upon his own; in fact, as his mother and Frederika had done, she called forth the best that was in him. Goethe did not forget his old friends. At his suggestion Herder was invited to Weimar, where he became court preacher and remained until his death.

The life at Weimar was a delightful one. The court was made up chiefly of young people in the

full flush of youthful spirits. With the Duke and Goethe to lead the revels, time went forward merrily. But continually the poet's character was crystallizing from youth to manhood. In 1779 he wrote a play upon the Greek model—*Iphigenia at Tauris*. First written in prose, it was made into verse during 1786. It is related to the Greek Drama, though with quite marked differences. In the end of 1779 Goethe and his royal master made a tour through the south of Germany, visiting Frankfort and Strasburg, and passing into Switzerland. About this time the poet was strongly attracted to science. Seven years later he went to Italy. This experience had an effect upon him which was of value for all his remaining life. He gratified the longing of his youth; he came in contact with a new and wonderful environment; his mind received an immense influx of fresh ideas. While in Italy he was not idle. He re-wrote *Egmont*, of which he had made an outline at Weimar. It is a drama of sombre significance, touching upon the revolt of the Netherlands. Some scenes of *Faust* were written. In April, 1788, he returned to Weimar, finishing *Tasso* on his way.

Towards the end of the same year he met Schiller, who had come to Weimar during his absence; but as yet their tastes did not admit of much sympathy —the difference may be gauged by the fact that Schiller wrote *The Robbers*, a typically Storm and Stress play, at a time when Goethe had forever put

behind him the whole Storm and Stress movement. Not for some years was each to realize the other's value.

In 1780 Germany, with other nations, had been involved in war with France. Karl August and Goethe took the field with the army. Goethe hated campaigning, however, and was glad to return home once more. Up to his final meeting with Schiller in 1794, he worked a great deal but produced only a little. It was in May of 1794 that the beautiful friendship was formed which brought about such grand results.

CHAPTER XVIII.

GERMANY: GOETHE AND SCHILLER.

SCHILLER.—EARLY HARDSHIPS.—"THE ROBBERS."—GOETHE AND SCHILLER.—THE "DIOSCURI."—RESULTS OF THE FRIENDSHIP.—SCHILLER'S MASTERPIECE.—"FAUST."

FRIEDRICH SCHILLER was born at Marbach, Würtemburg, on November 11, 1759. His life was a history of difficulties nobly overcome, and of wonderful achievement in the face of despair. Herein he affords a marked contrast to Goethe. The latter had health and wealth and all that goes to make life happy; the former was poor, and the greater part of his existence was embittered by sickness. His youth was not a happy one. The elder Schiller had been a surgeon in the Bavarian army, but afterward had obtained a commission in that of Würtemburg. The Duke of Würtemburg founded a free Seminary at which the sons of soldiers should have the preference. He invited the Schillers to send their boy there for his education. This kindness was somewhat embarrassing, as they had determined upon the Church for young Friedrich; but the Duke's servant could not criticise the Duke's thoughtfulness, so the future poet was packed off to Stuttgart, at the age

of fourteen, to study Law. He himself has left an opinion of the six years spent there; they were the most miserable of his whole life. The system was procrustean: liberty was an unheard of principle, an iron rule was applied to all alike, and their very amusements went by word of command. The effect of this discipline was to fan to flame his love of freedom, and, incidentally, his hatred of the Law. In 1775 he was permitted to exchange it for the study of Medicine, and upon leaving the school he became regimental surgeon at Stuttgart. But—though his practice is said to have been successful—his real interests were far afield. He had been long familiar with Plutarch, Shakespeare, Klopstock, Lessing, Goethe and others—dear delights sought out in secret. In fact "his mind had already dimly discovered its destination and was striving with a restless vehemence to reach it in spite of every obstacle." The sound of the Storm and Stress penetrated even to his seclusion and stirred him with the thought of great forces awake and moving.

The earliest tangible effect of the movement upon Schiller is seen in a play called *The Robbers*, published 1781, while its author was still chafing under the stern discipline of the Free Seminary. It was a typical storm and stress play—"irregular, fantastic, useless," as Carlyle calls it, "but grand in its height and massiveness and black strength." Briefly, the plot hinges upon the wrongs of an innocent young man who is driven by suspicion and ill treatment to

leave his father's house and force a living by robbery. Eventually he expiates his crimes by delivering himself to justice. The effect of the play was enormous—second only to that of *Götz*. The theme —freedom *vs.* tyranny—was the ideal one for the times. *The Robbers*, Schiller himself tells us, was inspired by his own rebellion against circumstances. In after years, however, his development led him to regard the work in its correct proportions. It became to his maturer vision "a monster . . . . the offspring which Genius in its union with Thraldom may give to the world." This play was produced at Mannheim, a town near Stuttgart, in 1781. Through a very natural desire, the poet went to see the fate of this first heir of his invention. But his incognito was not enough to conceal him; he was seized and imprisoned for a week. And the Duke of Würtemburg cast boding eyes in his direction. Therefore he determined to put an end to his long servitude, and in October, 1782, left Stuttgart for the wide world. Let it be remembered that the state of affairs in Germany was very different from what obtains at present; the liberty of the individual was highly problematical in many of the small independent states. *The Robbers* was a blow struck for personal freedom. Hence Schiller ran a risk of severe punishment. But the publication of the play, which was his mental emancipation, led to his bodily emancipation as well, and decided his whole future destiny. He was now for the first time a free man.

After some severe struggles, things became a little smoother. He was naturalized in another state, and thus had no further fear of danger from the Duke of Würtemburg. His growth in mind is marked by two plays—*The Conspiracy of Fiesco* and *Intrigue and Love*. In the former the principal character reaches out for the ducal crown of Genoa, but is overwhelmed in the moment of triumph; the latter "aims at exhibiting the conflict, the victorious conflict, of political manœuvring, of cold worldly wisdom, with the pure impassioned movements of the young heart, as yet untarnished by the tarnish of everyday life." Also it gives a merciless picture of the rottenness of the *ancien régime*. The two dramas embody the very essence of the storm and stress period.

In 1786 the play *Don Carlos* appeared. It showed a much greater maturity than its predecessors, and evinced the wide knowledge of men and things that his earliest dramas lacked. The motif is thoroughly dramatic—a prince condemned to death by his father. The scene is the court of Spain at the close of the sixteenth century; the principal characters are Philip II., the gloomy king, and Carlos his son, generous and ill-fated. It was a great success, for Schiller was becoming very popular.

He made his first visit to Weimar in 1787. Here he met Herder and Wieland, who—especially the latter—offered him the kinship of sympathy. It was not until a year later that he met Goethe.

Even then Goethe's hostile prepossessions were not broken. The meeting—in presence of a large number of litterateurs and others—was interesting, but nothing more. Says Schiller: "This personal meeting has not all diminished the idea, great as it was, which I had previously formed of Goethe; but I doubt whether we shall ever come into any close communication with each other. Much that still interests me has already had its epoch with him. His whole nature is, from its very origin, otherwise constructed from mine. . . . From such a combination, no secure, substantial intimacy can result. Time will try." And Goethe wrote, many years later: "On my return from Italy, where I had been endeavoring to train myself to greater purity and precision in all departments of art, I found here some older and some more recent works of poetry, enjoying high esteem and wide circulation, while their character to me was utterly offensive. I shall only mention Heinse's *Ardinghello* and Schiller's *Robbers*. . . . I avoided Schiller, who was now at Weimar in my neighborhood . . . the attempts of our common friends I resisted; and thus we continued to go on our way apart."

In 1788 Schiller came out in a new light by publishing *The History of the United Netherlands*. It was unfinished: no second volume following the first; but its care and force gave high promise. And it obtained for its author a very material advantage. Schiller was appointed Professor of His-

tory at the University of Jena, a few miles from Weimar, and entered upon his duties in 1789. Shortly afterwards he married, and his cup of happiness was full.

His new position, naturally, turned his endeavors in the direction of history. An important work was printed in 1791. This was *The History of the Thirty Years' War*. It was—and still is—a work of great value, composed upon thoroughly philosophical lines and finely written. There is a melancholy interest in the fact that, though his plans for historical writing were wide and varied, *The History of the Thirty Years' War* was the last that he ever undertook. In the same year he was attacked with an illness that never left him. And thereafter his noble character rose to its height. Weak, suffering as he was, he nevertheless took his trouble by the throat and held it down for fourteen years while he achieved ever greater and truer poetic fame. Fortunately, not long after his first attack, a pension of 1,000 crowns came from two noblemen—a German and a Dane. This alleviated—though it could not cure—the poet's sorrow.

Schiller was always closely identified with the journalism of the day. Some of his plays and poems appeared in such periodicals as then existed. Since 1785 he had been editing the *Reinische Thalia*, a publication devoted to the furtherance of dramatic art. Now the standard of public taste was very low in things literary, and no one knew this better than

Schiller. Therefore, he evolved a plan for its elevation. This was to be achieved by means of a journal called *The Hours*. His idea was to impress for contributors all the best writers in Germany, among them Goethe, Kant, Klopstock and Herder, thus forming a phalanx which would fight manfully against the false and crude in art. He essayed the plan; but *The Hours* was not a success—it failed even to pay expenses. But indirectly it achieved one thing, which was the most important of all; it brought Schiller and Goethe together. In May, 1794, they met one day at Jena, returning from a lecture in Natural History. They fell into conversation and afterwards into a discussion, which revealed a marked difference in their modes of thought. Both, in fact, were more than ever convinced of the impracticability of any friendship. But they came together again, and soon arrived at the essential sameness of their ideas on important subjects. Thus began a friendship than which there are few nobler spectacles.

Upon both the effect of this union was the best influence possible. Goethe had become deeply interested in matters scientific; he was developing his intellect at the expense of his imagination. He had reached in his life a parting of the ways. One road led into the fair and golden region of poetry, the other to what he himself calls "the arid land of science." And it was Schiller who moved him to choose the former path. Schiller's influence was very

great. He gave impulse and sympathy at the time when Goethe was open to them and needed them most. He could add nothing indeed to his friend's knowledge and culture, but he could give what was quite as valuable—stimulation. Goethe's effect upon Schiller was equally important, though different. His wide experience had opened his eyes to many things that were still beyond Schiller's vision. He had much to impart, and the latter says early in their friendship: "It will cost me a long time to unravel all the ideas you have awakened in me, but I hope none will be lost." They worked together with a single aim—the deepening of German culture; and their friendship formed the happiest period in the lives of both. "For the space of eleven years, from 1794 to 1805, there was not a trace of a quarrel between them, not the slightest diminution of personal affection or of sympathy in each other's interests and labors."

To avenge themselves for the public's lack of appreciation of *The Hours*, and to repay in kind the hostility of many lesser writers, Goethe and Schiller in 1796 published a series of epigrams called *Xenien*. There were 414 of them, composed indifferently by either or both, and hitting the weak places in their opponents' armor. Their opponents hit back, but victory remained with the *Xenien*.

The attempt of the two poets to create a German drama is especially worthy of notice. In 1791

Goethe—released at his own request from his duties as minister—became manager of the Weimar theatre. The court had always been strongly attracted towards theatrical matters, and after the theatre was burnt down in 1774, many a play was performed "under the shade of melancholy boughs," or in the valley meadows by torchlight. The troupe was composed of ladies and gentlemen of the Weimar court. Goethe wrote several light plays for this amateur band—among them *The Fisher Lass*. Performances of this nature went forward merrily until 1790, when the theatre proper was rebuilt. But the great poet did not succeed in his aim of creating a national German drama. He was hampered by two things: a false idea and a lack of money. In the first place, he either ignored the public or started to educate it from too lofty a basis. "Once for all," he says, "understand that the public must be controlled." And to Schiller (who quite agreed with him): "No one can serve two masters, and of all masters the last that I would select is the public which sits in a German theatre." Consequently he aimed at an elevation of the level of the drama quite irrespective of the public taste. The Weimar audience was composed chiefly of the ducal court and its guests and friends. The element of the outside world was afforded by the Jena students, who attended in great numbers. But criticism was stifled, and Goethe's managership lacked throughout the test—the essential test—of

public consideration. Yet all the great dramatic periods have arisen from a demand on the part of the people. This fact Goethe overlooked. Thus, though some truly magnificent dramas were put on the Weimar stage, they failed of their full effect on the public mind. The second difficulty with which Goethe had to contend was much more material, but it also was important. The salaries offered to actors at Weimar were very small. Moreover, players were not allowed a *congé*—a "benefit." Thus, while the prestige of the manager's name drew a few first-class actors to his theatre, the average was distinctly low. Hence, due justice could not be done to such fine dramas as the three parts of Schiller's *Wallenstein* (1798–1804), his *William Tell*, and some of Shakespeare's plays. Several amusing anecdotes are told of the shifts to which Goethe was sometimes reduced owing to the insufficiency of his troupe. Thus, with his despotic position towards the public and his ill-fortune with regard to actors, it may be seen how his high aspirations were not duly appreciated.

But he and Schiller did a great deal to raise the level of the stage. Besides their own fine plays, a wide *répertoire* was produced at Weimar. Shakespeare was acted, and Calderon and Racine and Voltaire—the two latter metamorphosed from their French Alexandrine metre into German iambics. Even Terence and Sophocles were brought on the stage. The effect of such catholic endeavors

could not be otherwise than beneficial to German taste.

Both Goethe and Schiller wrote for the Weimar theatre, but Schiller's work was the more important. Between 1799 and the year of his death he composed five plays, which were masterpieces, representing the height of his genius and productivity. Goethe, during the same period, achieved no really great dramatic work. Of Schiller's dramas more anon. Now with regard to what were probably Goethe's greatest works from 1796–1805. In the former year he published a long novel called *William Meister's Apprenticeship* (1796). It had been taking shape for some years, and one effect of Schiller's influence was the completion of the work —Goethe's first prose fiction since *The Sorrows of Young Werther*. *William Meister's Apprenticeship* is divided into eight books. It follows the mental development of its hero; his progress through a great deal of uncertainty as to his place in life to a settled goal. In the book we may trace some autobiography—the early perplexity of the young William, and his ultimate decision. Goethe explained the idea of the book :—"The whole work seems to say nothing more than that man, despite all his follies and errors, being led by a higher hand reaches some happy goal at last."

In June, 1797, Goethe published a poem called *Hermann and Dorothea*. It was totally different from *William Meister's Apprenticeship*, and few

things show more clearly the poet's wonderful range than the fact that two such dissimilar productions should follow one another within a twelvemonth. *Hermann and Dorothea* is "his highest achievement in epic poetry, the most perfect product of his cultured realism, the noblest fruit of that style which he had acquired during his sojourn in Italy." The story is very simple and very beautiful. It has a basis of fact. A band of exiles from France passes through a little south German town, one hot summer's day. The rich innkeeper, Hermann's father, sends his son to distribute aid among the wanderers. Hermann falls in love with a fair maiden in the emigrant train. The cautious father is not pleased with this and two of his friends set out to ascertain the girl's character. The inquiries reveal only good and Hermann takes Dorothea back to his own home. The poem is written in hexameter, and in this way, as in its idyllic simplicity, Longfellow's *Evangeline* bears a resemblance to it. Behind *Hermann and Dorothea* lies the vast background of the French Revolution—as behind *Evangeline* lies the French-English war. Thus the poem, simple and pastoral as it is, reflects the big world outside. After it appeared, Goethe—at Schiller's persuasion—once more took up the work of his life, the great *Faust*. In the same year, by the way, both Goethe and Schiller wrote a number of ballads, most of them possessing unequalled beauty. Some of Goethe's were: *The Erl King*, *The Fisher*, *The*

Dance of Death; of Schiller's, *The Diver*, *The Fight with the Dragon*, *The Cranes of Ibycus*. Some stanzas of *The Diver* may be given. The king throws a golden goblet into a watery abyss, and his page plunges in to get it. The description of the whirlpool is striking:

And lo! as he stands on the outermost verge,
He sees, in the dark sea gushing,
The struggling waves of the mighty surge,
From the depths of the whirlpool rushing;
And their sound as the sound of thunder is,
As they leap in their foam from that black abyss. . . .

The terrible storm is at length asleep,
Black, amid snow-white spray,
A fathomless chasm yawneth deep—
Such portal dream we to hell's dark way!
And they see the fierce, wrangling billows now
Drawn down to those hungry depths below.

But see! what shines through the dark flood there,
As a swan's soft plumage white?
An arm and a glittering neck are bare,
They busily move with the swimmer's might;
It is he! and, lo, in his left hand high,
He waveth the goblet exultingly!

We have seen that Schiller wrote five dramas during the last six years of his life. The first of these was *Wallenstein*. This is divided into three parts—*The Camp*, *The Picolomini*, and *Wallenstein's Death*. The whole forms a continuous drama of eleven acts. Wallenstein was the somewhat mysterious general who fought for Ferdinand II., Emperor

of Germany, during the Thirty Years' War. Schiller had been powerfully attracted towards him during his researches for the *History of the Thirty Years' War*, and he has kept very close to historical accuracy in his delineation of the character. So successful was his treatment, that Wallenstein is the greatest dramatic personage of German literature. In the first portion Schiller's early experience of military life shows forth. *The Camp* is a very vivid succession of camp scenes, intended to afford a view of the rude host under Wallenstein's command. The second part introduces the chief characters, and there is an idyllic love passage between Thekla, Wallenstein's daughter, and Max Piccolomini, son of Octavio, Wallenstein's betrayer. The last division contains the death of the great general, brought about partly by his own overweening ambition and undue self-confidence, and partly by the treachery of false friends. The play was completed in 1799. In the same year Schiller, by the generosity of Duke Karl August, left Jena for Weimar, where he remained until his death.

Wallenstein gave its author a new grip of dramatic method. He at once set to work on a new play—though the subject was an old favorite—*Mary Stuart*. The unfortunate Scottish queen is imprisoned in England. The main interest lies in the contrast in the characters of Mary and Elizabeth. Mary is made to win our utmost sympathy. "Your undoubted right to England's throne," says her

lover, Mortimer, "has been your only wrong." The play appeared in 1800.

The Maid of Orleans followed in 1801. It has been called "the tragedy of moral idealism." Schiller interprets the character of Jean d'Arc in the most sympathetic spirit. Nor does he fear to introduce the supernatural element; it is very prominent throughout. The gentle heroine hears the heavenly voice, accepts its conditions and wins back France for the king; but in the hour of triumph she sets wide her heart to human love, thus breaking her vow. The play closes with her inner purification, renewed victory, and at last a glorious death. *The Maid of Orleans* was received everywhere with great applause. In Leipzig, the close of the first act was greeted with shouts of "Es lebe Friedrich Schiller!" "Long live Frederick Schiller!" To Schiller, however, art was its own reward.

Two years later appeared the *Bride of Messina*. Neither in this nor in its successor is there a character of such single and absorbing interest as in the former three. The last plays deal more with the movement of masses. The *Bride of Messina* was not as strong as the other plays. The *motif* is a family divided against itself by a confused and terrible sequence of events.

Schiller's favorite theme was the struggle of liberty against tyranny. It is very likely that the French Revolution and the events following influenced his selection of subjects for his last dramas.

Thus, his final effort found expression along these lines. *William Tell* was completed in 1804, when the shadow of death already lay upon its author. And this, his closing work, affords a strong contrast to that with which his career opened. Both deal with the question of liberty; but *The Robbers* is crude, ill-formed, an anarchical outcry against all law and order; while *William Tell* is "the apotheosis of lawful freedom." The play tells of the achievement of a national freedom, through the instrumentality of a national hero. Its two central incidents are known to every child—the shooting of the apple by the father from his son's head, and the slaying of the cruel Gessler by the same father. These lines are from Tell's soliloquy while waiting to slay the Landvogt, Gessler:

> Through this deep dark defile he soon will pass.
> No other way leads unto Küsnacht. Here
> Will I complete my work. This bushy screen
> Securely shelters me from Gessler's sight.
> Speeding from here my arrow cannot fail;
> His followers in vain may search the glen.
> O Landvogt, make thy peace with heaven now.
> Away must thou! Time is for thee no more.

William Tell is perhaps the highest glory of Schiller's genius.

And within a year the poet was dead—dead in the very prime of his life and activity. On the 9th of May, 1805, this brave spirit passed from the world with the quiet manliness that had marked his life.

His death was deeply felt all over Germany. To Goethe, sick at the time, the shock was terrible. "The half of my existence has gone from me," he said; and again, later on: "In those days I took no interest in anything."

In 1803 Goethe had produced *The Natural Daughter*, the first play of an unfinished Trilogy. But the great poem *Faust* occupied his principal attention, and in 1808 the first part appeared. The Faust Fable had long been familiar to Goethe. The story itself is of mediæval origin and had been treated before by various poets. In 1770, while at Strasburg, he had an idea of weaving his own experience into the old legend. He wrote nothing, however, until 1774–5, when the beautiful ballad of the King in Thule, the first monologue, and the first scene with Wagner, were written. Numerous other portions were sketched at various intervals, and in 1797 the whole was recast under Schiller's influence, and the plan of the entire work sketched. In 1801 it was completed, in 1806 retouched, and in 1808 the first part was published in its final form. In 1821 he resolved to complete the second part; this was done the year before his death. The composition of the poem extended over a period of sixty years. Its unity, therefore, is not as close as otherwise it would have been. Into the poem is fused much legendary lore and more than a little autobiography.

The poem opens with a "Prologue in Heaven."

Mephistopheles, "the spirit that denies," appears before God and wins His permission to tempt Faust. The story then runs as follows—we can only outline it, without attempting to dwell upon the splendid conception of Faust's character: Dr. Heinrich Faust, an aged student of Wittemburg, has run the whole gamut of human life and begins to despair of the ability of even knowledge to give pleasure or benefit. He wishes to move beyond all earthly power and to taste something of the knowledge which upholds the universe. By means of magic he calls up the Earth Spirit; but his weak human personality is repelled by the awe of the sight. In despair at his powerlessness he determines to poison himself; but just as the cup is raised to his lips, the joyful Easter bells ring forth and voices are heard singing "Christ is risen!" The memory of his childhood faith rushes upon the mind of Faust and he dashes down the cup. That same evening Mephistopheles appears in his study. Faust has been striving for knowledge as the only true happiness; he has found that knowledge is a mere phantom of joy. Therefore, he offers to sell his soul if he shall ever realize happiness.

> When to the moment I shall say,
> "Stay, thou art so lovely, stay!"
> Then with thy fetters bind me round
> Then perish I with cheerful glee.

So a compact is entered on and Faust receives the

gift of youth. Thereafter Mephistopheles offers him all manner of pleasure for his indulgence. Then the fair Margaret appears. She is the most beautiful of all Goethe's characters and is said to be a reminiscence of his early love, Frederika Brion. Pure and most lovable, she comes under the baleful influence of Mephistopheles. Through his suggestions, Faust wins her innocent love and ruins her. This draws after it a train of dreadful sorrow for the gentle Gretchen. Her mother dies; then her brother is slain by treachery, cursing her with his dying breath; lastly she kills her little child. She is arrested and condemned to death, and as she lies friendless and mad on the straw of her dungeon, Faust comes to try and save her. But in vain. Mephistopheles carries him off, pursued by Gretchen's pitiful cry, "Heinrich! Heinrich!"

So the First Part closes. But that last sad word gives a hint of the *raison d'être* of the Second Part: Margaret would not be happy if saved alone. A space of time intervenes between the First and Second Parts. Faust is discovered repentant and striving to quiet the anguish of his soul. Passing over the first three acts, in the fourth we come to a closer connection with the First Part. Here, and in the following act, Faust is engaged in draining and reclaiming from the sea a waste tract of land given him by an emperor whom he had served. Mephistopheles objects to this work for future generations, but Faust, now a blind old man, perseveres. At

last, joyful in the prospect of the good he is doing for mankind, he says:

> "Anticipating all that future bliss,
> I have it now. That moment's here. 'Tis this!"

Dying, he has apparently forfeited his soul to the devil. But Mephistopheles has lost, because he has failed to draw Faust permanently away from the right, or to make cease his activity and his aspiration. The soul that continually aspires to the good shall be saved. So in vain the legions of evil spirits endeavor to capture the spirit of Faust. He is borne by angels to higher spheres, where Gretchen awaits his coming.

It has been said that this great poem presents a certain lack of unity. This is only natural when we remember the differing circumstances and moods under which it was written and the years during which it lay developing in the poet's mind. But in estimating its worth as a work of art we must not disregard the poet's intention. Fundamentally, *Faust* teaches the truth that salvation comes of sincere effort and aspiration as much as from actual achievement. The clue to the somewhat confusing mysticism of the piece and its fantasy is found in the fact that "it is at once a problem and a picture. Therein lies its fascination. The problem embraces all questions of vital importance; the picture represents all opinions, all sentiments, all classes, moving on the stage of life." In the problem lies the other

mode for the expression of the great truth which has been mentioned. The beauty and variety of the drama draw towards it a public appreciation the more universal because of that variety, and hence it wins a larger audience to whom the truth may be brought home. It is the truth which appealed so strongly to the English poet, Browning: "He that endures to the end shall be saved." The angels sing as they bear aloft the soul of Faust: "The man who strives and ever aspires him can we set free!"

We may cite two examples of Goethe's verse in *Faust*. The first from the dialogue between Faust and his servant Wagner:

Mark how, beneath the evening sunset's glow,
The green embosomed houses glitter!
The glow retreats, done is the day of toil,
It yonder hastes, new fields of life exploring;
Ah, that no wing can lift me from the soil,
Upon its track to follow, follow soaring! . . .

Yet, finally, the weary god is sinking;
The new-born impulse fires my mind—
I hasten on, his beams eternal drinking,
The Day before me and the Night behind,
Above me Heaven unfurled, the floor of waves beneath me—
A glorious dream! though now the glories fade. . . .

Yet in each soul is born the pleasure
Of yearning onward, upward and away,
When o'er our heads, lost in the vaulted azure,
The lark sends down his flickering lay—
When over crags and piny highlands
The poising eagle slowly soars,
And over plains and lakes and islands
The crane sails by to other shores.

The second is the ballad sung by Gretchen :—

There was a King in Thule,
  Was faithful to the grave ;
To whom his mistress, dying,
  A golden beaker gave.

More prized than all his treasure
  That cup of gold remained ;
His eyes with tears would glisten
  When he the goblet drained.

When he was old and dying,
  His wealth he reckoned up,
And gave all to his princes
  —Except that golden cup !

And to his knights, all loyal,
  As were the men of yore,
He gave a banquet royal
  In his castle on the shore.

There stood the old King, drinking
  One long, deep health—the last—
Then down among the billows
  That sacred cup he cast ;

And as the cup was sinking
  He closed his eyes ; no more
He drank the wine all rosy
  In his castle by the shore !

Faust was Goethe's masterpiece. It was bound up with his literary life and was almost co-terminous with his career. But he did other work as well after Schiller's death. In 1817 he resigned the Managership of Weimar theatre, owing to an un-

fortunate disagreement with Karl August. The following are the principal works of this period of his life:—*Elective Affinities* (1809), a novel dealing with some complications among the members of a household; *Poetry and Truth*, an autobiography published 1811; *Italian Journey* (1816–17); *The West-East Divan* (1814–19), a collection of poems in twelve books—chiefly upon eastern subjects—which had wide influence; and *William Meister's Travels* (1821–28), a continuation of the earlier work in three volumes, and a not very successful production. These years were full of vigor and activity. About 1821 he enthusiastically reviewed Byron's *Manfred;* he always was a warm admirer of Scott. But there was stealing on him the sadness of old age. Schiller was dead; Wieland and Herder had gone. In 1816 he lost his faithful wife, Christiane, who had been to him what no other woman was; in 1827 died the Frau von Stein, who had influenced his whole nature so finely in the early days at Weimar; the following year the Grand Duke Karl August, his oldest friend, beloved for fifty-two years, was taken from him. "Alles ist nun vorbei! Nothing now remains!" said he when the sad news came. A pathetic little story is told of the old man. Only a year before his death, he visited a little forest hut where he had been wont to ramble with old friends in bygone days. There still stood within, pencilled on the wall, some lines that he had written many years before in the flush of youth and strength:—

Over all the hill-tops
  Is quiet now;
In all the tree-tops
  Hearest thou
  Hardly a breath.
The birds are asleep on the trees;
  Wait; soon like these
  Thou too shalt rest.

Tears stood in his eyes for memory of the dead past. "Yes," he repeated, "wait but a little, thou too soon wilt be at rest." Not long was he to wait. On March 22, 1832, he sank peacefully into the sleep of death.

The services of Goethe and Schiller to German literature are almost incalculable. They found a movement, in the right direction indeed, but vague and weak. They confirmed the wavering fancies; they seized all half-formed tendencies and combined them into a powerful stream of effective work; they informed with new life the whole range of German poetry and prose. In a word, they gave confidence in German language and shape to German literature, imposing upon it the canons of true Art. Goethe, with his culture and his calm strength, Schiller, with his idealism and his untiring energy, developed the field of their choice to the establishment of their country's honor in the literary world.

CHAPTER XIX.

GERMANY: "YOUNG GERMANY."

A RETROSPECT.—THE PATRIOTS.—KORNER, ARNDT, VON KLEIST.—JEAN PAUL.—UHLAND.—THE BURDEN OF THE FATHERLAND.—GRILLPARZER.—RUCKERT.—HEINE.—HIS SORROW AND HIS SONG.—THE MATTRASS-GRAVE.—GUTZKOW.—WAGNER.—NEW AIMS AND HOPES.—SUDERMANN AND HAUPTMANN.

THE nineteenth century has been marked for the German people by a great movement which has manifested its force on three occasions, all important in their significance and the last victorious in its results. This movement has been the aspiration for national unity.

We have come on to 1832 in order to round out the life of Goethe; we shall now turn back to the beginning of the century. Germany was in sore straits. The group of scattered and independent kingdoms of which it was then composed offered but a feeble front to the advances of Napoleon, and after the battle of Jena the country lay practically prostrate at his feet. But in the very depths of its misery was a hope. The worst had come, and the nation gathered together its strength for the new struggle. Conquered, it was not destroyed. Napo-

leon retreated from Moscow in 1813. A few months later, the King of Prussia called his people to arms at the national cry for freedom. In the next year was fought the great battle of Leipzig and Germany was free. But a strange reaction took place. After their magnificent uprising, their splendid protest against national servitude, the people fell back into their old status, and from 1815–1848 submitted to the old form of princely domination. Germany became again a heterodox mixture of miniature States. That obsolete theory was revived—the Divine Right of Kings—and each princeling became a tyrant in his own petty sphere. In 1848 the popular spirit once more blazed forth in a second climax—a liberal movement which, nevertheless, was doomed to failure. Events, however, swept the nation on to the war of 1870. The brilliant issue of this war, the pride of Germans, in the achievement of their armies, seemed to remove at once all difficulties which hitherto had frustrated complete unity. In 1870 negotiations were opened to the long hoped-for end; on March 21st, 1871, the first Diet of the Empire met in Berlin.

This glance at the political development of Germany will aid us in viewing the literature of the century.

In the era of national humiliation after the battle of Jena there is one man who stands out as a strong champion. This is the philosopher who has been mentioned already—Fichte. He was of stern per-

sonality and sturdy patriotism, and at Berlin, in 1808, he delivered his *Addresses to the German Nation*—a series of stirring appeals on behalf of the German nationality. He called on the people to assert their independence, to rise from the dust where they lay. And this in the centre of French influence, under the eyes of the French authorities, and with the full knowledge that he was risking his life. The effect of his inspiration, and that of the numerous other patriotic writers of the time, is seen in the extraordinary revival of national spirit and the magnificent enthusiasm which terminated in the destruction of French power in Germany at the battle of Leipzig. This enthusiasm was most remarkable; it was felt by all—statesmen, philosophers, poets, as well as the mass of the people. There was a grand spontaneous movement of the whole nation. And it was no idle spirit. Men were not content with fiery words—by their deeds they were known.

Chief among the patriotic writers were the poets who were inspired by the strong air of the day; and most striking of the patriotic poets was Karl Theodor Körner. He was born in 1791, and killed in the fight near Gadebusch in 1813, thus crowning a gallant life with a fair death. He was a fervent admirer of Schiller, and his father was Schiller's friend. He left his studies and a good position at Vienna to enlist as a volunteer. His songs were sung throughout the army and exercised an inspir-

ing influence. After his death they were collected in a volume called *Lyre and Sword*. One of the finest was the *Sword Song*, written by the bivouac fire the night before his last battle. It is said to have been sung by the whole army the next morning. *Lützow's Wild Chase* unconsciously foretold his own end:—

Who looks for the last time up to the sun,
Among groaning foemen lying?
Death stiffens his features, his race is run,
But the land is free, and the battle won,
And the brave shrinks not from dying!
And the fallen black horsemen—who were they?
They were Lützow's bold riders that led the fray.

Körner must serve as the example of the patriotic poets. Only the names can be mentioned of Ernst Arndt (1769–1860), author of the well-known poem beginning "What is the German's Fatherland?" and of Heinrich von Kleist (1776–1811), who wrote a famous drama, *The Broken Pitcher*. Such men as these aroused Germans everywhere. The spirit of the great uprising had a strong intermixture of joy —joy that there was at last work to be done, and blows to be struck for the Fatherland, that the splendor of the necessity merged all petty jealousies in one vast common cause.

Contemporary with Körner and the others was Jean Paul Friedrich Richter (1763–1825), best known as Jean Paul. He is a difficult writer to classify, in fact he stands by himself in his strange

imaginative quality. He was a man of the most wide and varied reading, but he did not handle his material with proper discretion, and what Schiller says to him is true enough: "You would indeed be worthy of admiration, if you made as good use of your riches as others make of their poverty." His riches are unfolded in sixty-five volumes of romances, dreams, visions, homilies. Several of the finest passages of his works have been made familiar to English readers by the translations of Thomas De Quincey. Jean Paul was in Weimar in 1796 and again in 1798–1800. He was a warm admirer of Herder, and met Goethe and Schiller. He was strongly influenced by the stirring events of the time. His chief trait, however, was a deep sense of God and immortality, coupled with a delight in all existence and a passionate love for nature—the last instanced by many beautiful descriptive passages scattered through his writings. And the reason that with all his great gifts he was not a stronger and more influential writer is because the prime of his life fell during the period of Germany's deepest national humiliation, and the culture of his individual character had not the necessary foundation of a strong national life on which to build. He lacked that mental balance which is so essential a condition of true art.

Still keeping to the early century, we come upon another writer of a healthier and sounder type. Johann Ludwig Uhland was born at Tübingen in

1787. He rose to the position of Professor of Literature at the University in his native town, and played a considerable part in political life as well. He died at Tübingen, 1862. Uhland's poetry was romantic, popular and national. The form is romantic, but the feeling is seldom or never in excess; Uhland was too much of an artist to allow his heart to run away with his intellect. "His figures walk upright and on solid ground." Even in his youthful poems there is something more than the mere exuberance of imagination which so often infuses youthful romanticism; e. g., *The Castle by the Sea*:—

Saw'st thou a castle fair?
  Yon castle by the sea;
Golden and rosy there,
  The clouds float gorgeously.

And fain it would descend
  Into the wave below,
And fain it would soar and blend
  With the evening's crimson glow.

Yon castle have I viewed,
  Yon castle by the sea;
The moon above it stood
  And the mists hung heavily.

The wind and the heaving sea
  Sounded they fresh and strong?
From the Hall came notes of glee,
  Harping and festive song?

The winds and the waters all
  Rested in slumber deep,
And I heard from the groaning Hall
  Music that made me weep.

Saw'st thou the king and his spouse
  Walking there side by side,
The diadem on their brows
  And their mantles waving wide?

Led they their cherished one
  With joy, a daughter fair,
Resplendent as the sun
  In the light of her golden hair?

Well saw I the royal pair,
  But without the crown I wot;
Dark mourning weeds they wore,
  The maiden saw I not.

This is a good example of his ballads, which formed the best portion of his poetry. The *Father land Poems*, whose name tells their story, appeared in 1816 and 1817. Underneath Uhland's singing lies a note of sympathy with the people and of pride in their power. There is always an aspiration for the common good. He is, therefore, the most popular of the German poets, next to Schiller. "He has shown the German people their better self; he has shown the world what a wealth of strength, of bravery, of humor, of goodness, of inspiration, slumbers under the modest and quiet exterior of this people; he glorified those unpretentious and emphatically German virtues: faithfulness and patience." In the ballad he had many imitators. As he grew old his poetical power seemed to wane. He became prominent rather as a scholar and, with William Schlegel (1767–1845), founded Romance Philology in Germany.

After the rousing of the Fatherland, with all its fire and song, there comes the peculiar reaction mentioned above. Once more it is left to poets to keep alive the grand idea of national unity, even as Klopstock and Lessing and Goethe and Schiller had done in the hundred years of the past. This state of things held until, and indeed after, the Revolution of 1848. Its effect upon literature was marked. Heine's works were prescribed; other poets were checked in their development, like FRANZ GRILLPARZER (1791–1872); or driven to foreign subjects like FREIDRICH RÜCKERT (1789–1866). "The best minds of the nation were affected by the universal repression of public activity . . . they were crippled in their natural development, alienated from their own day and their own country . . . discouraged in their views of life." But space forbids anything further on this subject. Many good names must be omitted.

Foremost among German writers since Goethe is HEINRICH HEINE. He was born at Düsseldorf on the Rhine in 1799. His father was a Jew and mapped out for the boy a mercantile life. After a little preliminary schooling he went to Hamburg, where his uncle offered him a position of clerk in his own counting-house. For almost three years the youth remained there, hating it as an imaginative and indolent young man would naturally hate the place of his bondage. In fact he ever afterwards referred to the city as "verdammtes Hamburg"—an expression which is quite as strong as it sounds! But

his sojourn was not entirely without its bright side. He promptly fell in love with his beautiful cousin, Amalie, and this gave to the Hamburg life the one element that made it bearable. By and by the good uncle saw that the nephew was not fitted for commerce, and tried to qualify him for the law. Heinrich was sent successively to the Universities of Bonn, Göttingen and Berlin. In the last place he spent two years that were clouded only by news of the marriage of Amalie.

The young man had been writing with much zeal and with fine disregard of his manifest duty to the law. At Berlin he brought out his first volume—*The Book of Songs* (1822.) These poems met with much appreciation. They were modelled upon the lines dear to romanticists. They are marked by the "Weltschmertz" which Byron had made so popular and deal largely with mediæval subjects. Under the influence of Sir Walter Scott, at that time strong in Berlin, he wrote two tragedies, but they were not important. About this time he composed the beautiful lines which follow:—

A Pine-tree standeth lonely
On a far Norland height,
It slumbereth, while around it
The snow falls thick and white.

And of a Palm it dreameth,
That, in a southern land,
Lonely and silent standeth,
Amid the scorching sand.

In 1823 he left Berlin. His family was in money difficulties and he himself was suffering from ill-health. He went to Cuxhaven, a port on the shore of the wild North Sea.

Here he remained long enough to imbibe a deep love of the sea. To this period belong such poems as *Thou lovely Fisher Maiden:*—

Come, fairest fisher-maiden, here,
Put, put thy skiff to land;
Come close to me and sit thee down,
And prattle hand in hand.

Oh, lay thy head upon my heart,
Have not such fear of me;
Thou trustest day by day thyself
Unto the wild, wild sea.

My heart is like the sea, it hath
Its storm, and ebb, and flow;
And many pretty pearls, my love,
Rest in its depths below.

In the same year he visited Goethe at Weimar—a visit which was not altogether successful. Shortly afterwards, in order to escape the disabilities to which Jews were then liable, he embraced Christianity. Next he spent a summer in a small island called Norderney, off the coast of Holland. Here he wrote a fine collection of poems—*The North Sea.* Returning to Hamburg, he essayed to practise his profession—for he was now a Doctor of Laws. This he did not do; but he met a publisher who appreciated his work sufficently to bring out a volume

called *Pictures of Travel*, in 1826. This was the first of several volumes which appeared between 1826 and 1831. It contained simply notes on travel, interspersed with lyrics and satirical sketches. The book showed both beauty and power and was very successful. Typical is the poem called *Questions*:—

By the sea, the dreary nocturnal sea,
Standeth a stripling,
His breast full of sorrow, his head full of doubt,
And with gloomy lips he asks the waters:
"Oh, solve me the Riddle of Life,
That harrowing, world-old riddle,
Whereon many heads have pondered and brooded;
Poor aching human heads—
Tell me what signifies Man!
Whence has he come? And whither goes he?
Who dwells up in the golden stars?"

The waves they murmur their endless babble,
The wind it blows, and the clouds they wander,
The stars they glitter coldly indifferent—
And a fool waits for an answer.

Heine was haunted through his whole life by the mystery of the sea. "I love it as my own soul," he says. "I often feel as if the sea must be my soul." The North Sea poems are "filled, as it were, with the robust harmonies which conveyed the unembodied song-breaths to the poet as he wandered by the wave-swept shores of Norderney."

About this time he definitely decided to abandon the law as a means of livelihood. In the spring of 1827 he made a visit to England; his impressions of which were not flattering. The same year he pub-

lished a second volume of *Pictures of Travel.* It was singularly outspoken for those days of press supervision, and there was an attempt made to suppress it throughout the North German States—which, naturally enough, gave it all the wider vogue. Next he made a trip to Italy (1828), visiting Genoa, Leghorne, the Baths of Lucca—where Shelley had rested ten years before—and Florence. In 1830, the third, and last, book of travel pictures appeared. These sketches aroused much discussion; they were called entertaining, witty, immoral, coarse, atheistic. With all their faults they contain a good deal that is charming.

The French Revolution of 1830 made a turning-point in his life. He thought, with many other enthusiasts, that the "Three Days" would fan into flame the spirit of the German people. Full of excitement Heine returned to Hamburg, where he was effectually disenchanted. The process was rendered more complete by an attack upon the Jewish quarter, while he was in the city. He determined to leave a country where his race suffered persecution, and where, moreover, the cause of liberty had fallen so low. "The wind of the Paris Revolution," he writes, in disgust, "caused the candles to flicker a little in the dark night of Germany, so that the red curtains of a German throne or two caught fire; but the old watchmen who act as police for the German Kingdom are already bringing out their fire engines and will keep the

candles better snuffed for the future. Poor, fast-bound German people, lose not all heart in thy bonds!" At last he took the irrevocable step, and in May, 1831, arrived at Paris, the city of his hope.

He had many and valuable introductions, and he met all the prominent writers of the day—Victor Hugo, Balzac, George Sand, Théophile Gautier, Alfred de Musset, and many more. Unfortunately, he lived not wisely but too well, and three months in Paris undermined his constitution. Never very robust, his health steadily grew worse until he became a confirmed invalid. Nay, for the last eight years of his life, he was a physical wreck who, from a pitiful "mattrass-grave," looked out upon the world. During all these wretched years he was cared for by his Parisian wife, who was the angel of his darkened existence. In February, 1856, he died, after a fight with pain and sorrow that is among the bravest records of literary history. Oddly enough, the years of his greatest suffering at Paris were the years of his greatest literary production. Some of the later lyrics are unsurpassed in German literature for the beauty of their unconscious art. The *New Poems* (1844) and the *Romances* (1850–1) contain the bulk of his work at the time.

There are few men so difficult to characterize as Heine. It is difficult to imagine any one whose personality would present more contradictions. He was at once "cruel and tender, *naif* and perfidious, skeptical and credulous, lyrical and prosaic . . .

impassioned and reserved." His cynicism was of the bitterest type, yet he sang so tender a song as:

E'en as a lovely flower,
  So fair, so pure thou art;
I gaze on thee, and sadness
  Comes stealing o'er my heart.

My hands I fain had folded
  Upon thy soft brown hair,
Praying that God may keep thee
  So lovely, pure and fair.

His life was sensuous, yet he was true to his wife and tenderly loved his old mother. He sneered at such things as hope and resignation, yet the history of his latter years is one of the most noble endurance. Out of so bewildering a complexity we can only gather probabilities. He was a Jew, he was essentially modern, he had the gift of imagination and passion and song, he was full of the love of life. These give the key-note of his strangely-wrought character. Fuller analysis we cannot attempt; it is enough to indicate the fact of the unique personality, which was not seldom coarse, blasphemous, but which nevertheless sang some of the sweetest lyric strains in the German or any language.

The French Revolution of 1830 produced little effect in Germany. But it made men think. Then came the Revolution of 1848. The effect of this was much stronger. The liberal movement had assumed larger proportions. Successful experiments in popular government had been made in some of

the small German States. Gradually the people had come to the point of forcible remonstrance against the despotism which everywhere obtained. The establishment of a republic in France by the Revolution of February put the match to the powder. The German people at once rose and demanded national representation, trial by jury, and freedom of the press. In Bavaria, in Austria, in Prussia, the people carried the day. And although for a time the old *régime* returned, yet ultimately the movement culminated in the National Union of 1871. These stirring events seem to have given a new stimulus to German literature. Especially is this true since the last mentioned date.

It is not easy to touch on the writers since 1850, because the perspective becomes deceptive. They are too near. Following Heine as master came a group of litterateurs somewhat vaguely banded together under the name of "Young Germany"—though far truer upholders of that name are found in the young generation of our own day. KARL GUTZKOW (1811–1879) should first be mentioned. He was a novelist and dramatist. But his novels are too long and too reflective and his dramas are sometimes overweighted with controversial matter. *The Sorcerer of Rome*, a nine-volume novel, appeared in 1859. *Uriel Acosta* (1846) is a powerful play founded on the story of a condemned heretic and contains some very marked political utterances—of course on the popular side. FERDINAND FREILIGRATH

(1810–1876) was a poet of the common people. He identified himself with them and in return won their love. He was thoroughly in sympathy with the aspiration for better government, and he had the courage of his convictions; for he published a collection of poems setting forth his views in so unequivocal a manner that he was forced to seek safety in Switzerland. This *Confession of Faith* kept him an exile until 1848, when he returned and headed a small insurrection at Düsseldorf. Three years later he was again compelled to emigrate. He went to London and occupied himself by translating Longfellow, Tennyson and other English poets into German. And very excellent translations he made. In 1866 he returned to his native land, where he lived until his death. His later poems are of truer value than their youthful predecessors. Famous is *The Dead to the Living*, the cry of those slain by the Royal troops in Berlin in March, 1848. Incidentally, the authorities showed their lack of appreciation by imprisoning the poet. Part of his work deals with foreign subjects in a manner that is full of color. Another member of "Young Germany" was Heinrich Laube (1806–1884), an important poet and novelist.

It is impossible to mention all the good names of recent years. Two or three only can be given as representative of the best that has been done.

Richard Wagner is one of the most remarkable figures during the century in German artistic life.

Born at Leipzig in 1813 and dying in Venice in 1883, his life was devoted to the task of creating "genuine operas by writing both words and music." He was both a poet and musician of exceptional attainments. His aim was "to raise the strangely potent language of the orchestra to such a height, that at every instant it may plainly manifest to feeling the unspeakable of the dramatic situation." A famous yet unsympathetic fellow-countryman has called him the personification of the Degenerate; but, if the judgment of an ever-widening circle of admirers goes for anything, this opinion is beside the mark. His lifework may be described in the language of a recent critic: "What Wagner did, viewed from the standpoint of literature, was to create a national music drama, based upon ancient Germanic traditions and legends, about which he threw the gorgeous mantle of his harmonies. In addition to the beauty of the poetic conceptions, the literary artist appears in the perfect adaptation of each word and phrase and vowel, not only to the dramatic expression of the thought, but to the needs of the human voice as well. . . . In the midst of all the action the orchestra speaks an articulate language; suggests, warns, alarms, melts, threatens or moves to tears of sympathy or joy,—produces in short that 'demonic' emotion, . . . the effect of which Goethe considered the highest achievement of all art. Indeed, the music will not yield the whole secret of its charm until the words, the poetic thought and

the entire dramatic conception, have become completely a part of the hearers' mental equipment. To this quality of Wagner's work the art of the poet contributed as much as the genius of the composer." Wagner wrote striking prose as well as poetry. Some of his operas are: *Tannhaüser*, *Lohengrin*, *The Niebelung's Ring* (*Rheingold*, *The Valkyrie*, *The Twilight of the Gods*) and *Parzifal*. Some admirers consider him the greatest poet of the nineteenth century.

Of quite recent years a new tendency has been exhibited in German literature. It appears most strongly in the works of the two dramatists, Sudermann and Gerhardt Hauptmann. And here again we must regret the limitations which preclude anything but a brief notice of these two writers.

Hermann Sudermann was born in 1857 at Matzicken in East Prussia. On the great plain which stretches thereabouts he places the scenes of many of his novels—for he is a novelist as well as a dramatist. His first novel was *Dame Care* (1886); his first drama *Honour* (1889). Both won him instant and enduring fame. Sudermann's greatest work so far is the play called in English *Magda*, from the name of its heroine. He deals with social problems, and with human nature at war with social conventions. *Magda* pictures the relations of parent and child under the stress of peculiarly modern conditions.

Gerhardt Hauptmann (1861) has a greater love

for the morbid than has Sudermann. He deals with the "unavoidable consequences of heredity and environment, the sufferings of the lower working-classes, the brutality of their unclean lives, the terrors of starvation." He is a strong realist, and his admirers claim for him that he aims at purifying life by exhibiting its evil tendencies in a strong light. His most powerful play is *The Weavers*. It is founded on scenes that took place among the weavers of Silesia during an uprising in 1844. The dramatic strength of the play lies in the contrast between the rich employer, who oppresses the starving workmen, and the workmen themselves, driven to desperation by suffering and without laws to protect them.

The new tendency exhibited by Sudermann and Hauptmann is practically a note of revolt—in the upper and lower classes of the populace. A new storm and stress movement seems to be taking form. After some years of distinctly foreign influence, German themes again are finding place in the works of German authors. The motive force one hundred years ago was the struggle between the aristocracy and the unenlightened masses; to-day it is—to put it roughly—between the educated conservative and the equally educated radical. This struggle is expressed in contemporary German literature. There are new aims and new hopes, unthought of before. "At present we are witnessing another turning of the tide. With German unity established, with

German industry and commerce successfully established in the world's market, with German science setting the methods of research to all other nations, the ideals of the inner life are once more beginning to assert themselves, and it is clear that literature is once more to take the lead in the strife for social progress." The sons of Germany have all faith in their majestic Fatherland, for it has the seeds of victory and yet higher development in its splendid strength and buoyancy.

CHAPTER XX.

FRANCE: POST-REVOLUTION.

AN EVEN DEVELOPMENT.—ROMANTICISM.—AN INTERVAL.—CHATEAUBRIAND.—MME. DE STAEL.—BÉRANGER.—LAMARTINE.—THE SWELLING OF THE FLOOD.

THERE is one fact about French literature which particularly impresses the superficial observer, and that is, its remarkably even development. The literature of England grew by periods of very unequal achievement. After Chaucer there is a long stretch of barren years until we reach Spenser; and again, during the eighteenth century the standard of literary achievement—at least in poetry—was very low. The literature of Germany was almost inarticulate as a national literature until the time of Goethe and Schiller. But in France the case is different from both.

Beginning early as a national expression, the literature grew with great steadiness and symmetry. Each century can show some notable achievement. In the earliest times—up to about the close of the fifteenth century—we have (after the purely formative stage) the beginning of lyric poetry, the "Fabliaux,"

or short verse tales, and François Villon. The sixteenth century gives Rabelais, the "Pléiade" (which aimed at bringing the French language and literature to a closer conformity with the classic ideal), and Montaigne. In the seventeenth century are found Corneille, Racine, Molière, Boileau, who represent the golden age of the French Drama. The following hundred years are made famous by Voltaire and Jean Jacques Rousseau. This represents a far more even distribution of literary talent than we find in the other literatures under consideration. Moreover, French literature presents a greater unity —a stronger nationality, so to speak. It has been less susceptible throughout its history to foreign influence. Its development has been more absolute. But it is sufficient here to merely indicate this interesting fact, by way of introduction.

The great Revolution of 1789 was an event which had a profound effect on the French people. It represented the culmination of many causes and the turning point of many ideas. Its immediate effect was (roughly) the emancipation of the lower classes. But there was another effect which was not at once apparent—which did not reach its height until many years later. This was the triumph of romanticism in France, which took place in 1830. This chapter will be devoted to a consideration of the chief literary events and personages up to that important year.

The Revolution was the most noticeable phase of

the great movement towards Liberation, which stirred all Europe towards the close of the last century. The most noticeable phase, owing to the remarkable nature of its course. It began under the guise of an appeal to the eternal principles of Liberty, and at first it excited the most intense fervor of admiration in England and Germany. In England, Burns, Wordsworth and Byron were intoxicated with the grandeur of its ideas; in Germany the effect was less marked only because they had already passed through their Sturm und Drang. The reason for this appeal to foreign eyes was in a somewhat spectacular element which underlay the whole of the Revolution. To the enthusiastic, both in England and Germany, it represented the glorious picture of a whole people rising in its might, shaking itself free from the shackles of ancient superstition, and claiming for itself the government of its country. An alluring sight, surely, to the imaginative gazer. But the after events disillusionized even the most enthusiastic. The high hopes raised by the beginning of the period were quenched in the blood of the Reign of Terror. In fact, the feeling changed to almost universal fear and distrust of the new republic. The governments looked with anxiety at the total disregard of aristocratic power involved in the execution of King Louis XVI., while even those who were not prejudiced in this direction became alienated after the horrors of 1793. Yet the effect of the French Revolution

upon foreign thought was very great. It was, after all, the most marked manifestation of the spirit of the day.

Strangely enough, however, the Revolution produced but little immediate effect upon French literature. Perhaps this was because its strength exhausted itself in the field of political change. And after it came the great wars, which also absorbed the thoughts. In other countries the great movement of which the French Revolution was a part acted more immediately on literature. It might have done so in France if some timely concessions had made the uneasy population become more peaceably inclined. But no concessions were thought of. The careless court of Louis XV. contented itself with a shrug of the shoulders: "Après nous le Déluge!"—which was terribly borne out by succeeding events. And this lack of sympathy between rulers and ruled did much to steer the movement into the channel of physical rather than mental outbreak. The Revolution of itself did not break the chains of classicism by which France was bound.

Classicism should be "pseudo-classicism." This adherence to false classic ideas was the distinguishing mark of the eighteenth-century literature in France. The country had always inclined towards classic models. The canons of taste imposed by the masters of literature demanded that exactness—that clean-cut quality—in form and thought which was claimed to be the characteristic feature of classical

literature. Hence, we see the French drama—for instance—corresponding as closely as possible to the Greek drama. The "unities" are carefully observed. In form, the most common metre was the "Alexandrine," or line of twelve syllables. This is found throughout the whole range of French poetry, and is peculiarly adapted to that clearness which is necessary to classic form. To point the case, it is only necessary to mention the French dislike of the English Shakespeare—who was absolutely and essentially opposed to classicism, and who has only one play (*The Tempest*) which at all approaches the classic ideal. Him the French dramatists called a barbarian—which was quite natural, from their point of view.

Now, the classic spirit was introduced into France at the time of the Renaissance—towards the close of the fifteenth century. And its influence was dominant in French literature until 1769. Then there began to be signs of its decay upon the appearance of Rousseau. Very feeble the indications were, at first; but they increased in vigor, until, in 1830, the stronghold of classicism was captured by the champions of romanticism. It is necessary to insist upon the importance of this date; the whole history of the nineteenth-century literature in France hinges upon "1830." The beginning of the century, then, was practically a transition stage between the tenure of the classic ideal and the triumph of romanticism.

Not more than the name can be mentioned of JEAN JACQUES ROUSSEAU (1712–1778), who originated the romantic movement and whose influence was very great abroad as well as at home. The period following the death of Rousseau, covering the Revolution (1789), the first Empire (1804), and part of the Restoration (1814), was lacking in literary achievement. The two leading names are Chateaubriand and Madame de Staël. Their work fills a gap which is otherwise rather void. It has been said that they are the first "modern" French authors—that the nineteenth-century literature may fairly begin with them.

FRANÇOIS RENÉ DE CHATEAUBRIAND was born (1768) at Saint Malo in Brittany, on the north coast of France. He was first intended for the navy. In 1786 he obtained a sub-lieutenancy in the army. Five years afterwards he made a journey to North America, but, hearing how the Revolution was going in his own land, returned thereto (1792). Royalist in his sympathies, he joined the "emigrants," who were assembled at Coblentz to the number of 80,000 men. He served for a short time on the Royalist side, was wounded and went to England, where he lived in poverty. He returned to France at the beginning of Napoleon's power. In 1797 he issued an essay *On Revolutions Ancient and Modern.* 1801 saw the publication of *Attila* and the following year the issue of the *Genius of Christianity.* The former was, in a way, a type of the latter,

which was in effect a defence of the Christian religion, and contained also a number of historical illustrations of Christian life. It won the notice of Napoleon and a second edition is dedicated "to the First Consul, Citizen." The writer obtained some political preferment; then, horrified by Bonaparte's indefensible execution of the Duc d'Engheim, he resigned his position. Shortly afterwards he made a trip to the East, the literary results of which were *The Martyrs* (1809), and the *Journey from Paris to Jerusalem* (1811). The former has been called "a prose epic" and deals with the early Christian period. Its sub-title—*Triumph of the Christian Religion*—gives an idea of the *motif*. Upon Chateaubriand's election to the Academy, Napoleon refused to sanction his inaugural speech. This roused Chateaubriand's undying enmity.

His pure literary work may be said to have terminated with the Restoration. The remainder of his life was spent partly in politics, where he was not very successful, partly in "the contemplation of his own influence." He died in Paris (1848). His position is important. His writings produced a strong sentiment in favor of the romantic school. Their brilliant style and method was in marked contrast to the quiet treatment characteristic of some of his opponents of the classic persuasion, and his eloquence was very effective. So marked, indeed, was his influence that it is not far wrong to consider him—after Rousseau—the direct inaugura-

tor of the romantic movement in French literature. Another interesting point should be mentioned: Chateaubriand "invented modern melancholy." He was the first exponent in France of that "Maladie du Siècle," which we have seen in *The Sorrows of Young Werther*, and in the work of Lord Byron, who was in this respect a pupil of the Frenchman. Again, Chateaubriand reopened for French delight the storehouse of natural beauty. By the fine coloring of his descriptions, and by the breadth of his scenic allusion, he restored and widened the French feeling for Nature. It will easily be seen what essentially romantic traits are those of color, warmth and feeling. Posthumously (1849) there appeared an autobiography, *Memoirs from the Tomb*, which is ranked high among his writings.

The work (all prose) of MADAME DE STAËL was more liberal, more cosmopolitan than that of Chateaubriand. Her influence on contemporary ideas was threefold, according to a late critic—she preserved the best element in the spirit of the eighteenth century, she brought French taste again into sympathy with foreign literatures, and she founded the principle of what we to-day call Woman's Rights. These phases of her work were developed respectively in the *Letters on J. J. Rousseau* (1788); *Of Germany* (1810); and her novels; such as *Delphine* (1802) and *Corrinne* (1807)—the last practically "a protest against woman's lot in modern society."

Madame de Staël, born in 1766, was a daughter of Necker, the great minister of finance, who did so much for the involved affairs of the Revolutionary epoch. Her life was eventful. She fled from France upon the execution of Louis XVI. and his queen. Shortly after her return she fell into disfavor with Napoleon, who could not appreciate persons of high spirit when they refused to bow to his own imperious personality. Again she left her country, and during the next few years travelled in Germany and Italy. In 1810 she was once more exiled from Paris, whither she had returned. 1813 found her in England after a leisurely tour through Russia, Finland and Sweden. After the Restoration she was enabled to reappear in her native land with no further fear of continuing her somewhat theatrical "duel" with Napoleon. She retired to her estate at Coppet, on the Lake of Geneva, in 1816, where she was visited by Lord Byron; but she went to Paris for the winter. Here she died in March, 1817. She was a remarkable figure and had immense influence in her own day. Her personality was characterized by one of the strongest traits of the time—*sensibilité*, overstrained sentimentality. It will be remembered that this spirit crops out both in German and in English literature. With Madame de Staël the outcrop is in life as well. She was a writer of considerable talent, but her mind was receptive rather than original. She caught ideas from all sides and gave them forth with grace and vigor. Chateau-

briand tried to bring back an appreciation of the light and color of other days—to clear the vision of his time; Madame de Staël aimed at inculcating broader views of liberalism and progress. She was most prominent as a letter writer, and some of her other works were: *Ten years of Exile*, and *Consideration of the French Revolution* (both 1818).

We may place the opening of the nineteenth-century literature in France with the publication of *The Genius of Christianity* in 1802. "It is with Chateaubriand that a really new period begins, and for once in history, by the greatest of hazards, it happens that the opening of the period coincides with that of a new century." And perhaps it will not be fanciful to consider the period between the Restoration and "1830" as a transition period. It contains remains of the old classical tradition side by side with the energetic but nondescript efforts at reform of the early romanticists such as the two just mentioned. We now come upon two more writers, of greater importance, but still belonging to the transition epoch, because they do not evidence the absolute and entire neglect of classicism which came in with the outburst of 1830.

First of these is Pierre Jean de Béranger. He was born at Paris in 1780. He seems to have been in opposition to the government in 1814, in 1830, and in 1852—the "Second Empire"; a position which has caused doubt in the minds of critics, some defending his independence, and others holding that

he displayed unfairness and lack of good faith. Béranger was essentially a song-writer and has been compared to Burns, with whom, however, he has little in common beyond his popularity among the lower classes. His works consist entirely of chansons, dealing particularly with wine and women. Here again there is dispute among the authorities. One critic says there is nothing of the really popular element in his songs, that they are simply expression of whatever is *bourgeois* in the French character, that it is difficult to term him a poet. Another speaks of the lively wit of his best work, of its "remarkable pathos; its sound common-sense; . . . . its thorough humanity and wholesome natural feeling." One calls him a writer who has never been surpassed for the skill with which he turned his popularity to the utmost account; the other says his popularity has always been immense, and that he deserved it. The middle course is not easy to steer between these two opinions. Certain it is that during his funeral a mark of high esteem was paid by the assembling of thousands of people, who crowded the roofs and balconies as the procession passed, and cried: "Honneur! honneur, à Béranger." He died in 1857. Volumes of his *Songs* were published at various intervals between 1815 and the year of his death, when the last collection appeared.

This is a stanza from his ballad, *The King of Yvetot* —Thackeray's version, by the way:—

There was a king of Yvetot,
Of whom renown hath little said,
Who let all thoughts of glory go,
And dawdled half his days a-bed;
And every night, as night came round,
By Jenny with a night-cap crowned,
Slept very sound:
Sing ho, ho, ho! and he, he, he!
That's the kind of king for me.

The next name is the most important before Hugo —Alphonse Prat de Lamartine. He was eleven years younger than Béranger. Although he lived long after the triumph of romanticism in 1830 (dying 1869), he does not belong strictly with the men who were directly concerned in the great change. Lamartine was a royalist, his father narrowly escaping execution during the Reign of Terror. After leaving school he went to Italy, and upon the Restoration received a good position in the army. This, however, was not in accordance with his taste, and he entered the diplomatic field. He was attaché to the French Embassy at Naples, and chargé d'affaires at Florence. In 1829 he was elected to the Academy. He resigned his official position shortly after the July revolution (1830). He started on a journey to the East, but returned upon his election by the Chamber of Deputies, and entered political life. It is said that his poetical ability was devitalized—at any rate for a time—by this step. In 1848 he was at the summit of his political power; but it was at the cost of his literary influence. He became famous as an orator. Soon afterwards he

retired into private life. He met with a good deal of trouble towards the close of his life, and wrote incessantly. Much that he produced, however, was of little more than temporary value. Two years before his death he received a large grant from the government of Napoleon III. This was sufficient for him to end his days in comfort.

Lamartine, like Béranger, is not granted the same position by all critics, and this difference leads to a slight confusion on the part of the average reader. Perhaps, after all, the best criterion is found in the man's influence for good upon his time, and in the judgment of critics of his own country in succeeding generations. Judged by this, Lamartine ranks very high. His first work appeared in 1821—a collection of poems called *Méditations*. The book had a great success; which went to show that the classic influence was waning fast, for the poems were a return to the purely romantic treatment of themes such as nature and love. *The Death of Socrates* (1823) was followed in the same year by the *New Meditations*. The latter has been termed "at once the noblest and most voluptuous work in French poetry." *The Last Canto of Childe Harold's Pilgrimage* was issued in 1825, when the originator of Childe Harold was at the height of his fame—always more continental than English. In 1836 and 1838 respectively were published *Jocelyn*, and *The Fall of an Angel*. They were intended for portions of a single great epic poem which was never completed. *Jocelyn*

is considered the masterpiece of French poetry. The *Fall of an Angel* has strange and gigantic proportions. Its imaginative power puts Lamartine in a new light. His last volume of poetry appeared in 1839, just before his entry into the political arena. It was called *Poetic Recollections*. As a whole, we find that he does not shake himself free from the classic drawbacks. His versification is somewhat monotonous and he is a little chary of using vivid expressions.

Lamartine's chief characteristics have already been noticed. His reputation in France has waxed and waned and waxed again. Highly popular at first, he was afterwards overshadowed by the strength and range of Victor Hugo, until late in the century. Then, about the time of Hugo's death, the inevitable reaction took place, and the pendulum of popular approval swung back to Lamartine. In judging him as a writer it must be remembered that he did not totally let go his hold upon the classic tradition, and, while he was of great importance as far as he went, he did not go far enough. It was left for his younger and more unbiassed successors finally to cut the Gordian knot of classic influence.

There are several other worthy names, but these must be omitted. We are now upon the threshold of the great revolution which changed the whole face of French literature. The forces had been gathering energy for some time. A natural re-

action had gradually been setting in against the tyranny of that classic ideal which for so long had held the prime place—almost the only place—in literature. The Revolution had given the first expression to liberalism—practical and physical, but most stimulating mentally. The Napoleonic wars had exerted a broadening effect upon the French mind. Chateaubriand, Madame de Staël, and Lamartine stood at the floodgates of romanticism and splashed over the top as it were the first wavelets from the great mass pent up behind those gray and venerable doors. Everything was waiting the event and the strong of waters were chafing angrily against the weakened valves.

At last came one who burst the barriers with the might of his single strength. And the waters swept forth over all the land of France, as a stream dashes headlong down a thirsty valley, with fierce and sudden impetuosity. Soon the trees put on a fresher green, and flowers spring where before was only a waste of sand.

CHAPTER XXI.

FRANCE: "MIL-HUIT-CENT-TRENTE."

THE VICTORY OF ROMANCE.—"HERNANI" AND THE BATTLE.—THE MEN OF 1830.—HUGO.—SAINTE-BEUVE.—BALZAC.—GEORGE SAND.—DUMAS.—MERIMEE.—GAUTIER.—DE MUSSET.—VIGNY, BARBIER, AND DE NERVAL.

UNDER this name French writers refer to one of the most important years in the history of their literature—1830. It contained the culminating point of the great movement which had been gathering strength for so long, the triumph of the romantic school. Seldom has there been a more definite inception of a great literary epoch.

The battle was fought on the night of February 25, 1830, and the battle-field was the Théâtre Français, in Paris. On that occasion an audience, divided into two distinct parties, assembled to witness the production of a play called *Hernani, or Spanish Honor*, which had been written by a young man named Victor Hugo who had already gained some success as a poet. The play, as every one knew, was a direct challenge to classicism. Before this the dramas of *Cromwell* (the famous preface of which contained the statement of the views of the

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new school) by Hugo, and *Henry III. and his Court* by Alexandre Dumas, had shocked the adherents of the classic party ; while two years earlier (1828) an English company had carried dismay into their hearts by performing Shakespeare's plays in Paris. It was said that Wellington had sent them over. Cried one of the classicists: "The Academy would do well to pronounce that the importation of such stuff is hurtful to public morals. Good taste has evidently seen its last days." Wherefore the classic upholders of good taste flocked to the Théâtre Français that February evening more than ever determined to crush the insolent pretensions of the younger writers. It was to be a duel to the death. Besides this determined opposition, Hugo met with not a little difficulty from other sources in the preparation of his play. Thus his principal actress—an upholder of the classic school—caused him a good deal of worry during the rehearsals. For example: "M. Hugo, I have to speak this line,—'Vous êtes mon lion, superbe et généreux.' . . . Do you really like that? It seems so odd to me to call M. Firmin *mon lion!*" Again, several persons obtained rough drafts of the play under false pretences and then made skits upon the original, or criticised it from the sketch which they had secured. But Hugo persevered in spite of such drawbacks.

Now, his opponents had a pretty good idea of what to expect before the play was produced. And to gauge their opposition we must remember that

Hernani deliberately violated nearly every rule of the old French stage. It neglected the Three Golden Rules—Unity of Time, Place and Action; it disobeyed the law that death should not occur on the stage; it refused to put into the mouth of Kings and noble characters the turgid eloquence which was considered appropriate by sanctioned usage. Even in the form of its verse it was at variance with accepted tradition, committing the heinous crime of *enjambement*—which means that the sense is not coterminous with the line. Lines which show *enjambement* are called in English "run-on" lines, as opposed to "end-stopt." Thus, the former,

> The mind is its own place, and in itself
> Can make a heaven of hell, a hell of heaven.

The latter,

> Know then thyself, presume not God to scan,
> The proper study of mankind is man.

Against *enjambement* the classicists set their faces. And the very subject was essentially romantic. The play hinged upon "the point of honor which compels a noble Spaniard to kill himself, in obedience to a blast of a horn sounded by his mortal enemy at the very moment of his marriage with his beloved." In a word, the whole theory of the drama was altered.

At that time it was customary for an author to hire an organized body of applauders in order to ensure due appreciation of his play. Hugo refused to

do this, but he decided to give his friends and well-wishers a chance to be present on the field of battle —to take part in the fight themselves. Consequently he issued to all the principal members of the romantic school little squares of red paper with the single word *Hierro* printed thereon. *Hierro* is the Spanish word for "iron," and signified the strength and inflexibility of the new school. These gave admittance to the fortunate bearers, who arrived at the theatre about midday. Towards evening they indulged in a meal. They were a motley and enthusiastic gathering. Prominent among them was Théophile Gautier, with a great shock of hair and a flaming red waistcoat, since become famous. All these enthusiasts affected a lofty disdain of conventionality, and were attired to correspond. Their hair made them look like a troop of lions. The pit of the Théâtre Français was for the time converted into "a kind of Bohemian tavern." When the regular audience—composed chiefly of supporters of the classic school—came in at the usual time an organized force of romantics was holding the pit. At its head was Victor Hugo, and Théophile Gautier was his first lieutenant. The stalls and the balcony were filled with the classic forces. Then came the battle.

The first two lines of the play contain an instance of *èn jambement*. The heroine hears a knock at the door and says:

"Serait-ce deja lui? C'est bien a l'escalier
Dérobé—vite—ouvrons—bon jour, beau cavalier."

This "insolent straddling" of the adject *dérobé* and the noun *escalier*, began the uproar at once, and it continued throughout the play, the pit on the defensive, and the stalls and balcony attacking. "In what a way was the piece received! The benches of the Comédie Française kept the marks of it for at least three years."

At the end of the evening, however, the beauty of the play won some applause even from the classical party. *Hernani* ran for forty nights. But the battle may be said to have been won on the first representation, which was also the first direct conflict between the partisans of romanticism and classicism.

It is impossible at the present day to realize the excitement caused by *Hernani*. It is said that every single line was hissed at some time during the six weeks of its first presentation. The reason for this intense feeling lay in the fact that the play was so direct a challenge. And the fierceness of the struggle was due to the hold which classicism had obtained on French literature; for reaction from any system of treatment is in proportion to the strength of its position. Classicism had dictated the style of French literature for some two centuries past. In no other country had the tradition obtained such a hold. The revival of romanticism in England and Germany was not nearly so sweeping a change, because in Germany the romanticism of Goethe and Schiller marked practically the in-

auguration of a national literature; and in England—in spite of the "classic" influence of Pope and the eighteenth century—the work of Shakespeare (greatest of all romanticists) had prevented the foundation of a lasting classic ideal. And the other European countries were in too decadent a condition for it to matter much what traditions they held. But in the case of France, the classical feeling was so strong, and of such long life, that the return to romanticism had an importance such as was not possible with any other nation. The romanticists were inspired, moreover, by very strong examples—Shakespeare, Goethe, Schiller, and Scott. They established the point—essentially romantic—that literature is as wide as life.

A word now with regard to the men who wrought the triumph of *mil-huit-cent-trente*. For the sake of clearness, we may follow good authority and arrange them in a single group, comprising Hugo, Sainte-Beuve, Dumas the elder, Balzac, George Sand, Mérrimée, Gautier, and De Musset. These names sum up all the valuable elements of the romantic revival.

Victor Hugo is certainly the most famous French writer of the century, and ranks very high in the whole range of French literature. He was born at Besançon, in East France, on the 21st February, 1802. He began writing very young, and won success in some important competitions. His education was not academic; his father was a distin-

guished officer under Napoleon, and the boy says of himself: "With our victorious camp I wandered over vanquished Europe, I traversed the earth before traversing life!" In 1822 his first volume appeared—*Odes and Various Poems.* Four years later came *Odes and Ballads,* in which the romantic note was unmistakable.

Chateaubriand called him "l'enfant sublime" and his style of writing "style de feu." The note was stronger still in the *Orientales* of 1829. We have seen the effects of *Cromwell* and *Hernani. Notre Dame de Paris,* inspired by Sir Walter Scott's *Quentin Durward,* came out in 1831, and produced an effect which was only less than that of *Hernani.* It established the position in France of the romantic novel. From 1836 to 1840 Hugo made several attempts to enter the Academy, but the classical party was too strong to allow the admission of the champion of romanticism within their charmed circle. In 1841, however, the charm was broken, and Hugo was elected to a place among the Immortals. This, of course, set the seal upon the triumph of the romantic movement. The work of the romantic leader was recognized officially by the highest court of literary appeal. Four years later the government made him a peer. The rest of his long life was uneventful except from a literary standpoint. His influence continued unabated up to the last, and his mental activity was wonderful. After his death his works were collected in an edition of

fifty-six octavo volumes—and this not including several volumes of correspondence. He died at Paris in 1885, and was honored with a state funeral. He occupies towards the nineteenth-century literature of France a position similar to Tennyson's towards that of England during the same period—making allowance, of course, for national differences.

Victor Hugo's work falls into four principal divisions: Poems, Plays, Novels, Political Works. Among his volumes of poetry, besides those indicated above, may be mentioned, *Autumn Leaves*, *Twilight Songs* and *Inner Voices*, all appearing between 1832 and 1843. *The Legend of the Ages* (1859) contained some of his most energetic poetry. As an example of his verse we may cite some lines from *Hernani*, the famous speech of Don Carlos of Spain at the tomb of Charlemagne :—

Speak, though thy sovereign breath
Should cleave this brazen door. Or rather now
Let me thy sanctuary enter lone!
Let me behold thy veritable face,
And not repulse me with a freezing breath.
Upon thy stony pillow elbows lean,
And let us talk. Yes, with prophetic voice
Tell me of things which make the forehead pale,
And clear eyes mournful. Speak, and do not blind
Thine awe-struck son, for doubtless thy tomb
Is full of light. Or if thou wilt not speak,
Let me make study in the solemn peace
Of thee, as of a world; thy measure take,
O giant! for there's nothing here below
So great as thy poor ashes. Let them teach

Failing thy spirit. . . . Let us enter now.
O God! if he should really whisper me!
(From *Library of the World's best Literature.*)

The dramatic works comprise, besides *Cromwell* and *Hernani*, *Marion Delorme* (1830) (at first suppressed), *Marie Tudor* (1833), *Ruy Blas* (1838). The principal novels were: *Bug Jargal* (1818), which bears the same relation to his development as *The Robbers* to that of Schiller; *Les Miserables* (1862), *Toilers of the Sea* (1866); *Notre-Dame de Paris* has been mentioned. Good samples of his power are found in the descriptions of the convicts for the galleys in *Les Miserables*, and of the fight with the devil-fish in *The Toilers of the Sea*. His political writings were not of much political value. Of his miscellaneous work a critical volume on William Shakespeare takes high rank. Hugo is the typical French poet and novelist. He lived to see the cause for which he fought absolutely triumphant, and for a number of years occupied a position of somewhat lonely pre-eminence.

The next writer among the leaders was the critic of the movement. Charles Augustin Sainte-Beuve was born at Boulogne in 1804. If Hugo led the van by the immense power and range of his creative genius, Sainte-Beuve explained the *raison d'être* of romanticism by his rare critical ability. He wrote some mediocre verse, but his position as a critic is that by which he must be judged—for he was the most notable critic of our time. Sainte-Beuve was

educated first at Boulogne, then in Paris. For a time he studied medicine; but he was soon called to assist on *Le Globe* newspaper, which had been founded by one of his former teachers. To its staff he was admitted in 1824, and for it he wrote his first series of articles on French Literature of the Sixteenth Century. These were collected and published in 1828 under the title *View of French Poetry of the XVI. Century*. *The Revue de Paris* was started about the same time and Sainte-Beuve contributed an article on Boileau, the critical autocrat of the later sixteenth century. In 1831 the *Review of Two Worlds* (*Revue des Deux Mondes*) was founded in emulation of the former and Sainte-Beuve transferred his allegiance, taking a leading part in this famous magazine from the very first. He went to Switzerland in 1837 and gave an important series of lectures at the University of Lausanne. Three years later he received a library appointment in Paris, which was of financial value to him and enabled him to widen the range of his study at leisure. In 1848 the overthrow of the monarchy by the Republicans ended for a time his peaceful prosperity. In 1849 he began, in *The Constitutionnel*, the famous series of *Monday Causeries*. His connection with the *Constitutionnel* was preserved for three years; then he went to *Le Moniteur*, where the Monday letters were continued. In 1859 he was made Commander of the Legion of Honor after having twice refused the dignity. In 1862 he commenced the

publication of a series of *New Mondays* in *Le Constitutionnel*. The last years of his life were embittered by painful illness. He died in 1869, and all Paris thronged to his funeral. Of himself he had said, in words as simple as true: "Devoted to my profession as critic I have tried to be more and more a good, and, if possible, an able, workman." A workman indeed, but of the highest skill and in the richest materials.

Sainte-Beuve's critical method was absolutely different from anything that had gone before. In the first place, it was founded upon different principles. The plan of French critics—nay, of critics in general—before his advent had been the narrow method of judging all literary work according to certain hard and fast rules either handed down in critical tradition or evolved by the critic himself. If a poem or a play did not conform to these requirements so much the worse for it. Thus, anything new, anything "irregular," was damned by that very fact. But Sainte-Beuve based criticism upon a thorough and careful knowledge of literature in general; thus avoiding the possibility of a narrow point of view, thus gaining true catholicity of taste without which criticism cannot be just. This was the surest foundation on which to build. The fine and broad taste of Sainte-Beuve inaugurated a new era in literary criticism. A second mark of his method was that he regarded not so much the abstract idea of what a work in poetry or prose ought

to be, as the question of the author's object in writing it. This, it will be seen at once, is a fairer means of getting at the intrinsic value of the production than the mode of measurement by an absolute, unvarying standard. It comes much nearer to answering the essential question—is the work good or bad?

Sainte-Beuve's critical writings may be divided into three periods: the first, from 1824 to 1837, when he went to Lausanne. His work during this time is largely of a combative character—as was necessary for a man who was upsetting all the old canons of criticism. The next period ran from 1837 to 1850, and was signalized by but little literary production. He was at Lausanne and at Liéges, and was lecturing. He completed his *History of Port Royal*, on which he had been engaged many years. This was a series of most valuable, critical and historical articles dealing with the authors of Port Royal and the works put forth by that famous association. The third division covered the last nineteen years of Sainte-Beuve's life—1850–69. By English critics it is regarded as the most important of all; French authorities, on the other hand, do not coincide with this view. This was the period of the famous *Monday Causeries*. Upon these the critic used to spend immense energy; in fact, his strength was worn out by his excessive care in this respect. They covered a very extended field, and in their critical excellence have probably never been surpassed. The work of Sainte-Beuve was of the greatest value

in forming correct taste and setting a standard of literary criticism.

The three novelists of the romantic movement may well be taken together. They were Honoré de Balzac (1799–1850), George Sand (1804–1876), Alexandre Dumas (1806–1870). HONORÉ DE BALZAC was the most important. He received a good education and began life in a lawyer's office. This gave a distinct color to his literary work in after years. Law was not at all to his liking and he soon entered the field of literature. For some time he wrote under a *nom de guerre* and unsuccessfully. But all the time he was unconsciously gathering material, and a successful novel appeared in 1829. Thereafter, for the rest of his life, he poured forth a stream of fiction, original, vivid, full of power. His tireless energy and fertility, however, brought him no adequate return while he lived, either in money or fame; only since his death has his true position been given him. He toiled terribly all his days, and just at the end was settling down to enjoy the rewards of long literary activity—and of his faithful love—when the hand of death struck him down.

The immense output of Balzac was by himself grouped chiefly under the general head of *The Human Comedy*. This name indicated his life-work: to present a picture of the manners and customs of his times. This he has done; in fact he has given a wonderfully intricate representation of life itself. Therefore, he is the greatest of French

novelists, and by some put only second to Shakespeare as an analyst of human character. He knew most intimately every phase of the life which he depicts. We cannot attempt to describe the wonderful round of *The Human Comedy*—by virtue of which he became almost the creator of an entire society. From 1830 to 1840 were the years of his best work; some of the many fine novels then written being: *Eugénie Grandet, The Pursuit of the Absolute, The Magic Skin, Old Goriot.* From 1840 to 1850 he was occupied with the question of arrangement. Of these two decades, "in the first he hewed out materials for his house; in the second he put them together." He interwove characters and events throughout a series of novels, with consummate skill. He evolved over two thousand personages in the course of *The Human Comedy.* Indeed, some one has said very truly that to criticise Balzac is to criticise life itself. No example of his writing can very well be given here, as his manner does not lend itself to short extracts. "Hugo was magnanimous to exclaim on hearing that he was dying, 'Europe is on the point of losing a great mind!' Balzac's disciples feel that Europe really lost its greatest writer since Shakespeare."

ALEXANDRE DUMAS—dear to generations of school-boys—possessed a wonderfully vivid narrative style, so that the interest of his work is sustained throughout in a remarkable manner; one does not tire of its sparkling movement, fascinating

no less to age than to youth. Dumas lacked education in any true sense of the word; but he had the literary gift; and when he was twenty-three produced a play which was very successful—*Henry III. and his Court.* This was quite in the manner of *Hernani* as far as its general revolutionary tendency was concerned, but, of course, not at all on the same level of literary merit. Several other plays followed, but presently Dumas struck a new and richer vein. This was the historical romance. The best representatives of this class—*The Three Musketeers*, *Twenty Years After*, *The Count of Monte Christo*—are household words in every reading community. His romantic novels brought him in much wealth. He travelled far and wide, incorporating many of his experiences into new books.

His literary methods were peculiar, and in some ways questionable. He received much assistance in his work—partly in the shape of collaboration and partly by means of what was practical plagiarism. He hired assistants to work in the minor details of many of his books—very much like those portrait-painters who employ their pupils to paint in the draperies, backgrounds, and accessories of their work. And frequently he inserted long passages from other books, to illustrate or explain. But, nevertheless, his own touch is unmistakable. All that is best in his work is due to his hand, and his alone. And the best is very good. It is found in the famous series of romances which contains

The Three Musketeers, *Twenty Years After*, and *Viscount Bragelonne*. They are full of incident, full of color and of sparkling dialogue, and they are probably destined to an enduring fame.

The real name of GEORGE SAND was Amantine Lucille Aurore Dupin. She married young, but soon separated from her husband and went to Paris to earn a living. Literature attracted her very strongly, and after some tentative efforts she published, in 1831, *Rose et Blanche* and *Indiana*, two novels of importance. From that time her position was assured in the eye of the public. Her first novels dealt much with the "divine right" of passion. They were, however, fresh, vigorous and of excellent style. "They made the novel a form of literature capable of being the vehicle of thought." About 1840 she entered a new field and produced for some time a different type of work. Towards 1850 her life, which hitherto she had lived too well rather than wisely, fell into quieter paths, in which it remained until the end. She lived chiefly in the country district of Berri, at the village of Nohant. The environment gave rise to several books dealing with country life—such as *The Sea of the Devil* (1846), *La Petite Fadette* (1849). A French critic has said that her masculine friendships—which were various and vivid—gave the key to the history of her work: thus *She and He*, an ungentle book, was due to Alfred de Musset, *Lucrezia Floriani* to Chopin, while the critic, Henri de Latouche exer-

cised a most valuable influence on the formative period of her early life. George Sand was a singularly rapid writer, and her production was correspondingly voluminous. Her work covers a wide range in subject, though all connected by the spirit of revolt against established usage, which found a not inconsiderable place in her life. Her novels have been called "improvisations." They were collected after her death in something over a hundred volumes.

Prosper Mérimée, novelist and short-story writer, was born at Paris in 1803. He was interested in the romantic movement, but after a time became dissatisfied and turned against it the weapon of his ridicule. He had means of his own and entered government service, where his literary achievement was not very large. After 1848 he was made a Senator under Napoleon III. He died in 1870 while France was plunged in the disasters of her war with Germany. Mérimée presents a strong contrast to the writers who have just been mentioned, both in matter and in manner. The bulk of his work was not large, in fact it was comparatively limited. He had a touch of cynicism in his character which led him to avoid the extravagances of romanticism proper. This lessened his production. And in the style of his works there is a marked departure from the typical romantic standard. His earliest work, *La Théâtre de Clara Gazul*, consisting of plays, nominally by a Spanish actress, appeared in 1825, and was

followed in 1827 by *La Guzla*, which purported to be translations from Slav prose and verse. But in his later works his characteristics are most pronounced. Some of these—all short, and produced at very unequal intervals—are: *Colomba* (1840), *Mateo Falcone*, *La Double Méprise*, *Lokis*. These show tendencies that were not at all in accord with the romantic tradition. They show a restraint, a reserve, an impersonality, a simplicity in narrative which was quite unusual in the years immediately following *mil-huit-cent-trente*. By some Mérimée is considered the best French prose writer of the century.

Next to Mérimée we may place THEOPHILE GAUTIER, "the gentleman with the red waistcoat." As prose in so far as style is concerned the two "exhibit French in a perfection which, since the seventeenth century, it had not possessed." Gautier was born in 1811 in Gascony. He was introduced to Victor Hugo and became an unbounded admirer of the great poet. He was the leader of the *petit cenacle*, of the romantic school and led the applause at the Théâtre Français on the memorable night of 25th February, 1830. He was conspicuous among the "geniuses" who crowded the pit by reason of his flaming red waistcoat and his great mass of hair. In 1830 he published a volume of verse. In 1835 appeared *Mademoiselle de Maupin*. It is a novel of the most marked romantic type. Our poet Swinburne has called it—somewhat too indulgently—"the golden book of spirit and of sense." It has received a great

deal of criticism, favorable and otherwise. Gautier wrote much and widely. During the latter half of his life he devoted himself to journalism, adjusting himself to the Empire of 1848, and, after its downfall, to the altered conditions consequent upon the War of 1870. But his hopes had passed with the Empire and his health had passed with his hopes. In 1872 he died. His most important works are:—in poetry, *Albertus* (1833); in fiction—besides *Mademoiselle de Maupin*,—*Nouvelles* (1845), *Le Capitaine Fracasse* (1863); in travel, *Voyage en Russie* (1867); in criticism, six volumes, *History of Dramatic Art during Twenty-five Years*. Also may be mentioned *Les Grotesques*, a collection of studies of odd seventeenth-century figures. His work is characterized by a wonderful mastery over the use of language; "His articles can be read again and again for the mere beauty of them." He had the artistic nature in a high degree, and all his writing bears the impress of true art. The fact is the more remarkable when one considers that it is true of so wide a range of subjects. Gautier's influence upon French Literature has been an abiding one.

Alfred de Musset has been called the *enfant terrible* of the romantic movement. His life was a strange compound of splendid natural gifts, feeble will and determination, and continuous debauchery. With every power that should make him great he lacked the essential strength of temperament. He was born in 1810 and early fell in with Victor Hugo.

It was about 1828 that Sainte-Beuve said, referring to some of de Musset's verse: "We have among us a child full of genius." He gained a high reputation among the leaders of the romantic school. About 1832 he passed through the crisis of his life in his intimacy with George Sand. Her treatment of him cast a gloom over his existence; in fact for a time he was utterly miserable. His peculiar temperament ruined his life—he was possessed by a certain morbid inability for determined work, which is not uncommon with a certain type of character, and which requires a strong and continued effort of will for its subjection. Such an effort de Musset could not make. He refused a good diplomatic position; he rejected a commission from the *Revue des Deux Mondes* for some short stories. He was elected to the Academy in 1852, and from then on to his death, in 1857, wrote very little.

Alfred de Musset is primarily a love-poet. His passion is very real and pervades all his work. "His plays constitute one long hymn to love." His output is of no very great extent, but it is of very great value. As usual, the critics differ as to his exact place. One says: "The three greatest French poets of the nineteenth century are Lamartine, Hugo and Musset. The first one touches us deeply by his harmonious and simple verses; the second impresses us with the force of his genius; and the third is sometimes light and gay, and sometimes intensely passionate and sad. Musset wrote several

poems which cannot be surpassed by any in the French language." Among his prose works may be mentioned the *Confession of a Child of the Century*, which tells his own story; *Emmeline; Frederic et Bernerette.* Chief among his dramas are *The Cup and the Lips* (1833); *Lorenzaccio*, the scene of which is laid in France of the sixteenth century; and *One must not play with Love.* A few stanzas of his poetry may be given:—

Again I see you, ah, my queen,—
Of all my old loves that have been,
  The first love and the tenderest;
Do you remember or forget—
Ah me, for I remember yet—
  How the last summer days were blest?

Ah, lady, when we think of this,—
The foolish hours of youth and bliss,
  How fleet, how sweet, how hard to hold!
How old we are, ere spring be green!
You touch the limit of eighteen,—
  And I am twenty winters old. . . .

Think of our loves, our feuds of old,
And how you gave your chain of gold
  To me for a peace offering;
And how all night I lay awake
To touch and kiss it for your sake,—
  To touch and kiss the lifeless thing. . . .

The season bears upon its wing
The swallows and the songs of spring,
  And days that were, and days that flit;
The loved, lost hours are far away;
And hope and fame are scattered spray
For me, that gave you love a day,
  For you that not remember it.

—From *Library of the World's Best Literature.*

Opinions differ as to the exact meaning and force of the romantic movement, but the names enumerated above stand for whatever was most representative in the work of the school. One other should not be overlooked—it stands by itself. Alfred de Vigny (1797–1863) was called by Théophile Gautier "the purest glory of the romantic school." He was a romanticist by "blood, birth and tradition, not by . . . profession of faith." After fourteen years of inglorious service in the army, he went to Paris, and retired into his "ivory tower,"—his life of seclusion. His first poems appeared in 1822. Some of the best were *Moses*, *Eloa*, *The Deluge*. The central idea of his poetry seems to have been the conception of the loneliness of genius—the gift which "imprisons man in his own greatness." This is seen in *Moses*:—

He said unto the Lord:—"Shall I ne'er be done?
Where wilt thou still that I my footsteps turn?
Am I to live for aye, great, powerful, alone? . . .
Alas! thou madest me wise among the wise;
My finger showed thy wandering race its path,
I called down fire upon the heads of kings,
And future time will kneel before my laws.

I am the Great: my feet tread nations' necks,
My hand holds generations in its will.
Alas, my Lord! I am great—I am alone:
Give me—oh, give me leave to sleep the sleep of earth!

—From *Library of the World's Best Literature.*

De Vigny's reputation was first gained by the fine historical novel *Cinq Mars* (1826).

This brief sketch must suffice for the chief formers of the romantic triumph. Of the importance of *mil-huit-cent-trente* there can be no doubt. It was the culminating year of romanticism. It was preluded by trumpet-blasts of defiance in such periodicals as *Le Conservateur Littércire*, *Les Annales Romantiques* (which contained a wonderful list of contributors), and *Le Globe*, started respectively in 1819, 1823 and 1822. The struggle was carried forward upon the definite line of romanticism *vs.* classicism, and reached final issue in *Hernani*.

CHAPTER XXII.

FRANCE: THE "NATURALISTS."

A POINT AT ISSUE.—ROMANTICISM VS. NATURALISM.—BAUDELAIRE.—HIS EXOTIC VERSE.—DE BANVILLE.—DE LISLE.—THE "PARNASSE."—VERLAINE AND DEGENERATION.—PRUDHOMME.—COPPÉE.—SUE.—JANIN.—FLAUBERT.—ZOLA: HIS CLAIMS AND HIS WORK.—DAUDET.—DE MAUPASSANT.—PIERRE LOTI.—BOURGET.—DRAMATISTS: DUMAS "FILS" AND SARDOU.—HISTORIANS AND CRITICS: SCHERER.—MONTÉGUT.—TAINE AND HIS THEORY.—RENAN.—SUMMARY.

IN dealing with the literature of the last half-century or so, one is met at the outset by a question on which the critics are not agreed. Some hold that about 1860 a reaction set in against romanticism. This reaction took the form of what is called "naturalism." That is, the material gained the place of the ideal, and there came about a worship of realism The general attempt was to get as close as possible in literature to the reality of life; to depict—especially in poetry and fiction—the most intimate facts of human experience. The representative "naturalists" are poets such as Baudelaire and novelists such as Zola. This spirit is, of course, sometimes carried to extremes, but its defenders claim it as a strong secession from romanticism

and as the most typical movement of the last forty years.

On the other hand, the upholders of romanticism claim that naturalism is simply a survival of 1830—that it differs in no essential from the spirit of that time. Victor Hugo's influence was paramount down to 1885, and Victor Hugo was a romanticist to the end. Moreover, they argue, all the really important characteristics which mark the period from 1860–1900 were present from 1820–1860, so that there is no difference, except perhaps in degree, between the tendencies of the former and the latter.

Without attempting to give a decision upon this debatable matter it may be said that the term "naturalism" applies very well to the general movement in literature since 1860. And that whatever the point of view may be—whether we regard it as a group of new and reactionary tendencies, or as purely a continuation of romanticism—the term affords an explicit phrase which it is useful to possess.

Accepting the term, then, as most comprehensive and indicative, we may briefly mention the principal authors who exemplify the naturalistic tendency. They are many, and, while not on the same level with the men who brought about *mil-huit-cent-trente* and perpetuated its forces, they possess considerable importance in French literature. In this case, however, again occurs the difficulty inseparable from all criticism of contemporary work. Yet there are one

or two names which may be of permanent value. All departments of literary endeavor are represented—poetry, fiction, the drama, history and criticism.

The poets belong to a younger generation than those who flourished with Victor Hugo. Their most important representative is CHARLES BAUDELAIRE, born in Paris in 1821. He received a good education, but showed lack of interest in taking up any profession. A voyage to India widened his ideas and produced a strong effect upon his after work. "His imagination, essentially exotic, succumbed to the charm of a new, strange, and splendidly glowing form of nature; the stars, the skies, the gigantic vegetation, the color, the perfumes, the dark-skinned figures in white draperies, formed for him at that time a heaven, for which his senses unceasingly yearned afterwards amid the charms and enchantments of civilization, in the world's capital of pleasure and luxury." While still young he came into a small fortune, which enabled him to live a comparatively easy life. Towards its close he projected a complete edition of his works. He died in 1867, however, without accomplishing this plan.

Baudelaire's fame rests chiefly upon a volume of poems called *Flowers of Evil*, which appeared in 1857. He wrote some good prose as well, but his poems are the more important. They are very original and possess a strange morbid touch. But, as Mr. Swinburne said, "the pervading note of

spiritual tragedy in the brooding verse of Baudelaire dignifies and justifies at all points his treatment of his darkest and strangest subject." The fine memorial poem *Ave atque Vale* has been already mentioned (Chapter VII.); one of its stanzas characterizes excellently the poetry of the French singer:—

Thou sawest, in thine old singing season, brother,
Secrets and sorrows unbeheld of us:
Fierce loves, and lovely leaf-buds poisonous,
Bare to thy subtler eye, but for none other
Blowing by night in some unbreathed-in clime;
The hidden harvest of luxurious time,
Sin without shape, and pleasure without speech;
And where strange dreams in a tumultuous sleep
Make the shut eyes of stricken spirits weep;
And with each face thou sawest the shadow on each,
Seeing as men sow men reap.

From Baudelaire the following may suffice:—

Sweet music sweeps me like the sea
Toward my pale star,
Whether the clouds be there or all the air be free
I sail afar.
With front outspread and swelling breasts,
On swifter sail
I bound through the steep waves' foaming crests
Under night's veil. . . .
By the blast I am lulled—by the tempest's wild crash
On the salt wilderness.
Then comes the dead calm—mirrored there
I behold my despair.

—From *Library of the World's Best Literature.*

Theodore de Banville (1823–1891) was an intimate friend of Baudelaire and Gautier. His literary

work began early with a volume of poems called *The Caryatides*. His energy was unflagging and his work was comic as well as serious. Some of his other volumes were *Odes Funambulesques*, and *The Wife of Socrates*, a drama. Banville's technique is very perfect. "He could practically do with French verse anything he pleased." At the same time the beauty of his poetry is due to something more than a command of rhyme and rhythm.

With these two must be placed LECONTE DE LISLE (1820–1894), who is connected with them by the importance of his work. Like them he was primarily a poet. He was a Creole, and the warm South blood in his veins is said to have had some effect upon what he wrote. He made several translations from the great Greek poets. His earlier writings were his best: *Poésies Antiques*, *Poésies Barbares*, *Poèmes et Poésies*. They are marked in spirit by a sort of pessimism, and in form by a style which has been called barbaresque and rhetorical.

There are some other poets who may be mentioned here. They formed part of a group called the "Parnasse," which flourished about 1860–76. The name was given them from a volume of poetry published in 1866, *La Parnasse Contemporain*. Most of the school met the usual fate of the illustrious obscure; three, however, deserve a more than passing notice.

Greatest of these was PAUL VERLAINE. He was born in 1844. His life was a strange one. He is an

instance of what is not seldom the case with men of the poetic temperament—absolutely unbridled passions and complete disregard of the conventionalities. One brief glimpse he had of peaceful happiness: his marriage brought him for a time into a calmer atmosphere. In 1870 he published *La Bonne Chanson*, a volume containing some beautiful poems. Shortly afterwards he got in trouble with the Commune and fled to England, where he passed ten years of mingled drudgery and dissipation. He died at Paris in a poor lodging on a mean street in 1896. His scandalous career had utterly broken his health. "I once saw Verlaine," says an English writer. "I shall not soon forget the bald prominent forehead (*une tête galèbre*), the cavernous eyes, the *macabre* expression of burnt-out lust smouldering upon his face." But despite the wild and bad years of his life, Verlaine produced some lyric poetry of wonderful purity and beauty. His first book was *Poèmes Saturniens* (1866). He published many other volumes of verse, among them being: *Wisdom* (1881),—his best work; *Romances without Words* (1887); *Love* (1888). His aim was at the first to produce poetry of the most vivid type—to bring the picture visibly before the eye; afterwards, he achieved a music of verse which is nearly always charming in its appeal. He was a disciple of Baudelaire, and while not so great a poet, surpassed his leader along the lines of technique. In his life he was like a child but he was a true poet

in his work. "His poetry is a cry of the soul . . . the free poetry of a being who is happy or who weeps. By a kind of art, involuntary, spontaneous and yet refined and supremely delicate, he wrote exquisite little songs"—of which the following is an example:—

There are tears in my heart,
There is rain in the town;
What bodeth this smart
In my languorous heart?

O soft noise of the rain
Over earth, over roof!
For a heart sick with pain
O the song of the rain!

Tears without reason
In a heart out of heart,
And none has wrought treason?
This grief has no reason.

'Tis indeed the worst woe
With no love and no hate
In one's heart, not to know
Why one's heart has such woe.

Of his ultimate importance it is impossible to decide. He carries the romantic idea to the farthest point so far, and has been marked a Degenerate; there we must let the matter rest.

M. Sully Prudhomme, who was born in 1839, is a living writer. He may be termed a philosophical poet and his literary work has been done under happier auspices than that of the majority of his confrères. His chief books—all poetical—are

Stances et Poèmes (1865), *Vaines Tendresses* (1875), *Bonheur* (1888).

M. François Coppèe (b. 1842) is one of the most widely known of living French authors. He has written poetry (his chief work), some successful dramas, and numerous short stories. His poetry deals with lowly life in somewhat the same vein as Dickens has used in his novels; as instances may be cited *The Blacksmith's Strike* (1869), *Les Humbles* (1872). The writer who remains too long in this field is apt to become trivial; but this fault can hardly be found in M. Coppée's work. Of him it has been said his poems give pleasure to many who would otherwise remain untouched and that the range of his work shows nothing harmful in word or thought.

There have been various "schools" which have risen during recent years—such as the "symbolists," for example. But they have not yet produced a great writer, and their value is in doubt.

Many good novels have been written during the present century in France. Hugo, Dumas, Balzac and George Sand we have noticed. Balzac covers many fields. Hugo and Dumas were exponents of the novel of incident, which depends for its power primarily upon the strength and vigor of its movement. It was the lineal descendant of Scott's great books. George Sand inclined to the novel of character, which had existed in France since the seventeenth century. It relies upon analysis of

character and motive. There were some minor novelists contemporary with the great novelists of 1830. Eugene Sue (1804–1859) possessed a strong and fecund imagination, and wrote much. His two best novels were *The Mysteries of Paris* (1843) and *The Wandering Jew* (1849).

The name of Jules Janin (1804–1874) should not be forgotten. His literary career began with *The Year of Death*, and the *Lady Guillotine*, a somewhat gruesome story. His later years were chiefly concerned with journalism.

Passing over some writers whom lack of space excludes, we come to Gustave Flaubert, who wrote during the second Empire (i. e. 1852 to 1870). Born in 1821, he began early and under the fortunate circumstances engendered by a comfortable income. He was thus enabled to follow his natural bent with unusual care. His first success was his novel, *Madame Bovary* (1859). It deals with country life and it puts things quite as plainly as there is any necessity for. So plainly, in fact, that the author was prosecuted, but acquitted. *Salammbo* (1862) is a striking romance in which the scene is laid at Carthage during the "mercenary war." His *Temptation of St. Anthony* is a fine piece of purely fantastic literature. Flaubert died in Paris in 1880. His characteristics are a somewhat unpleasing freedom in subject, and a love for the grim-grotesque; coupled with these a powerful imagination and a remarkably careful style. The

principle of the latter was laborious but effective. It lay in the theory that there was but one word or phrase which would express perfectly each thought, and that this word should be sought out at no matter what pains. This "doctrine of the single word" gave him a style "as rhythmical as verse and precise as the language of the sciences."

Of the Goncourt brothers—JULES DE GONCOURT (1830–70) and EDMOND DE GONCOURT (1822–96)—little more than the names can be mentioned. Notorious was *Le Journal des Goncort* (1887–96), which unfolded the secret history of Parisian literary life for the last forty years. They wrote some novels which to-day hold a somewhat higher place than they did twenty years ago.

The group of novelists who called themselves the naturalists, claimed to have done away with romanticism, and to have established a new school of fiction. This school carries the analysis of character to its farthest limits and adds thereto a certain morbid attention to detail. The work is not without power, but some of its tendencies are not in line with the demands of good taste.

M. EMILE ZOLA is the most prominent member of the naturalists and is by some critics considered the greatest of recent French writers. Born in 1840, he was educated at the Lycée St. Louis. His first encounter with the actual work of life was in the great publishing house of Hachette & Co. At the age of twenty-five years he joined the *Figaro*

newspaper, where he wrote some realistic studies of Parisian life. His force and originality soon won him a place in the public regard. His first novel was *Contes à Ninon* (1863). In 1867 he entered the field which he has since covered so thoroughly—the outspoken delineation of the seamy side of Parisian life. To gain the more adequate knowledge of his work, he was accustomed to put on a workman's blouse and visit in person the scenes of which he wrote. One outcome of this intimate knowledge of his was the famous "*Rougon-Macquart*" series—a series of novels dealing with the fortunes of a Parisian family. His literary work led, in 1888, to his appointment to the Legion of Honor. Three years later he was made president of the French Society of Men of Letters. His aspirations towards the Academy have not yet been gratified—owing chiefly to the conservative views of its forty members. M. Zola made his first visit to England in 1893. During the last two years his name has been very prominently before the world in the matter of the Dreyfus case. His bold letters in *L'Aurore* newspaper, led to the agitation which at last resulted in bringing back the wronged French officer for fair trial.

Whatever may be the opinion of M. Zola's work as regards its morality, there can be no doubt of its strength and its pitiless fidelity. His power of handling masses is very great and his effects are all of heroic proportion. His novels nearly all have a

central theme of some great social problem. *L'Assommoir* deals with drink; *L'Argent* with money; *The Downfall* (1892) with the war of 1870; *Lourdes* (1894) with the Roman Catholic pilgrimages to the Pyrenean shrine of that name; *Rome* (1897) treats vividly of the Papal Court. Before writing the last-named book Zola paid a visit to Rome. His work is of wonderful versatility, and of a realistic quality which often is repulsive to English taste. There is little doubt, however, that he is sincere enough in his own theory of art. He has founded a school of strong realist writing. Whether the school will survive can only be decided by the test of time. Certain it is, however, that his numerous writings are very widely read and possess power as well as style. The great difference of critical opinion with regard to his proper place as an author precludes any definite utterance upon this point.

The work of M. Alphonse Daudet is along lines similar to that of Zola. M. Daudet was born in the same year as his greater fellow. When only eighteen he published a volume of poetry—*Les Amoureuses*. He soon fell into journalistic work. In 1869 and 1868, respectively, appeared *Lettres de mon Moulin* and *The Little Thing*. The former was a collection of short tales; the latter a pathetic little story founded upon his own childhood. The two were full of promise. Well known is his amusing *Tartarin de Tarascon*, which pictures the peculiarities of the Gascon character. M. Daudet has laid

himself open to the charge of plagiarism in such novels as *Jack* (1873) and *Fromont Jeune et Risler Aîné* (1874), where a strong resemblance may be traced to Dickens and Thackeray. Some of his later work takes the form of thinly-disguised satires of well-known persons, *L'Immortel* (1888) is directed against the members of the Academy. M. Daudet of late years has been precluded by ill-health from the prosecution of his literary work.

Guy de Maupassant was a nephew of Flaubert. He was born, 1850, and died in 1893. He was most carefully trained by his uncle. His first work was a book of poetry called *Des Vers* (1880). Maupassant is best known by his brilliant short story work. His style is vigorous and incisive. During the decade from 1880–1890 he wrote continually, issuing nearly twenty volumes of fiction stamped with his peculiar seal. Principal among his works may be mentioned *A Life* (1883), *Pierre et Jean* and *Bel-Ami* (1888), and *Notre Cœur* (1890). Towards 1891 his mind became unbalanced from overwork and the use of drugs. His life ended sadly, for he died in a private asylum. France suffered a great loss in his death.

"Pierre Loti," sailor, author and academician, was born in the same year as De Maupassant. His real name is Julien Viaud. He entered the navy in 1867. His duties took him all over the world, and his imagination was not slow responding to the stimulus thus received. His novels, mostly inspired by

the various places of his sojourn, "have the dreamy, sensuous beauty of the lotus-flower, for which his comrades named him." On his admission to the Academy in 1892, he justified his election over M. Zola by a strong protest against realism. Some of his novels are ultra-sentimental. Among them may be mentioned *Le Mariage de Loti*, *Madame Chrysanthême*, *The Island Fisherman*.

Primarily a critic, the novelist rôle of M. Paul Bourget did not develop very early. His first novel, *L'Irreparable*, appeared in 1884, when its writer was thirty-two years old. After this came a series of "problem" novels, such as *Cruel Enigme* (1885), *A Crime of Love* (1886), *Cosmopolis* (1892). Follows M. Anatole France, a novelist of rare and pleasing gifts. Eight years older than M. Bourget, he began life as a critical writer. In 1881 his novel, *Sylvestre Bonnard's Crime*, was crowned by the French Academy, to which he was elected in 1896. Bourget had received the same honor in the preceding year. Other of M. France's novels are *Our Children* (1886), *The Red Lily* (1893). Georges Ohnet, dramatist and novelist, at one time enjoined immense popularity. His *Iron Master* is still well known. He was born in 1848.

We have already touched on all the leading exponents of the drama in the nineteenth century. The men of 1830 led in this, as in poetry and the novel. But the drama of the latter half-century is

also of no little importance. In England it has been at a very low ebb all through the century; in Germany and France it has held an important position throughout. EUGENE SCRIBE (1791–1861) wrote contemporaneously with Hugo and Dumas, though by no means with the same force or popularity. His most important work was perhaps *The Glass of Water* (1840).

EMILE AUGIER (1820–1889) was said to belong to the school of "good sense," because he opposed the over extravagance of the romanticists. Nor did he use the literary methods of the "Naturalists." He possessed much influence during his life, which was from 1820–1889. Beginning as a lawyer, he produced a successful play, *La Cigue*, in 1844, and thenceforward devoted himself to literature. In some ways he resembled Balzac. Thus, several of his plays hinge on essentially "realistic" ideas. *Les Effrontés* touches industrial movements.

More important than any of the preceding dramatists is ALEXANDRE DUMAS the younger, or Dumas *fils*, as he is generally called. He was brought up in a literary atmosphere and early began to write sketches and short plays. He lived with his father for much of his life, and as father and son were equally prodigal in their use of worldly goods, many amusing complications were brought about. The son himself has touched this situation in two books, *The Natural Son* (1858), and *The Prodigal Father* (1859). Dumas commenced by writing novels. His

first important book, *The Lady of the Camelias*, in 1848, when its author was twenty-four years old. In 1852 the novel was cast into the form of a play under the same name and was very successful. He followed a similar practice with many of his other plays, and oddly enough the novels are now seldom read, while their dramatized forms still retain a degree of popularity. The majority of his dramas discuss some burning question of the day—which may account for their vogue. At the first of his career his position was not taken very seriously; perhaps owing to the greater place of his father. But of recent years a more kindly estimate has gradually been taking form; so much so that in France he has been termed the most powerful and original comedian since Molière. However, as a critic says, the view was not expressed until some of the stronger men of the age had passed away. Dumas *fils* died in 1895. His work has been continuous and his production large. His other principal works are: *The Clemenceau Case* (1886), *Dénise* (1885), *Le Demi-Monde* (1855).

The latest of French dramatists of real value, and the most powerful at present living in France, is Victorien Sardou. He was born in 1831 and his youth is a history of bitter struggle and hope long deferred. His first comedy in 1854 proved an utter failure, but he persevered, and at last, in 1861, won a marked success with *Nos Intimes*. Thenceforward his career was one of brilliant achievement. Victory

followed dramatic victory and now the playwright has not only won a position of high literary eminence, but (which by no means follows) has amassed an immense fortune. His reputation has steadily increased and is now world-wide. In this—as in the general progress of his life—Sardou bears a strong resemblance to the German Sudermann. His finest play is generally admitted to be *Rabagas* (1872). It is a satire upon the demagogue who plays so important—and so unpleasant—a part in modern politics. In the satirical vein Sardou achieves his best effects. Much of his success is due, moreover, to his knowledge of technical requirements. He is most careful about the staging of his plays and himself supervises the smallest details. He is at his best in pieces of a somewhat light type. Among his successful dramas may be mentioned: *Les Vieux Garçons* (1865), *Uncle Sam* (1873), a satire upon American life, *Divorçons* (1881), *Gismonda* (1894), *Madame Sans Gène* (1895). The achievement of French drama during the century has been far higher than that of English, but at the same time it does not perhaps attain the level of Corneille, Racine or Molière.

There have been several notable writers of deeper import during the latter half of the century. They do not rank under the head of naturalists except in so far as they all feel the influence of the romantic revival. It may be said that Sainte-Beuve set the standard of literary criticism. The growth of the

periodical in France has kept open a field for contemporary criticism and most of the best criticisms have first appeared in one or other of the great journals. Paul de Saint Victor (1827–1882) and Francisque Sarcey (1828–1899) were followers of the great master, the former doing general literary, and the latter chiefly theatrical, criticism.

But more immediate successors are found in three men of greater power: Edmond Scherer, Émile Montégut and Hippolyte Adolphe Taine. Edmond Scherer (1815–1889) did not begin literary work until he was nearly fifty; his youth and prime were passed in other spheres—in fact he had been a Protestant minister—about 1860 he became a journalist, and later active in politics, taking a leading part in the civil administration of 1870. In 1871 he was elected to the National Assembly and four years afterwards he became a senator. He was chiefly connected with *Le Temps* newspaper. Towards the close of his life he collected critical writings and published them under the general title of *Critical Studies in Contemporary Literature*. The care with which his contributions were always prepared rendered them eminently worthy of being placed in a less ephemeral setting than the pages of magazines. His value as a critic is enduring. Despite certain foibles which rendered him incapable of judging certain phases, his view was broad and essentially sane. Perhaps, after Sainte-Beuve, he is the soundest French critic of the century.

Émile Montégut did not possess the same strength. He was born in 1826. His first article was published in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*—the *Philosophy of Emerson.* From 1857–62 he was on the staff of that paper, and in the latter year he joined *Le Moniteur Universel.* His critical work was much in the direction of English literature. He translated Shakespeare's works into French in ten volumes (1868–73). His fault may be said to be the irregularity of his work.

The work of Hippolyte Adolphe Taine is well-known to the majority of Englishmen—at least in part. He was a historian as well as a critic. Moreover, he had a good knowledge of philosophy. He was born in 1821 in a village of Ardennes and died in 1893 at Paris. He began life as an educationist in the service of the State but, upon gaining the degree of Doctor of Philosophy in 1853, he left teaching for literature. Already he was developing a somewhat original system of philosophy. His bent was shown in an elaborate study of *French Philosophers during the Nineteenth Century.* His whole life was taken up with literary work of various kinds. In 1864 appeared the work that won him instant hearing in England. This was the *History of English Literature.* It evidences in a marked manner the strength and weakness of his methods. He treats English literature "as a historical evolution of a definite ethnic type through a remarkable development." His strength lies in the order and

clearness of the arrangement and the vivid and pleasing style; his weakness is due to his fondness for constructing an hypothesis—very beautiful, it is true—and making his facts fit this hypothesis. Sometime they will not fit, whereupon he calmly ignores them. He is too fond of drawing conclusions and forgets that sometimes in criticism a theory may be stated only as a theory without attacking any consequence. His ideas seem to have modified, however, later on in life. During the fourteen years, 1876–90, he was engaged upon his greatest work, *Origins of Contemporary France*, which appeared in five volumes. It is a history of the social conditions of France during a hundred years; and has three divisions—*The Ancient Régime*, *The Revolution*, and *The Modern Régime*. The whole of this great work is evolved upon a philosophic theory which was Taine's own. It was that the environment of a race points its development and influences its social conditions; that national literature depends upon national life and racial instinct; and that the proper method for the social or literary historian is to make an exhaustive examination of the physical conditions as well as the mental qualities of the race with which he deals. An excellent theory if not pushed to extremes. Taine's fault was that he too often arranged his facts to fit his theory.

But few names remain. Perhaps Ernest Renan is the most important, because, with a very striking critical gift, he combined a remarkable style. He

was born 1823 and educated for the priesthood, but found that his tastes precluded the final step. His life was for the most part uneventful. In 1860 he went on government business to the Holy Land. He died, 1892. His importance is rather philosophical than literary, but a fine technique enters into all his writings. His most famous work is *The Life of Jesus* (1863), which treats of the work of Christ from a purely human point of view. Its effect was very great. Renan's other work was largely historical. He is considered by some the last important French writer of the century.

Of recent years there has been a revival in the study of ancient French Literature and philology. M. Paulin Paris (1800–1881) won fame by his extensive knowledge of mediæval literature and his editions of valuable reprints. His son Gaston (b. 1839) did much for Romance philology. One of his chief works was *Study of the Position of the Latin Accent in French Literature* (1862). In 1896 he was elected to the French Academy in place of Dumas *fils*.

In briefly summarizing the literature of France during the nineteenth century, it may be said that the main feature, the pervading feature, is romanticism. This great movement began about the beginning of the century and reached its culmination in 1830. Thence it continues with Hugo, Balzac, Sainte-Beuve, De Musset until it reaches its extreme with such writers as Baudelaire and Zola. For

naturalism is, after all, best regarded as romanticism developed to an ultimate degree.

There have been other influences besides this paramount one which have gone to shape the century's literature. English literature was one of these. Its force was felt strongly towards 1855, and since, Taine and Montégut both fostered the influence and the English novel—especially the work of Scott, Dickens and Thackeray—made its mark in France. In 1858 Darwin's great book—*The Origin of Species*—was translated into French and produced a surprising effect. Finally, George Eliot found imitators. Thus, the English literary influence is felt along definite lines. German literature was slower in finding place as a force to be reckoned with. It eventually—after 1860—influences French philosophy, "through the medium of Ernest Renan"; French philology and learning generally, as was natural enough for German erudition has come to be an influence and a stimulation throughout the world; and French literature directly, by the translation of Goethe and Schiller about 1870. During the century the literary achievement of France has proceeded evenly in all departments—poetry, drama, the novel, history, criticism. The achievement has been high, especially under the men of 1830. While it is impossible to give detailed discussion of the point, the probability is that the new men of the later century are not on a par with their predecessors. However, the whole matter of

contemporary literary criticism is a dangerous one, so often does the judgment of posterity reverse the judgment of contemporaries. Enough to say that the French literature of the nineteenth century presents a great upheaval and a great achievement along lines that preserve what is best and most typical. Nor need the work of the past hundred years—comprising such things as *Toilers of the Sea*, and *The Human Comedy*, and *Jocelyn*—fear comparison with the ages gone before.

CHAPTER XXIII.

ITALY AND SPAIN.

A Small Achievement.—Italy: Her Heritage.—Alfieri, the First Modern.—The Revolutionary Epoch.—Monti and Foscolo.—Pellico.—Manzoni and Romance.—Leopardi.—Giusti and Mazzini.—Carducci.—D'Anunzio.—Spain: The Languages.—French Influence.—Quintana.—De la Rosa.—Espronceda.—Campoanor.—Valera and the Novelists.—The Sorrow of Spain.

The literature of Italy and Spain during the century has been on a lower plane than that of the other nations which we have been considering. This is the more remarkable since in both cases there were writers of great value in the past. With Spain we associate the names of Lope de Vega, Cervantes and Calderon; with Italy comes the memory of Dante, and Petrarch, and Boccaccio. And both nations have had so marked an effect upon the mental development of Europe that it is strange to find their influence dying utterly away as a contemporary force. Spain, since her Golden Age of literature (which, by the way, corresponded very closely with our Elizabethan period), Italy since Boccaccio, have done no mental work to compare with the best in the other countries under discus-

sion. These have continued along the line of lofty achievement. England and France adding to their majestic structures, Germany erecting upon strong foundations the splendid temple of her art; but Spain and Italy have remained at rest. They have not been able to put forth creative effort of an enduring type.

Yet, in both there have been stimulating forces at work. Both felt that tremendous upheaval of which the French Revolution was so conspicuous a phase. Both partook of the gigantic struggle for freedom—the freedom of the individual—which characterized the closing decades of the last century and the first of this. To both has it been given to crown their efforts with success, and to wrest from tyrannical rulers the fair guerdon of national liberty and national unity. But the fact remains that both have evinced literary poverty. Even such inspiration as in the one case the War of Independence of 1808–14, and in the other the stirring events that formed about Garibaldi, failed to bring forth really great literature.

The reasons for this state of affairs cannot be discussed within the short limits of this sketch.

There is one point about Italian literature which has much importance. The world owes to it a great debt—a debt out of all apparent proportion; for Italy has never been very productive of books, even at the height of her literary power. Dante made one epic poem; Petrarch's sonnets are his

greatest achievement; Boccaccio wrote a hundred connected tales in prose. The work was small in bulk, and yet these writers have bestowed upon the world an infinite gift of original thought. If the meagre output of Italian literature seems surprising, it must be remembered that "the great representatives are to be weighed rather than counted." In every European literature may be traced the influence of the great writers above mentioned. The history of modern Italy begins toward the end of the fifth century; behind that lies the grandeur that was Rome. The most brilliant period of her literature lay within the fourteenth century—just before Chaucer sang his songs in England. It was signalized by the writings of the three already referred to: Dante (1265–1321), Petrarch (1304–1374), and Boccaccio (1313–1375). Since then Italy has "produced little that can be regarded as an absolute creation."

Nineteenth-century Italian literature begins towards the close of the eighteenth century. Romanticism was long in gaining a hold upon the Italian mind, but the new ideas ushered in by the great Revolution necessarily brought to men of letters a new point of view, and altered their environment. Napoleon was not kind to Italy; but he bequeathed the idea of national unity, and this led to the triumph of the revolutionary principle—because thereby would national unity be gained.

Earliest among Italians to express the spirit of

modern literature was Count Vittorio Alfieri (1749–1803). His picturesque and adventurous life is described in a fascinating autobiography. Growing to manhood with practically no advantages, he was able by his strong will to overcome all obstacles and win high literary fame. He was a dramatist of note—one of three who did good work in that kind during the eighteenth century. He belongs in feeling to the revolutionary epoch, for his tastes lead him especially to celebrate heroes of liberty. His subjects are chosen for the most part from Roman and Greek history, and he always took care "that there was a tyrant to be killed, that liberty should triumph in the end." *Saul* is considered his best play. Others are *Antigone*, and *Orestes*, and *Philip the Strong*, to which Schiller is said to owe the central theme of his *Don Carlos*. Alfieri was a passionate and powerful character, and one of his fellows calls him "the poet who aroused his country from its dishonorable slumber, and inspired its heart with the intolerance of servile conditions and with regard for its dignity."

The spirit of nationality which appeared about the beginning of the century was due largely to the Napoleonic *régime*, as has been said. Under that rule, military service was a prime requisite. Military service brought together men from all sections of the country and united them under one firm discipline. Foreign princelings were dethroned, and, for a time, state boundaries were obliterated. There

was but one code of laws throughout the land. It will be seen how this state of affairs would naturally give rise to the idea of permanent union in the minds of those who had thus been drawn together. Such permanent union was delayed for many years after the fall of Napoleon by the veto of the European monarchs. But Italy began to feel herself a nation. The demand for national rights, "which in our own day has become too imperious to be resisted, was created in her people at this epoch."

The general tendencies of the time may be traced in the lives and works of various authors, though their mental achievement was not at all on a par with that of other nations. Some such grouping as follows will serve to indicate the literary movement.

To the revolutionary epoch belong the poets Vincenzo Monti and Ugo Foscolo. This period is succeeded by the romantic movement, which, uncongenial in itself to Italian taste, was rendered possible by the strong influence of Goethe and Scott. Its leader was Alessandro Manzoni. His work was followed by the writings of a new generation who were more revolutionary in spirit, and who lived about the time when Italy's long struggle for unity was taking its final shape. Silvio Pellico formed a link between Manzoni and the representatives of the later school—Giacomo Leopardi, Giuseppe Giusti, and Giuseppe Mazzini. And last come the leading contemporary writers—Giosué Carducci

and Gabriele D'Annunzio. We may take these names individually.

Vincenzo Monti (1754–1828) was one of the most impressionable of men. His life brought him into contact with a good many prominent personages of the day, and his tastes and allegiance changed with almost incredible readiness. Beginning life in favor with the Papal Court at Rome, the French Revolution appeared dangerous to him, and he wrote against it. By and by he left Rome and ranged himself on the side of the new French empire, and wrote a fine blank verse poem in honor of Napoleon—*Prometheus*. Next he attacked the Papacy in two works, called *Fanaticism* and *Superstition*. For a time he was official poet laureate for Italy to Napoleon. None the less, after the downfall of the great Emperor he sang the praises of the new Austrian power at its command. Such singular inconsistency has been explained on the ground that Monti was above all things an artist. To him the various rulers were temporal. Art alone was of permanent importance. There seems no need to question his sincerity, only its flexibility is somewhat bewildering. He was eloquent, representative, national; "true to the general spirit of his epoch . . . no interpreter of his age, but a faithful mirror of its successive phases."

Ugo Foscolo put the case neatly when, speaking of a rendition which Monti (who knew small Greek) had made of the Iliad, he called his versatile

contemporary "a fine translator of Homer's translator." Foscolo was in strong contrast to the older man. He was born in 1778 of Greek parentage, and through his whole life wore the flower of an unchanging patriotism. His youth was partly spent in Venice, and the extinction of that republic by the French and Austrians in 1797 drove him to despair for a time; but the wholesome influence of military service restored his balance. His career was exciting. In 1815, after holding a professorship at the University of Pavia, he was exiled under the Austrian rule, and went to England for safety. Here he died in 1827. Foscolo was a prose writer rather than a poet. One excellent poem, however, he did write. This was *The Sepulchres* (1807). Though marred by some obscure passages, the work possesses fine quality in feeling and style. It has been compared to William Cullen Bryant's *Thanatopsis*, somewhat to the advantage of the latter. Foscolo's grief at the downfall of Venice found vent in a pessimistic novel called *The Letters of Joseph Ortis* (1798), which is a descendant of Goethe's *Werther*. It is the best known of his writings. The letters constitute a "love story with a mixture of patriotism." The hero raves, despairs, and eventually commits suicide, quite in the approved fashion of the day. Some important critical work is found in a collection of essays *On the Origin and Office of Literature.*

At the head of the romantic school in Italy

stands Alessandro Manzoni. He introduces to Italians the wide possibilities of the study of nature. He introduces realism into Italian literature. His life was tranquil, and for the most part passed in comfort. He won immense popularity by his novel, *The Promised Bride* (1825). This was inspired by Sir Walter Scott's work. It was the first and is still the greatest Italian historical romance. The scene is laid in Milan during the Spanish rule of the seventeenth century. Its characters are drawn with a wonderful reality, and many of its descriptive passages are very beautiful. "As a picture of human nature the book is above criticism; it is just the fact, neither more nor less." Goethe was among the first to recognize its greatness. "But," said he, indicating its weakness, "the German translator must get rid of a great part of the war and the famine, and two-thirds of the plague." Manzoni was content to rest after the appearance of this novel. The rest of his life was passed in retirement, with the abiding satisfaction of an honorable reputation. That his position was not misunderstood was evidenced on his death in 1873, at the age of eighty-eight, when there was a spontaneous outburst of feeling. He has been called the only contemporary Italian writer who could be compared with Goethe and Byron. He wrote also two important dramas, *Carmagnola* (1820) and *Adelchi* (1821). The former touches the fifteenth century, the latter the eighth. They are interesting as be-

ing the earliest attempts to adapt the Shakespearian method to Italian usage. It was the entrance of romanticism. As an example of Manzoni's poetry, one or two stanzas may be given from the fine ode on the death of Napoleon, called *The Fifth of May*. The version is that of Mr. W. D. Howells:

He passed; and as immovable
As, with the last sigh given,
Lay his own clay, oblivious,
From that great spirit riven,
So the world stricken and pondering
Stands at the tidings dread:
Mutely pondering the ultimate
Hour of that fateful being,
And in the vast futurity
No peer of his foreseeing
Among the countless myriads
Her blood-stained dust that tread. . . .

As on the head of the mariner,
Its weight some billow heaping,
Falls even while the castaway,
With strained sight far sweeping,
Scanneth the empty distances
For some dim sail in vain;
So over his soul the memories
Billowed and gathered ever!
How oft to tell posterity
Himself he did endeavor,
And on the pages helplessly
Fell his weary hand again.

How many times, when listlessly
In the long, dull day's declining—
Downcast those glances fulminant,
His arms on his breast entwining—
He stood assailed by the memories
Of days that were passed away;

He thought of the camps, the arduous
  Assaults, the shock of forces,
The lightning-flash of the infantry,
  The billowy rush of horses,
The thrill in his supremacy,
  The eagerness to obey.
—From *Modern Italian Poets.*

The fame of Silvio Pellico (1789–1854) hinges upon a single work, *My Prisons* (1832). It is the "touching and forgiving record of one of the greatest crimes ever perpetrated." Absolutely innocent of any political offence—even such as could be claimed justly by the Austrian—he was imprisoned by the Austrian rulers for a sufficient number of years to change him from a youth to a broken old man. This was in pursuance of the government aim to crush the spirit of Italian nationality.

Utterly dissimilar to Manzoni in character, life, and method—but connected with him by fame and the power of his influence—was Giacomo Leopardi (1798–1837). The days of the former were passed in the golden sunshine of prosperity, those of the latter were clouded and sad. The one had ease and health; the other hardship and miserable sickness. Manzoni was religious and optimistic; Leopardi preached a creed of atheism and despair. But they are bound together by the strength of their work on behalf of good literature. The life of Leopardi was another example of what is not infrequent in literary history—the indomitable cultivation of the mind in spite of the utmost physical drawbacks. He was

the son of a nobleman, but from his birth was deformed and sickly. His father possessed a large library, in which the youth shut himself from the world. Naturally his brain developed rapidly. He was not happy and made several ineffectual attempts to escape from the surveillance of his parents. It was not until four years before his death, however, that he was able to gain the freedom of Naples, where for a time he was comparatively healthy and happy. But the continuance of even so negative a content was denied him.

In judging of Leopardi's work, regard must be had to his permanent ill-health which cast a deep shadow over his whole mental horizon. Within certain limits his achievement goes high. "The poetry of despair never had a more powerful or a more sorrowful voice than his." But his prime importance lay in the fact that he represented in his own person the Italy of his time, full of promise and power but checked and beaten down by foreign oppression. And with this for a setting his verse has an indestructible charm. Most of his poems are in the nature of Odes. A quotation may be made from his blank verse:—

> Dear to me ever was this lonely hill,
> And this low hedge, whose potent littleness
> Forbids the vast horizon to the eye.
> For as I sit and muse, my fancy frames
> Interminable space beyond its bound,
> And silence more than human, and secure
> Unutterable and unending rest,

Where even the heart hath peace. And as I hear
The faint wind's breath among the trees, my mind
Compares these lispings with the infinite hush
Of that invisible distance, and the dead
And unborn hours of dim eternity
With this hour and its voices. Thus my thoughts
Gulfing infinity doth swallow up;
And sweet to me is shipwreck in this sea.

—From Garnett's *Italian Literature*. Copyright 1898, by D. Appleton & Co.

Leopardi was also a good philologist. Of his Odes may be mentioned *To Italy*, *First Love*, *The Broom-plant*.

With Leopardi may be taken the two others who represent the aspirations of the time—Giusti and Mazzini. If Leopardi offered to oppression "the passive protest of martyrdom"; Mazzini resisted in the more strictly physcial, and Giusti in the mental sphere.

Giuseppe Giusti (1809–1850) was famous chiefly as a satirist. Though living in Tuscany, which was under Austrian dominion, he launched his political satire against Austrian tyranny. Generally speaking, his poems were called forth by some evil of the day—on more than one occasion an evil of his own countrymen. His satires appeared mostly between 1833 and 1847. The check to the aspirations of Tuscany in the Austrian victory at Novara in 1849 is said to have caused Giusti's death from grief. His breadth of sympathy, despite his strength of feeling, is well evidenced in his poem *St. Ambrose*,

where an Italian is touched by the singing of some Austrian soldiers :—

A German anthem that to heaven went
  On unseen wings, up from the holy fane ;
It was a prayer, and seemed like a lament,
  Of such a pensive, grave, pathetic strain,
That in my soul it never shall be spent ;
  And how such heavenly harmony in the brain
Of those thick-skulled barbarians should dwell,
  I must confess it passes me to tell. . . .

Poor souls ! far off from all that they hold dear,
  And in a land that hates them ! Who shall say
That at the bottom of their hearts they bear
  Love for our tyrant ? I should like to lay
They've our hate for him in their pockets ! Here,
  But that I turned in haste and broke away,
I should have kissed a corporal, stiff and tall,
  And like a scarecrow stuck against a wall.

—From *Modern Italian Poets.* Copyright 1887.

Giuseppe Mazzini (1808–1872) was the leader of the party that called itself "Young Italy." Its aim, of course, was the unification of its country. But its methods were somewhat open to criticism and Mazzini was largely responsible for the methods. Yet he was perfectly sincere. The main plan of Young Italy was to establish a republic by the aid of volunteers recruited from all parts of Italy. But Mazzini's actual success was not great, although he had intense enthusiasm and burning eloquence. He lacked the practical point of view, and it was left to Cavour the statesman and Garibaldi the fighter to achieve what Mazzini desired. But his name may

stand with theirs on the page that tells of Italy's liberation.

These three writers stand together as expressing the aspirations of the country towards regeneration. Other writers along the same lines but of lesser import were: Carlo Botta (1767–1837), author of a history of the American War of Independence; Antonio Rosmini Serbati (1797–1855), the most influential philosopher of his day; Gabriele Rossetti (1785–1854), a poet greatly admired by his countrymen and dear to England as the father of two of her sweetest singers.

Of living authors but brief mention can be made. Only two may be given—they, however, would seem of leading importance. Giosue Carducci was born in 1836 in the Province of Pisa. At twenty-five he became professor in the University of Pisa. Shortly afterwards he was called to the university of Bologna. In 1896 the jubilee of his connection therewith was enthusiastically celebrated. Republican in sympathies, he was returned to the Italian parliament in 1876. Afterwards he became reconciled to the monarchial form of government and accepted a senatorship. A comprehensiveness in work and mental grasp has rendered his influence very beneficial, and he occupies the most important position in modern Italian literature. His chief works are poetical and his chief poetry lyrical. His earliest books were *Juvenilia* and *Levia Gravia*. *Decennalia* touches the political events between 1860–1870.

The *Odi Barbare* (1877) were written in Latin metres without rhyme. Carducci's latest poetic work is *New Rhymes*. He combines artifice in form with strength in thought. As a literary critic he has done much good. "He is not subtle or profound, but puts forth unanswerable propositions dictated by the soundest common sense." His songs are not easy to translate, as the sense is so closely interwoven with the form. His sonnet, *The Ox*, however, has been finely rendered:—

I love thee, pious Ox; a gentle feeling
Of vigor and of peace thou giv'st my heart.
How solemn, like a monument, thou art!
Over wide fertile fields thy calm gaze stealing!
Unto the yoke with grave contentment kneeling,
To man's quick work thou dost thy strength impart:
He shouts and goads, and, answering thy smart,
Thou turn'st on him thy patient eyes appealing.

From thy broad nostrils, black and wet, arise
Thy breath's soft fumes; and on the still air swells
Like happy hymn, thy lowing's mellow strain.
In the grave sweetness of thy tranquil eyes
Of emerald, broad and still reflected, dwells
All the divine green silence of the plain.

—From Garnett's *Italian Literature*. Copyright 1898, D. Appleton & Co.

The other contemporary writer is Gabriele D'Annunzio (b. 1863), whose recent *Triumph of Death* (1895) has won fame the world over. D'Annunzio is perhaps more important as a poet, since his novels lack breadth of subject, though full of good descriptive work. Critics have been disap-

pointed in the development of his verse, which has not fulfilled the early promise. Thus, while his later poems are as full of color and warmth as his early ones, they do not evidence increase in power or range of thought, in depth of human sympathy. The principal volumes are *Intermezzo* (1883), *La Chimera* (1888), *Marine Odes* (1893). "The general impression of D'Annunzio's poetry is one of dazzling splendor and intoxicating perfume."

Another phase of the work of such men as Carducci and D'Annunzio is the increase in technical power which signalizes their poetry—somewhat akin to what is found in the case of Swinburne among English poets. There are various living Italian writers but none on a par with those just mentioned. Perhaps the "literary languor" of recent years may be due to the difficulty of reconciling vigor with purity of diction in the Italian tongue.

In Spain three languages are spoken, all belonging to the "Romance" type: the Castilian, covering about two-thirds of the peninsula from north to south; the Catalan, found in the east and southeast; and the Portuguese-Galician, spoken in the Province of Galicia and in Portugal. The Castilian is by far the most important, applying, not only to the greater part of Spain, but to the vast regions of America and Asia colonized from the sixteenth century and onward by the Spaniards. The Castilian literature, too, is now generally taken as the representative of Spanish expression. Its highest development is

found, as has been said, during a period contemporary with our "spacious times of Great Elizabeth," i. e. from 1550–1650. Then lived Lope de Vega, greatest of Spanish dramatists; then Cervantes, creator of the deathless *Don Quixote;* then Calderon, lyric poet and dramatist, "the most representative Spaniard of the seventeenth century." But this high standard of literary work has not been reached again.

Spain has always been strongly influenced by France. This is natural, as they are adjoining Latin races, and disputes must arise as to leadership. In the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, Spain was in the van; during the past two hundred years the positions have been reversed. Hence the influence of France has been potent in moulding Spanish thought. Italy, the third Latin state, has not entered into the rivalry as yet, because she only recently has attained unity. From this situation have risen some interesting consequences. France has continually aimed at preserving her influence over Spain. The trend of French diplomacy has all been in this direction. Even as late as 1870 the Franco-Prussian war was due to the fact that it was proposed to place a Prussian monarch on the Spanish throne. Hence it is only natural to find at the opening of the present century that French ideas dominate the whole field of Spanish literature.

It is convenient for our purposes to place the farther limit of that field, during the nineteenth

century, at about the beginning of the War of Independence. This war began the popular European uprising which ultimately proved fatal to the power of the great Napoleon, and lasted from 1808–1814.

Taking this as our starting-point, then, we find the French literary influence predominant. It is strange (in the words of a critic) that the rising of the whole Spanish nation against Napoleon had so little immediate effect upon the literature. One would have expected a return to national ideas, a resumption of the national traditions which had been broken at the end of the seventeenth century when the foreign influence began to hold sway. But no such thing takes place. In fact the chief among the poets of the war is French in everything but patriotism. This poet was Manuel José Quintana (1772–1857). He belongs distinctly to the eighteenth century in his ideas of the "Rights of Man."

Nevertheless, he preached a most fiery crusade against the oppressors of his land. Prominent among his writings are his poetical *Call to Arms against the French*, and his biographies of certain famous Spanish patriots of old days. He lived through struggle and imprisonment to a green old age. He did great service to literature pure by the issue of such compilations as the *Treasures of the Spanish Parnassus*, which deals with Spanish poets from the fifteenth century.

Francisco Martinez de la Rosa (1788–1862) was at one time the most prominent of literary Spaniards

in the eyes of Europe. He was born in Granada and was made professor of philosophy in the university there at twenty years of age. He flung himself with ardor into the war, and using his fine intellect as a most effective weapon in vigorous speeches and writings. When the French armies were temporarily victorious he fled to England. Ferdinand VII., in 1814, came to his own again and proceeded to upset the hard-won Spanish liberties. De la Rosa refused to qualify his objections to such arbitrary methods and was transported to the coast of Barbary, where he was confined as a State prisoner until 1820. Returning, he was soon forced to flee once more and spent eight years travelling. At this time, when in Paris, he wrote two plays, *Aben-Humaya* acted at a French theatre in 1830, and *The Conspiracy of Venice* (1834). These are the first instances of true romanticism in Spanish literature. It is worthy of note that the entry is through French channels and not English or German.

The first markedly romantic poet of the generation contemporary with Victor Hugo and his confrères, was Angel de Saavedra, known better by his title Duque de Rivas (1791–1865). He fought personally in the campaigns of 1808–14, and acquitted himself with honor. After the war his pronouncement on behalf of liberty forced him to spend some years in exile. He was a typical Castilian noble. Strongly influenced by Chateaubriand and Byron, his work is all romantic. His play *Don Alvaro* (1855)

produced in Spain an effect akin to that of *Hernani* in France; indeed it was of the same type—though a far less achievement. It broke all the classical rules of the stage and—delighted all the play-goers of the day.

Alberto Lista (1775–1848) a canon of Seville Cathedral, was made a professor in that town when young, and as a teacher influenced some of the best minds of his time. His literary work was largely of a critical nature. Most important of his pupils was José de Espronceda, a "cosmopolitan romanticist of the school of Byron." His life was short (1810–1842). While still a boy he joined a secret society called The Numantines. He was promptly removed to a monastery by the government. The remainder of his life is made up of exile, and struggle with the government. He was in the political arena his whole life, which was full of storm and adventure. His biographer says of him: "He possessed a glowing fancy, and to robust versification he united daring forms as well as elegance and grace. Endowed with fearlessness, capable of fervid enthusiasm, he delighted in danger, and even in his poems his soul appears to revel with delight among imaginary terrors." Byron, whose poems he first read in London, was Espronceda's master—master of his life as well as of his work. He followed Byron's example of sketching a fancy portrait of a gloomy, mysterious and picturesque self. Especially is this noticeable in *The Student of Salmanaca*, *To Jarifa in an Orgy*, *Diablos Mundo*. But his

originality, his range, his music are indubitable. He is the best Spanish lyrical poet of the century. An idea of his breadth (though breadth of unequal merit) may be shown by such titles as *The Song of the Cossack*, *Hymn to the Sun*, *The Executioner*, *The Beggar*. From the last we may quote:—

Cottage and palace alike to me
Give shelter free,
When the wrath of the mighty southwest wind
Tears the oak from its home on the mountain-side,
And over the plain sweeps the swelling tide
Of the torrent, leaving destruction behind.
At the shepherd's hearth I'm a welcome guest,
They never deny me food and rest.
In the rich man's kitchen I take delight
In the savory odors of his repast,
The world is mine, I am free as air!
Others must work to give me food;
All shed a tear at my despair
When I beg an alms, for the love of God.

—From *Primer of Spanish Literature*. Copyright 1878, by Harper & Brothers.

In close touch with Espronceda was José Zorrilla (1817–1893). Like his restless contemporary, Zorrilla was mixed up with most of the political movements of the day, and was thwarted by continuous poverty. This forced him, in 1855, to seek a livelihood in Mexico. Towards the close of his life, however, his cares were somewhat relieved by a pension from the government. He was immensely popular during his whole life, and despite some superficial faults and weaknesses, deserved his fame. His gifts were valuable—dramatic and lyric power and na-

tional spirit. "He is an inferior Sir Walter, with an added knowledge of the theatre to which Scott made no pretence." His poems possess great descriptive beauty; the best of them are *A Legend of the Alhambra*, *Granada*, *A Legend of the Cid*. His most famous dramas—his most happy efforts are: *Don Juan Tenorio*, *The Shoemaker and the King*, *The Dagger of the Goth*. He showed much wisdom in his selection of native Spanish themes and much strength and impetuous movement in their treatment.

The entrance of Zorrilla upon the literary stage was due directly to the death of MARIANO JOSÉ DE LARRA (1809–1837), for it was on the occasion of Larra's funeral that the young Zorrilla read a memorial poem that won the heart of all Madrid. Larra was the most brilliant Spanish prose-writer of the present century. He was a quiet and studious youth whom contact with the world changed into a morbid and gloomy man. He refused all positions which were placed in his reach and devoted his whole energy to writing. And he eventually won for himself a position in the forefront of Spanish journalism by his bitter and scathing articles under the *noms de guerre* of Figaro or of Juan Perez de Munguia. His pessimism was extreme; he indicated with unflattering surety the weaknesses in Spanish politics and the flaws of the national character. His work is powerful, unflinching, but gloomy and depressing. "A satirist," he said himself, "is like the

moon, an opaque body only destined to reflect light. He is perhaps the only one of God's creatures who freely dispenses that which he does not possess." Larra shot himself during an access of melancholy in his twenty-eighth year. His strength as a writer is altogether in his satire. Its influence and tendency is thus put by one whose opinion is worthy of every consideration: "It is gloomy work to learn that all men are scoundrels, and that all evils are irremediable: these are the hopeless doctrines which have brought Spain to her present pass."

The poet RAMON DE CAMPOANOR has gained somewhat more than Spanish fame. In his own land he is very popular, over eleven editions of his work having appeared. Born 1817, he began the study of medicine, but soon left that field, issuing a volume of poetry in 1842. Next he became a journalist and politician. He occupied one or two important posts, and was always a strong loyalist. His dramatic attempts were not successful. His lyrical poems were received with favor, however. The first collection was called *Tenderness and Flowers*. Later came *Soul Sighs* and *Doloras*. He has been a leader of contemporary poetry in Spain.

The novel is perhaps the most living type of contemporary Spanish literature. At the head of Spanish novelists stands JUAN VALERA (b. 1827). His training was exceptionally broad, and his sympathies are cosmopolitan. He has seen a good deal of life, and has made the most of his opportunities. He

has held diplomatic positions at Naples, Lisbon, Rio Janeiro, Dresden, St. Petersburg; and, later, at Frankfort, Washington, Brussels and Vienna. His writing has embraced poetry and criticism, as well as fiction. "All that he does is characterized by scholarship and a rich culture." His poetry has been delicate, reposeful, refined, and his criticism pleasing and luminous, but it is in fiction that he will be remembered. A typical Spaniard, he displays the Spanish "complete synthesis of gravity of matter with gaiety of manner which is the glittering crown of art." His first novel, *Pepita Jiminez* (1847, the eighth edition appearing in 1884), remains his best. Its centre is the moral crisis in the life of "a young ecclesiastic, torn between earthly and heavenly love." This novel was so good that from its publication dates the revival of the novel in Spain. Later novels by Valera have been: *Commander Mendoza* (1877), *The Sorcerer* and *Tall Juanita* (1895). A few lines follow from *Pepita*. The young student is writing to his friend, the Dean:—

"Pepita's gown, except that it was of rich quality, was equally unpretentious. It was of black wool . . . without being too short, its wearer had taken care that it should not trail, nor in slouchy fashion sweep up the dust of the ground. A modest silk handkerchief, black also, covered her shoulders and bosom after the fashion of the country; and on her head she wore neither ribbon, flower, nor gem, nor any other adornment than that of her own beautiful blonde hair. . . . It is apparent she takes great care of her hands, and prides herself with some

little vanity on keeping them white and pretty. . . . But if she has so much of vanity, it is to be pardoned to human weakness; and, indeed, if I recollect aright, even St. Theresa in her youth had it also; which did not hinder her from becoming the very great saint she was."

"His best," says one of Valera's critics, "will be read as long as Spanish literature endures. . . . He is something far rarer and more potent than an accomplished man of letters: a great creative artist, and the embodiment of a people's genius."

Of the younger writers no mention can be made—several of them have the power of telling a good story in an agreeable manner. Spain has borne a peculiar and melancholy interest in the eyes of the world since the loss of her last remnant of empire in 1898. The passing of a once so splendid glory cannot be contemplated without sorrow. Whether there is any connection between the literary poverty of the century and the political and military weakness which culminated so grievously, and if both are due to national decadence, are questions that fall outside our scope.

Prophesying is dangerous, especially in matters literary. It may be said, however, that the outlook for both Italy and Spain is promising. For Spain, because her mental conditions are widening; for Italy, because she feels more and more the stimulating effect of national existence.

CHAPTER XXIV.

RUSSIA AND THE NORTH.

THE COMING OF THE SLAV.—HIS LITERARY DIFFICULTIES.—GOGOL AND THE ROMANCE OF THE STEPPES.—TURGENIEF.—HIS REALISM.—TOLSTOI: SOLDIER, PREACHER, AND NOVELIST.—IBSEN.—SIENKIEWICZ.

IT was Renan who said that the appearance of the great Slav race upon the world's foreground is the most unexpected phenomenon of our century. The phenomenon is also one of immense importance. The significance of this slow and vast movement is something that the world is only beginning to realize. It began when Peter the Great—the "Wonder Worker"—effected his reforms about the first of the eighteenth century. For many years those reforms were in abeyance, but towards 1770 they began to develop and the eastern barbarism of Russia to pass into something like the civilization of the west. At present the aspiration in this direction makes Russia one of the most interesting of nations. The great advances which have been made during the last fifty years, and the huge, dark, latent power of which the world has only

glimpses, give the Russian Empire a unique position in the eyes of other countries.

Of all races the Slav is the newest—the most unspoiled. It has yet to come to its own. The emancipation of the serfs dates back only to 1861, when the Emperor Alexander II. set 23,000,000 free. Only since then has it been possible for the peasant to see the dawn-lights of freedom; nay, even to-day there are restrictions which hamper the franchise of every citizen. But even so there has been a remarkable forward movement. And if the wonderful development of Russia since the Crimean War is due only to the comparatively small section of the country which forms the actual working principle, what will that development attain when the whole nation is working together, inspired by the grandeur of one national idea? When the Slav peasant—strong, brave, patient, scattered by millions under the infinite skies and unending plains of the steppes—fully awakes from his long slumber, what will he do for his country, which is so dear to him?

Perhaps the main characteristic of all Russian life may be put in one word—originality. The Russians owe nothing to other nations. They are original in their mode of government—Russia is the only autocratic monarchy in existence. Their military system is unlike any other. Their social customs present an odd individuality. Their railroads, even, are of a different gauge to the European

standard. Their art (recently developed upon striking lines) is suggestive and unusual. Their literature is dark, powerful and prophetic.

It is of the last that we must speak. And in treating of it the best plan will be to outline its general tendencies as manifested by its three masters, Gogol, Turgeneff and Tolstoi.

Russia has always been "the most easterly of western nations," and has been retarded, not only by the deadening effect of Eastern methods, but also by the long struggle against internal discord. Her entrance among the western nations was marked by the repulse of Napoleon's Grand Army in 1813. That repulse pointed the road to Leipzig and to Waterloo. Before it lay the dark centuries of dubious growth, the slow incorporation of the "new-caught sullen peoples" to the south and east. The history of this growth accounts in some degree for the peculiar national characteristics. Now western ideas are felt more and more strongly within Russian boundaries. All these things account for the complex nature of the literature.

The emancipation of Russian literature dates back scarce sixty years. Before 1840 all the writers, with one or two exceptions, were "little more than imitators." Zhukovski (1783–1852) won fame by his translations, which familiarized to Russian readers the work of such men as Goethe, Schiller, Byron and Southey. He aimed at bringing to Russian eyes all the most important specimens of foreign

literature. LERMONTOFF (1814–1841), a poet of Scotch extraction (the ancestral name was Learmont), left some beautiful lyrics.

ALEXANDER PUSHKIN (1799–1837), whose fine promise was negatived by his short life. Had he lived longer his achievement would undoubtedly have been very high; but he was killed in a duel just as the right road was opening before him. His actual work was largely founded upon the Byron model. He introduced the romantic drama in his *Boris Godunov*, a tragedy after Shakespeare. He knew the grand prospect for the writers of his country. "His greatest originality," however, "lies in his having predicted, preached, perhaps prepared or inspired Gogol."

NIKOLAI GOGOL is one of the three writers mentioned above who stand for all that is best in Russian literature of the nineteenth century. He was born in 1809, in the province of Poltava, where the limitless gray steppes stretch ever southward and eastward. His education was not distinguished, yet in the light of his future work was invaluable. He was trained at two schools or "gymnasia," from the latter of which he graduated in 1828 without having made much progress in classical or modern languages. But his most useful education was obtained at his father's farm. The life that surrounded him there was essentially stimulating to an imaginative mind—warlike, mediæval and only half-civilized. This was much more interesting to

him than the details of scholastic work; as a matter of fact he never could master some of the technical peculiarities of his own language. Far more ready was he to listen to the stories told by his grandfather, "a lively representative of the just vanishing past," who belonged to that portion of the great Cossack race which had recently been conquered by the Russians. "When he told stories," says the novelist, "I would sit the whole day without moving from my place, and never cease to listen. . . . The legend about some olden deed . . . used to make the shudders run down my back and my hair stand on end. Sometimes my fear would be so great from them that everything would appear to me like God knows what monsters." From his grandfather Gogol obtained much valuable material from a past that was disappearing. His quick brain at once grasped the true value of this mass of folk-lore and legend and vivid personal reminiscence. Like most other great writers Gogol began young to woo the muse. And—as also with other great writers—the muse at first was coy. Gogol's youthful attempts were not of much value. He copied most of the styles then in fashion but because of the process, failed to gain any great knowledge of his own power. Early work was published in a journal of his own creation called *The Star*. Here were seen some of the characteristics which afterwards developed so fully.

Gogol left the gymnasium in 1828 with some-

what less than honor. The next year he went north to St. Petersburg, where his romantic dreams were rudely shaken by the coarse realities of life. A year more gave him an unimportant political position and saw the publication of an idyl—"a cottony idyl in the German style." It was called *Hans Kuchel Garten*, was greeted with cutting ridicule and was promptly bought up and burnt by the disgusted author. This was his last essay in the imitative romantic vein. Thenceforward he moved in a field of his own, full of fine possibilities. With the instinct of genius he seized on the psychological moment that demanded for Russia a native historical novel. From St. Petersburg he wrote to his mother and to all his friends in his native village in Poltava asking them for everything they could think of relating to the history or fable of the wild country about them. "He put them like so many bloodhounds on the track of half-forgotten legends, half-vanished traditions."

The outcome of this idea was the publication of a series of short stories under a *nom de guerre*. Collectively they were called *Evenings at the Farm*. They appeared in 1830, running through some of the magazines. The collection is divided into two parts, each containing a number of stories divided into two groups. They are for the most part fantastic and breathe the very spirit of that strange life which is lived in "the hamlet bordering on the steppe, monotonous and infinite, deserted and mys-

terious." The tales are full of the supernatural, but in that are only the more true interpretations of the peasant life among the friends of Gogol's youth. They were absolutely original, and yet absolutely correct human documents. The *Evenings at the Farm* sprang at once into popularity. To Russians they came with all the force of familiar scenes and persons finely described, and with the note of personal knowledge. Pushkin was especially pleased with the work of the young author. Through his influence Gogol was made a professor of Russian in the "Patriotic Institute." Russian, however, he did not teach, and excused a predilection for giving instruction in several unrelated subjects by asking his classes why they wanted teaching in a subject which they knew already. This was unanswerable, but Gogol did not long retain the position.

Towards 1833 we find him planning a great history of the Middle Ages and one also of the Malo-Russians, his own people. These never materialized, but his researches in the latter subject bore rich fruit in 1834, when the splendid story *Taras Bulba* was published. This brilliant work touches the wars between the Cossacks and the Poles during the seventeenth century. *Taras Bulba* has two sons whom he takes off with him to the wars. The whole story is full of fighting and there is a strain of romance which serves to set off the sterner portions of the work. The movement is strong and the situations terrible throughout. Of the two sons

of Taras one is executed by his own father as a traitor to his country, the other is taken prisoner by the Poles and broken upon the wheel at Warsaw. Taras is in the crowd of onlookers and hears the despairing appeal of the dying man. He takes a terrible vengeance and dies himself as it is being consummated. Besides its dramatic power *Taras Bulba* is characterized by a fine feeling for nature. For example:—

"In places the black sky was colored by the burning of dry rushes on the shore of some river or out-of-the-way lake; and a long line of swans flying to the north, struck suddenly by the silver rose light of the flame, were like red handkerchiefs waving across the night."

Again:

"The steppe grew more and more beautiful. The whole South, all the region which includes the New Russia of the present day as far as the Black Sea, was a virgin desert of green. Never had the plough passed through the boundless waves of vegitation. Only a few horses, concealed in it as in a forest, trod it under their hoofs. Nothing in nature could be finer. All the surface of the earth was like a green golden ocean from which emerged millions of varied flowers. Amid the delicate tall stalks of the grass gleamed azure, purple, violet, blue-bonnets; the yellow broom lifted on high its pyramidal tower; the white clover, with its umbrella-like bonnets, mottled the plain; a wheat-stalk, brought from God knows where, was waxing full of seed. Under their slender roots the partridges were running about, thrusting out their necks. The air was full of a thou-

sand different bird notes. In the sky hung motionless a cloud of hawks, stretching wide their wings and fixing their eyes silently on the grass. The cry of the wild geese moving in clouds was heard from God knows what distant lake. From the grass arose the prairie-gull and luxuriously bathed herself in the blue waves of the air. Now she was lost in immensity, and was visible only as a lone black speck. Now she swept on broad wings, and gleamed in the sun. The deuce take you, steppes, how beautiful you are!"

The flavor of savagery in such expressions as the last takes hold of one. *Taras Bulba* practically won for its author a professorship of mediæval history in the University of Petersburg. The distinguished novelist gave just two lectures that were worthy of the name. Both were excellent. One was the first of all; the other was stimulated by the presence of the poets Pushkin and Zhukovsky. The rest of his course was dull and lifeless. In 1835 he resigned. The following year he went abroad, as his health was failing. For many years he lived in Rome, the "beautiful, distant place" from which he wrote a homesick apostrophe to Russia. In 1835 he had published *The Inspector General*, which shows up in an amusing manner the devious ways of Rusian officialdom in a small village. His last great work was another novel called *Dead Souls*. This was written in 1837. Three years later he superintended in Russia the issue of the first volume. The second never appeared. Just before his death, the

author, enfeebled in body and mind, burnt the MSS. of the concluding part. Gogol made a visit to Jerusalem in 1848. His closing years were sad. He lived in Moscow in a state of increasing religious melancholia. The sombre story was ended in March, 1852. At the time of his death the writer was practically insane.

Gogol was the first Russian author to express the true spirit of Russian literature and to establish it upon right principles. His writings were of great importance for this reason, as well as for their intrinsic merits. His best work was probably *Taras Bulba*. Turgeneff said, "The day when our Gogol stood the colossal Taras on his feet he showed genius."

Ivan Turgeneff was born at Orel, in the middle of Russia, and died at Paris in 1883. Educated at Moscow and St. Petersburg, and afterwards at Berlin, he early attained a breadth of view, an "occidentalism," which put him entirely out of touch with some of the methods of his own land. Most of his life was spent abroad—principally in Paris, where he was the friend of Flaubert, George Sand, and Renan, the last of whom pronounced over his tomb a magnificent funeral oration. The reason for the expatriation of Turgeneff was primarily owing to some political trouble because of an article on Gogol's death. But there was also the lack of sympathy already mentioned. At the same time his patriotism burned always with a clear and pure flame.

Moreover, he frequently returned to Russia—almost every year, in fact—yet he was attacked by his own people for want of interest and even forgetfulness. Yet practically the only work of his which was written out of Russia was *A Sportsman's Sketches* (1848–50).

During some ten years of his life, beginning with 1862, Turgeneff kept complete silence. He lost heart for a time. But then inspiration returned and he was soon working harder than ever. His last important novel appeared in 1876. Some valuable translations were followed by a number of short stories. His last visit to Russia was made but a brief period before he died and was the occasion of a touching reception from the students of Moscow University. His death was the result of a painful disease.

Of giant frame and well-knit muscles, Turgeneff was no less striking mentally. His work was almost entirely fiction. A wide culture opened his eyes to the defects in the Russian régime and at the same time enabled him to offer some sensible remedies. His first work was *A Sportsman's Sketches* (1846). It depicted the wretched condition of the serfs, and its ultimate effect was not unlike that of *Uncle Tom's Cabin* (which, by the way, was written about the same time). The emancipation of the serf was due largely to its influence. *Rudin* appeared in 1855; *A House of Gentlefolk*, 1858; *Fathers and Sons*, 1862. His last romance, *Virgin*

Soil, was published in 1876. It deals with Nihilism. Turgeneff had, like Gogol, a great love for nature:—

"The next day I woke up very early. The sun had only just risen; . . . Everything around shone with a double brilliance,—the brightness of the fresh morning rays, and of yesterday's downpour. . . . I went for a stroll about a small orchard, now neglected and run wild, which enclosed the little lodge on all sides with its fragrant, sappy growth. Ah, how sweet it was in the open air, under the bright sky, where the larks were thrilling, whence their bell-like notes rained down like silvery beads! On their wings, doubtless, they had carried off drops of dew, and their songs seemed steeped in dew. . . . On the slope of a shallow ravine, close to the hedge, could be seen a beehive; a narrow path led to it, winding like a snake between dense walls of high grass and nettles, above which struggled up, God knows whence brought, the pointed stalks of dark green hemp."—From *Library of the World's Best Literature.*

As regards Turgeneff's *motif* we have it in his own words, "I am, as far as preference goes, a realist. . . . I am interested more than all else in the living truth of human physiognomy." As regards his personality perhaps it is sufficient to cite the instance of his beautiful letter to Tolstoi. When torn by pain that gripped him like a vise, he wrote: "I am on my deathbed. . . . I write to you expressly to tell you how happy I have been to be your contemporary, and to utter my last, my urgent prayer. Come back, my friend, to your literary labors. That gift came to you from the source from which all comes

to us. . . . My friend, great writer of our Russian land, respond to it, obey it!"

This letter was written in 1883 during a lax period in Tolstoi's somewhat erratic literary production. Count Lyof Tolstoi was born in 1828. His life has been eventful. He did not finish his education, but returned to his home in the province of Tula and suddenly decided to enter the army. He saw some fighting in Circassia and then was transferred to the Crimea. He had already written some fiction, which led to an order from the authorities that he was to be taken care of at the front. He was in Sebastopol during the siege by the French and English in 1855 and his experiences in the beleaguered city gave rise to some brilliant stories which were published in various magazines.

Thereafter, leaving the army, he becomes agriculturist, popular educator, "prophet of a new religion," —and, most recently, director of emigration. This seeming inconsistency and lack of aim is really due to his endeavor to find the true *raison d'être* of life. First the highest aim seemed to him the cultivation of his own personality to the highest degree, individual progress, egotism. He strives for prowess, physical and mental—and he gains it. Next, he goes to St. Petersburg at the age of twenty-six, where his fame had gone before him. Soon his ideas change, and his point of view inclines to a different plan, broader and purely mental. The

ject of existence is to teach others. This is the ssion of the men of thought." Next, after some years spent in other countries, he comes to the conclusion that the value of life lies outside self and he throws himself into all sorts of social work. In the end he settles down to the life of a farmer as combining the essential desirabilities.

His work falls into three divisions. First: that produced during his powerful youth. Most important here is *The Cossacks*, a splendid narrative novel published in 1857. Turgeneff called it "an incomparable picture of men and things in the Caucasas," and besides its noble style it has historical value. It outlines the life and picturesque environment of Olenin, young, rich, blasé and cadet of Cossacks. To the second period, that of fuller development, belong *War and Peace* and *Anna Karénina*. They are long novels of striking interest and much power. *War and Peace* (1860) is a sort of "semi-military, semi-domestic epos." It sketches Russian life among the upper classes in camp and in society. *Anna Karénina* is a subtle and penetrating study of a woman injured by love, and it expresses very incontestably Tolstoi's views on the sanctity of marriage. The third period of Tolstoi's literary work is that of temporary renouncement of fiction. Here we have such evangelical productions as *My Confession*, These form a strong expression of the writer's ideas, a sincere endeavor to point out the path of right living.

A familiar example from Tolstoi's writings is the passage where Anna Karénina throws herself beneath a moving train, brought by a fatal combination of circumstances to this solution of her difficulties.

"Her little red travelling bag caused her to lose the moment when she could throw herself under the wheels of the first car, she could not detach it from her arm. She awaited the second. A feeling like that she had experienced once, just before taking a dive in a river, came over her, and she made the sign of the cross. This familiar gesture called back to her soul memories of youth and childhood. Life, with its illusive joys, glowed for an instant before her, but she did not take her eyes from the car; and when the middle, between the two wheels, appeared, she threw away her red bag, drawing her head between her shoulders, and with outstretched arms threw herself on her knees under the car. She had time to feel afraid. 'Where am I? What am I doing? Why?' thought she, trying to draw back; but a great, inflexible mass struck her head and threw her upon her back. 'Lord, forgive me all!' she murmured, feeling the struggle to be in vain. A little muzhik was working on the railroad mumbling in his beard. And the candle by which she read as in a book, the fulfilment of her life's work, —of its deceptions, its grief, and its torment,—flared up with greater brightness than she had ever known, revealing to her all that before was in darkness; then flickered, grew faint, and went out forever."

Tolstoi has done a great deal of unselfish good, for a great part of his life has been given to the work of teaching the freed serfs how to become fit

for freedom. His literary work is yet to be estimated at its true value. Yet he is a worthy successor of Turgeneff—a strong runner to carry further the torch of romance that fell from the other's weary hand.

Two names remain for this chapter—names which are known all over the world; HENRIK IBSEN and HENRYK SIENKIEWICZ. Ibsen is first and last a dramatist. Having a theory of life and love he develops it by means of plays. He was born in Norway in 1828. With only a meagre education he turned to the stage. His success began with *The Banquet at Solbang* (1856). In 1864 he went abroad, remaining for many years away from home. When he returned in 1874 he had established a high reputation. The countries of his sojourn have been various, but since 1891 he has lived uniformly in Norway. Many of his plays have raised protest, owing to their peculiar doctrines, but they nearly all have strength. The best known are *A Doll's House* (1879), concerned with the failure of a married life; *Ghosts* (1881), a sort of a sequel; *The Wild Duck* (1884), a gloomy and unpleasing drama; *Hedda Gabler* (1890), a social drama without a purpose. Ibsen wrote two dramatic poems which Norwegians generally consider his masterpieces—*Brand* and *Peer Gynt*. Both are intensely national, and in both he applies the scourge unsparingly to his country's foibles.

HENRYK SIENKIEWICZ is perhaps the greatest his-

torical novelist at this end of the century. He is a Pole, born in 1846. Beginning to write he came to America in 1876 and lived for a long time in Southern California. Afterwards he went to Africa. His greatest achievement is the trilogy that appeared between 1884 and 1887. These great novels are: *With Fire and Sword* (1884), *The Deluge* (1886) and *Pan Michael* (1887). They deal with the tremendous wars of Poland in the seventeenth century. At that time this much-abused country was practically the guardian of the eastern border of Europe against the heathen hordes of Tartars and Mongolians. But the nations of Europe did not realize this, and poor Poland was continually battling foes from both east and west. And splendidly she maintained the fighting. In the descriptions of innumerable battles and sieges, Sienkiewicz displays an amazing fertility of imagination and an infinite variety of treatment. These scenes stamp themselves indelibly upon the memory with all the savage beauty and the thrilling horror of war. National glory is the fine central theme. *Quo Vadis* (1895) is a later novel, also of great power, a tale of the days of Nero and the early Christians. A quotation may be given: it is from the first of the trilogy and describes the death of that Herculean and valorous hero, Pan Longin. He is surrounded by Tartars and has killed many of them:

"The Tartars rushed on him repeatedly in a crowd;

but he put his back to the oak, and in the front covered himself with the whirlwind of his sword, and slashed awfully. Bodies lay dark under his feet; the others fell back, impelled by panic terror. . . . Now the crowd approached him in a half-circle. He was standing in the shade, gigantic, supported by the tree, and he waited, sword in hand. . . . At the sight of the bows and of the arrows poured out at the feat of his enemies from their quivers, Pan Longin saw that the moment of death was at hand, and he began the litany to the Most Holy Lady.

"It became still. The crowds restrained their breath, waiting for what would happen. The first arrow whistled as Pan Longin was saying 'Mother of the Redeemer.' . . . The words of the litany mingled with the whistling of arrows; and when Pan Longin had said 'Morning Star,' arrows were standing in his shoulder, in his side, in his legs. The blood from his temples was flowing into his eyes; he saw as through a mist the field and the Tartars; he heard no longer the whistle of the arrows. He felt that he was weakening, that his legs were bending under him; his head dropped on his breast. At last he fell on his knees. Then he said with a half groan, 'Queen of the Angels.' These words were his last on earth. The angels took his soul and placed it as a clear pearl at the feet of the 'Queen of the Angels.'—From *Library of the World's Best Literature.*

The admirers of Sienkiewicz call him one of the finest of historical novelists; and his readers everywhere must give him praise. He is inspired by love of country and hope for her future, and, as he himself says, his books have been written for "the strengthening of hearts,"

CHAPTER XXV.

RETROSPECTIVE.

THE SPREAD OF INTELLIGENCE.—THE LITERARY MOVEMENT.—THE GREAT NAMES.—THE GREAT WORKS.—CONCLUSION.

THE plan of considering literature as an entity with the exact limits of the century is an artificial one, as we have seen. The divisions in mental progress are entirely arbitrary, depending upon nothing so tangible as chronological sections. But from very early times it has been the practice of historians to mark off by centuries the periods of their annals. Thus did the Venerable Bede, first English writer of history, and thus also all the historians of Europe. It is peculiar to our own day, however, to regard the matter in a more exact way, i. e., as if each century could be cited by itself as a complete historical division. The idea is reflected in phrases like "an essentially sixteenth century custom," or "an eighteenth century idea," or "a *fin-de-siècle* book." The artificiality of this conception may be illustrated by pointing out that the year 1900—the closing year of our century—is 1317–18 to a Mohammedan and 5660 to a Jew. Yet the civilized world has become

so accustomed to think of a century as a real, natural division of time, that it would be folly to insist upon the disuse of the idea. As a matter of fact it is a very convenient mode of demarcation, so long as we bear in mind the necessary restrictions. And it certainly had the good feature of inducing a definite summary from time to time. "When the century in which we live is slipping away from us, we begin to endeavor to formulate our general views on its character, work and meaning, even though its latter years are still too close to allow us to view them in accurate historical perspective."

To adequately summarize literature in the nineteenth century is a task that calls for the strength of a literary Hercules. But a glance back at some of the more striking features of our survey lies within the compass of a lesser grasp, and will be useful in fixing important matters—the names and works which will probably distinguish nineteenth-century literature to future days. This, of course, cannot be done with much fulness; the aim will have to be a just and picturesque presentation.

To any one who is conversant with the history of the world during the past hundred years, the most remarkable feature is the spread of intelligence. It began towards the close of the eighteenth century, and such events as the French Revolution and the German war against Napoleon were the effects of a popular mental awakening. The movement may be traced in all countries. England affords, perhaps,

the best illustration. There the outcome was a most remarkable series of reforms. At the opening of the century England's whole energy was taken up with the great war in which she faced, not only Napoleon, but almost the world in arms. But, when the dangerous Bonaparte was safely packed away in St. Helena, the people began to turn their attention to the state of internal affairs. It was none too soon, because there was great need of change. And change was effected with a thoroughness and rapidity that is marvellous to contemplate, and shows how strong was the force of new intelligence. First came the removal of religious restrictions—the Catholic Emancipation (1829). Next, the Great Reform Bill, which put the government of the Empire in the hands of the strong middle class (1832). Then the Factory Acts, safeguarding the lives of women and children; and the Education Act, for the free training of the poor (1833). After this, the radical changes in the Poor Laws, which now were framed on common-sense principles, instead of a misguided and baneful philanthropy (1834). And in quick succession followed the introduction of the Penny Post, and further reforms in government. So that the whole course of the century has been marked by a signal advance of enlightened ideas.

In other countries similar results were seen. Germany has witnessed a complete change of ideals, and a thorough reformation in nationality. Russia,

achieving the great emancipation of the serfs, has risen to the front rank of European powers. The United States, the most successful republic the world has ever seen, owes its success to the principle of intelligent popular government. Everywhere has come about an immense extension of popular education.

All these things are ultimately due to the triumph of a single law. This law has appeared under as many names as there are nations in the world; but its central principle is the same—that the earth and the fulness thereof is not for the few, but for the many, and that no repression can keep these from their birthright for ever. Many a crime has been committed in its name, but Liberation—of thought as well as life—has been the great achievement of the century. These latter days give us the perspective: we can look back and see how general has been the struggle for light which, under different forms, has occupied so much of the world's attention during the period covered in this book. And the moving force which has brought all the changes that the century has seen is the spread of intelligence. Never before has there been so wide a grasp of the principles of knowledge. The coming of such a condition was deferred for many weary ages, but we have witnessed its consummation. The power has come to the people, and they have been arranging things to suit themselves.

It can be well understood what influence the state

of affairs outlined would have upon literature. Romanticism, the central literary force of the whole period, is nothing else than the expression in literature of the same liberating forces that were everywhere finding expression in life. Writers shook themselves free from the restraint of false ideals and a new epoch was inaugurated,—by Germany about 1773, by England ten years later, and by France in 1800. Goethe and Schiller, Wordsworth, Shelley and Keats, Hugo, Sainte-Beuve and their friends, finally established the great literary movement whose ramifications extend over the whole century.

And now to give an outline of the course of literary events in the different countries. The changes in poetical and historical methods, the development of the novel, and the growth of good criticism are interesting points which will bear recapitulation.

To begin with England and English poetry. The nineteenth century has brought some very marked changes. The line of demarcation is seen in the work of Cowper and Burns. They stand at the opening of the period, the first of its writers. Both emerged about 1783. Their poetry is altogether different from that of their predecessors. We have only to compare Goldsmith's *Traveller* with Cowper's *Task* to see the point at once. And Burns went even further with his unconventional singing. After these two had written it was impossible that

the triumph of their spirit should be long deferred. Soon, therefore, arose the consummation of their work. When Wordsworth and Coleridge published the *Lyrical Ballads* in 1798 they heralded by the act the final downfall of the eighteenth-century principles. Not that they won their battle all at once; there were far too many classic sympathizers for that. But win they did. They were at first laughed at all over England; by and by men began to see some beauty in their poetry; and at last the tenets which they held became the tenets of every one. The struggle would perhaps have been a great deal longer had it not been for Scott and Byron. These two made romanticism very popular by their stirring lines. Even to-day we are moved by the freshness and vigor of such poems as *The Lady of the Lake;* think what it must have been to its first readers.

The period when these poets wrote their best—say 1798–1825—was the brightest season of the century. Never since (and perhaps never before) had there been such a group. For besides those mentioned, there were Shelley, Keats and Landor. The names of Wordsworth and Shelley may be cited as typical and most important. Wordsworth's finest poetry is found in his shorter pieces like *Tintern Abbey*, the *Immortality Ode*, and many of the sonnets, rather than in the longer poems entire. Shelley's *Adonais* is a noble elegy and shows all its author's essential qualities. *Alastor* and *Pro-*

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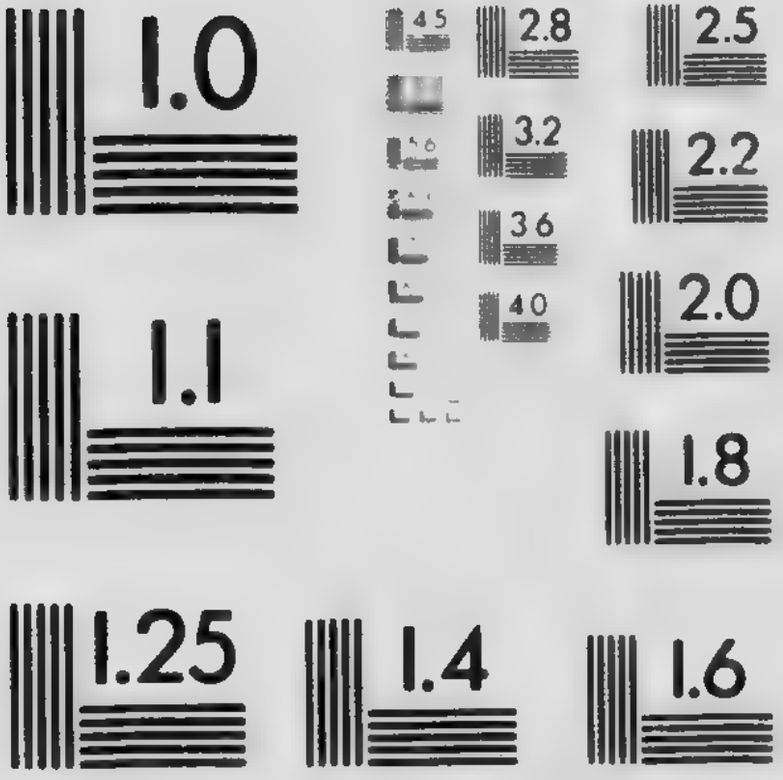

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metheus Unbound, also, are full of lyric beauty. And some of his small poems are unsurpassable.

The next phase of nineteenth-century poetry in England is seen in what we have termed the "Lesser Day-dawn," when Tennyson and Browning came to the front. Their work expresses the typical complexity of the age. The range of subjects for poetical treatment broadens. "There has been an influx of sentiments and conceptions, a widening of the field of observation and experience, and an introduction of new methods and forms, corresponding with the general intellectual activities of the age." The ruling spirit was Tennyson—indeed, he divided with Wordsworth the poetical domination of the century. He makes a marked advance in the technique of verse. The *Idylls of the King* and *The Princess* contain some of the most beautiful blank verse in the English language. *In Memoriam* offers a solution for the big questions of life, and "best reflects, of any poem written during the century, the current moods of its thought and feeling." *Maud* should also be mentioned as forming with the preceding the group of Tennyson's masterworks.

The strange and forceful personality of Browning everywhere infuses his poetry. Typical of his more usual moods are *Rabbi Ben Ezra*, *The Bishop orders his Tomb*, *Bishop Blougram's Apology*. The perfection of the "dramatic lyric" stands to his credit. Of the long poems, most representative are *Para-*

celsus and *The Ring and the Book*. But he is happiest in his shorter poems, which are varied and vigorous.

We may take a third period of English poetry, and in it the best author is Swinburne. He manifests the good qualities that came in with the Pre-Raphaelites about the middle of the century. He has evinced in his worthiest writings a command of rhythm and music such as no English poet has surpassed. Finest in this sort is the chorus already quoted (chapter vii.). The best of all his poetry is found in *Atalanta in Calydon*.

While in poetry we find change, in the novel we find development. That is to say, before the nineteenth century there had been nothing so splendid in fiction as the nineteenth-century novel. After a good many years of trial, the field was fully exploited by Scott, Dickens and Thackeray. Scott, of course, stands supreme. He combined most of the good points of his predecessors, and added many of his own. He seemed to spring at once to power, and his perfection is surprising. He raised to the front rank of literature a department which had not been very seriously regarded. The first of the giants of fiction, to him must be traced the fine achievement of the novel all over Europe, as well as in England. The prince of story-tellers, "he delights in the telling and is sorry when all is told." His best novels are *Guy Mannering*, *The Antiquary*, *Ivanhoe*, *Kenilworth* and *Quentin Durward*. Al-

though the bulk of his fiction was in the historical vein, it was by no means confined thereto. Nor does it always deal with Scotch life. The width of his range is great. And we shall go far before we find anything worthy of a place beside his work, anything "which can give us half the genial crowd of honest friends, the animated faces, the unforgotten converse, the humor and the wisdom and the noble sentiment, the manly honor and womanly truth, the pure and delightful play of fancy we find in it."

After the death of the Wizard, the novel was carried on through the mid-century by Dickens and Thackeray. They present an odd contrast. The one all fire and energy, writing with ease and winning an instant fame; the other indolent by nature, writing only under stress, as it were, and waiting many years for the honor that was so justly his due. Dickens wrought out in his novels the humorous and the unsuspected interest of lowly life; Thackeray limns, with a satirical yet wise and kindly touch, the passions and virtues of the upper classes. Dickens's humor is his strong point; he does not possess the same power as Thackeray. His own favorite was *David Copperfield*, and most readers will agree with him. *Dombey and Son* falls only a little below it. *Pickwick Papers* is, perhaps, the best of all purely humorous books. Thackeray's qualities, on the whole, are something higher than those of his great

contemporary. The two historical novels, *Esmond* and *The Virginians* are very fine. His sympathetic grasp of eighteenth-century conditions show here to exceptional advantage. Of the other books one might pick out for the highest commendation *Vanity Fair*, *Pendennis*, and *The Newcomes*.

In "graver prose" there has also been development. History, beginning with Hallam's *Middle Ages*, changes its whole attitude, and attains a fascinating style with an even added accuracy of matter. It becomes interesting as well as just. The change is a radical one; Macaulay's *History of England* would have horrified the authorities of a century back—doubtless Carlyle's *French Revolution* made them turn in their graves. Hallam, Macaulay and Carlyle are the three leaders in this noble study, and the latter's *History of Frederick the Great* should be added to those already mentioned.

Criticism, as a special branch of literature, begins with this century. The advance has been to a completely new way of looking at things: The critic must be "disinterested"—a phrase, like its application, due to the present age. A new point of view is gained, broader, truer, more penetrating. The old formulas in life, as well as literature, are all brought under the keen test of specialized thought. The typical critics of the century have been Matthew Arnold and John Ruskin. The one wrote on the subject of good living, the other on good art; their criticism must always retain high literary worth.

The typical works are Arnold's *Essays* and Ruskin's *Modern Painters*. Criticism has naturally taken the shape of the essay—a form which has been assiduously cultivated, and in some cases with unique success. Lamb brought back a charm unknown since Addison, adding a delight of his own. With him and Carlyle and Macaulay and the others, the essay holds a place certainly not below its position at any previous time.

The whole body of American writing during the century is extremely interesting because it represents the emergence of a new literature—or at any rate a rehabilitation of the old. As is to be expected, it does not attain the heights of that to which Wordsworth and Scott and Tennyson belong, but its general excellence is very marked. The literary movement has followed with peculiar symmetry the course of the century. It opened auspiciously with Irving's *History of New York*, in 1809. It reached its climax between 1840 and 1860. During that time the following books appeared: Cooper's *Deerslayer*, Emerson's *Essays*, Hawthorne's *Twice Told Tales*, Poe's *Tales*, Longfellow's *Evangeline* and *Hiawatha*, Lowell's *Biglow Papers*, Holmes's *Autocrat* and *Professor*, Prescott's *Conquest of Mexico* and *Conquest of Peru*, Parkman's *Oregon Trail* and *Conspiracy of Pontiac*, not to speak of other famous things. And the end of the century seems to mark the close of a literary epoch. Certainly no twenty years since can compare with those mentioned.

The New England writers have done nearly all the best work; all the most typical elements are found in the poetry and prose of Longfellow, Hawthorne, Emerson and their fellows. If one were to add Irving, Lowell and Prescott to the last names, he would have, pretty fairly, the leading American authors of the century. The whole literature possesses a unique value. Never before has an offshoot from the parent stem taken root and come to maturity on a foreign soil.

German literature during the nineteenth century has been greater than ever before. Its noblest period is found between 1794 and 1805, when Goethe and Schiller were doing their best work, each inspired by the friendship of the other. And their best work produced marked effects in other directions than poetry. To the two great poets Germans owe the establishment of their language as a vigorous medium of expression. Before that time German was by no means in high repute even in the Fatherland, where the gentle speech was French. But the influence of the two leaders was so immense as to change absolutely that state of affairs. With the truest patriotism they devoted their efforts to the strengthening of the national literature, the restoration of the national language in its full beauty. Both men loved their country intensely; this is seen all through their writings. "The destiny of the Germans is not yet fulfilled," says Goethe in 1813. "But the time, the right time, no human eye can

foresee, nor can human power hasten it on. To us individuals, meanwhile, it is given, to every one according to his talents, his inclinations, and his position, to increase, to strengthen, and to spread national culture . . . that the national spirit, instead of being stifled and discouraged, may be kept alive and hopeful and ready to rise in all its might when the day of glory dawns."

It is easy to understand that the patriotic writers of the early century were inspired to greater work by utterances like this.

German literature might be divided into three periods. First, the rule of Goethe, then the rule of Heine, and last the appearance of the new forces of the present day which seem to indicate a future achievement. In German poetry Goethe's *Faust* stands first—in some respects the most remarkable poem of the century in any language. His beautiful Idyll, *Herman and Dorothea*, shows another phase of his great genius; his prose writings a third. Schiller's supreme works were the five great dramas written at the close of his career, and among these stand forth *Wallenstein* and *William Tell*.

Goethe's greatest successor was Heine. He wrote during the second quarter of the century and had a wonderful command of lyric poetry. His gift was essentially lyrical and he will live by virtue of his exquisite songs—in such collections as *The North Sea*, *The Romancero*. He wrote no long poems. His prose was chiefly confined to his famous *Travel*

Pictures. Prisoned in a foreign land by fate, Heine always longed for Germany—"the real Germany, the great, mysterious, one might say anonymous, Germany of the German people, with whose sceptre and crown the apes are playing." He has been an abiding influence. The third feature—so to speak—of German literature has been what many consider the very important new literature at the century's end. Men like Sudermann and Gerhart Hamptmann voice its sentiment—a spirit of revolt. It takes the shape of a new Storm and Stress, which seems to point to the reorganization of society. So strong are the forces thus finding expression that German literature shows greater promise than any other at the close of the nineteenth century.

France's political history during the past hundred years has been full of changes that are not very strongly reflected in the range of her letters. The great year was 1830. Before that the names of Chateaubriand and Lamartine mark the trend of literature. The latter was the first great poet of the period in France. His *Jocelyn* is one of the leading contributions to French poetry. With 1830 as a culminating point came an influx of new ideas that completely changed the whole current of mental life. To Hugo belongs the honor of actually winning the battle for romanticism. The "men of 1830" form a remarkable group. In fiction, in poetry, in the drama and in criticism, they did very much for French literature. As a matter of fact,

their work is at least equal to that of any preceding period. They represent the application to all literary departments of a wider and deeper spirit. There is an infusion of new life everywhere. *Mil-huit-cent-trente* is the most important feature of the century. It had its novelists—Hugo, Balzac and Dumas; its poets—Hugo again, and De Musset; and its critic—Sainte-Beuve. These are the most representative members of the movement.

Hugo's novels are the most familiar examples of French prose during the century. *Toilers of the Sea*, *Les Misérables*, *Notre-Dame de Paris*, are perhaps the best. Balzac, with his wonderful *Human Comedy*, stands at the head of fiction-writers in France—some say in the world. Among other marks of genius, he has the power to fill his canvases with a crowd of life-like figures. His characters become as real as living men and women. Best of his novels are: *Old Goriot*, *The Search for the Absolute*, *The Magic Skin*. Alexandre Dumas did good work on the historical novel, and his two well-known books, *The Three Musketeers* and *Twenty Years After*, belong to a fascinating type. In poetry, Hugo was also renowned. His *Hernani* was a fine piece of dramatic work apart from its immense influence as a romantic play. And some of his poetic collections are of a high value—such as the *Legend of the Ages* and *Autumn Leaves*. De Musset, like Shelley and Heine, was under the sway of the poetic temperament. The passion and fire of

his verse are very marked. "What distinguished him is his singular conjunction of the most fervid passion and the most touching lyrical 'cry,' with the finest wit and unusual dramatic ability." These qualities appear in *Nights* and in *Rolla*. The criticism of Sainte-Beuve was extremely important. It was just what the times needed and his famous *Monday Causeries* formed one of the most beneficial literary influences of the century.

The tendencies of *mil-huit-cent-trente* continue to the end, according to many critics; "Naturalism" being really romanticism and not a new literary principle. Zola, the great exponent of naturalism, is claimed by some as a master. Master or no, his writings have a wonderful vogue, and he certainly is the most striking of the novelists since 1830. His *Rougon-Macquart* series has attracted a widespread notice. One literary historian has said that a distinct term may be set to nineteenth-century literature in France in the death of Renan, 1892. If so, this would bear a very neat similitude to the death of Tennyson.

Of Italy and Spain but little need be said. Both have been engaged in engrossing struggles for liberty, and neither has produced any literature of the first rank. This is a summary way to take leave of them, but space constrains us.

As regards Russia the case is different. Her literature gained a national voice only about 1840, but since then some exceptionally fine work has been

done. Her output is striking and important. Already three names have won a place among the world's great writers. Gogol with *Taras Bulba*, Turgeneff with *A Nest of Gentlefolk*, Tolstoi with *The Cossacks*, have interpreted splendidly the scenery and life within her borders. The future may falsify all prophecy, but it would seem at present as if there was a remarkable literary outburst shortly to come in that very remarkable country.

Such, imperfectly outlined, is the literary summary of the nineteenth century. Some of the productions both in poetry and prose hold a high place among the masterpieces of all time.

By the oddest of coincidences, the close of the century marks the close of a literary epoch the world over. This may seem a singularly dogmatic statement, but a glance at the different literatures will show the grounds for it. No country has produced writers to compare with the great ones of the earlier years. England has no poets to-day like Wordsworth, Shelley or Tennyson, no novelists like the three leaders who have passed away, nor any historians to be mentioned with Macaulay and Carlyle. France manifests nothing like the work of *mil-huit-cent-trente*. America's finest achievement lies forty years back. Germany, and Russia, indeed, do not fit the case so closely; but certainly the former has no author at present whom we would rank with Goethe, Schiller or Heine; while many

would call Gogol and Turgeneff bigger men than Tolstoi. And it is beyond question that poetry is suffering a lapse. The literature of the century end seems to be ebbing with the ebb of the century. But of course no one would from this prophesy the end thereof. The past points too plainly the danger of that sort of forecasting. "And he will neither over-exalt the dignity of literature, nor be a self-tormentor and a tormentor of others about its approaching decline and fall, when he sees how constantly, how incessantly . . . the apparently dying flower has shed seed and shot suckers for a new growth."

In conclusion, it may be said that the nineteenth century has brought us a great blessing along with its good literature,—the blessing of cheap and well-printed books. The value of this is higher than may easily be determined. For "*a good book is the precious life-blood of a master-spirit embalmed and treasured up on purpose to a life beyond life.*"

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